BRITANNIA and EVE

1/-

SEPTEMBER
1935

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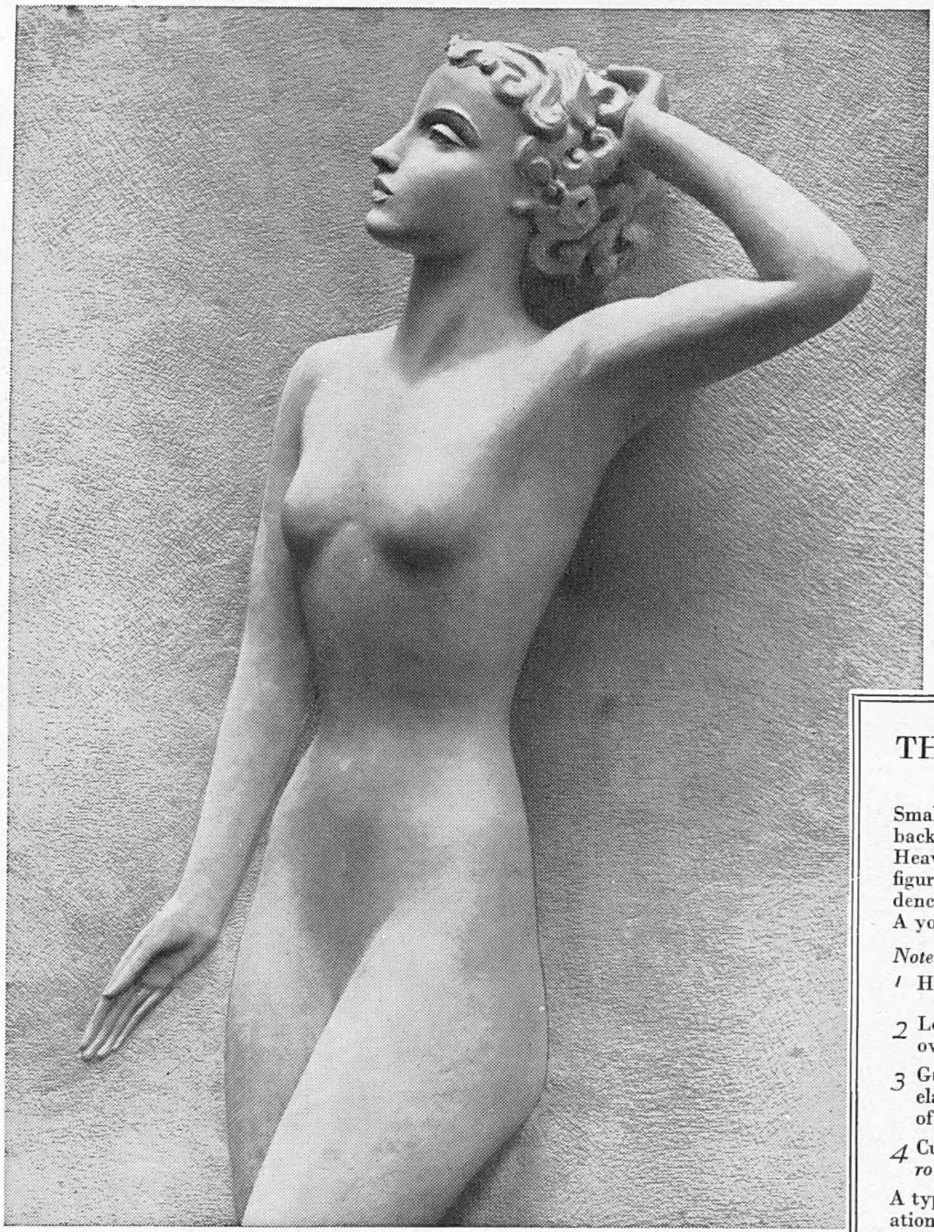

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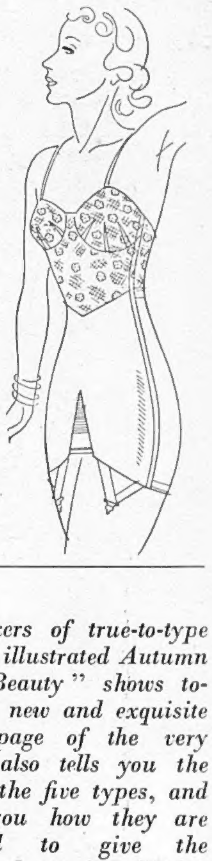

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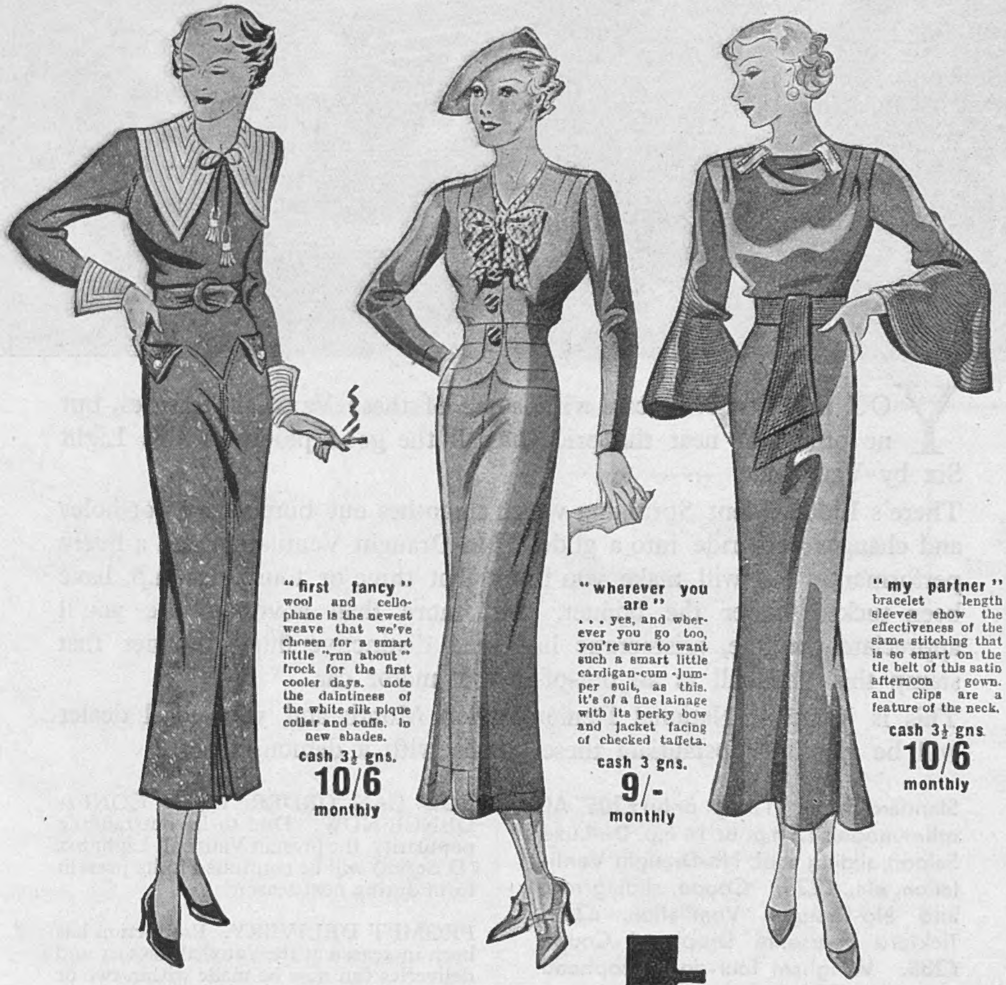

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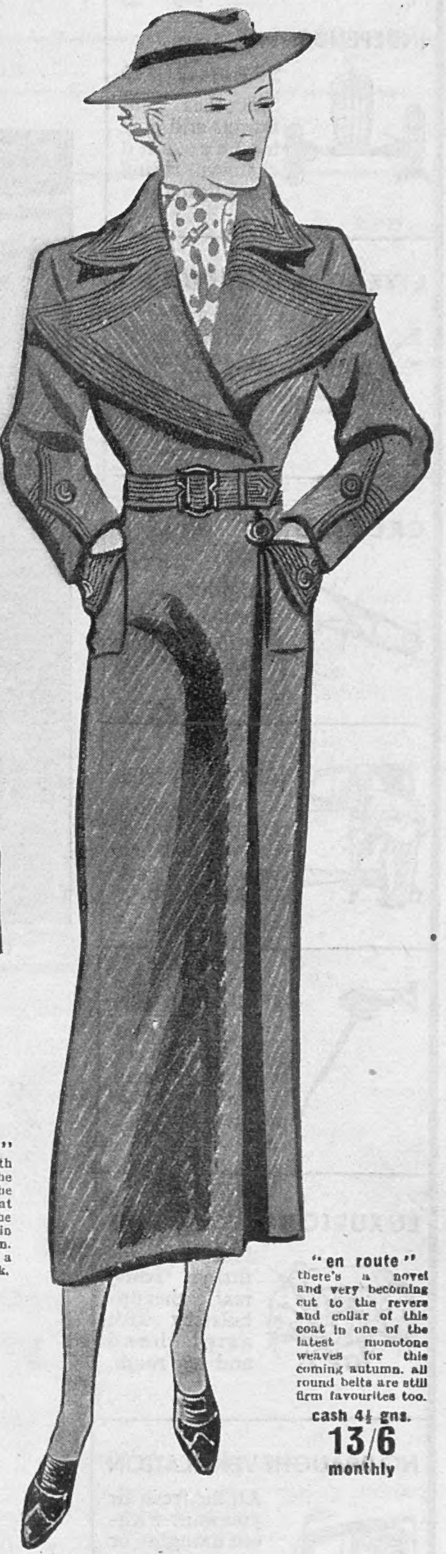

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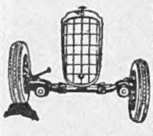

Smoothes out bumps and pot-holes and changes riding into gliding.

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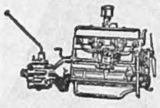

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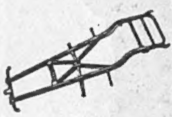

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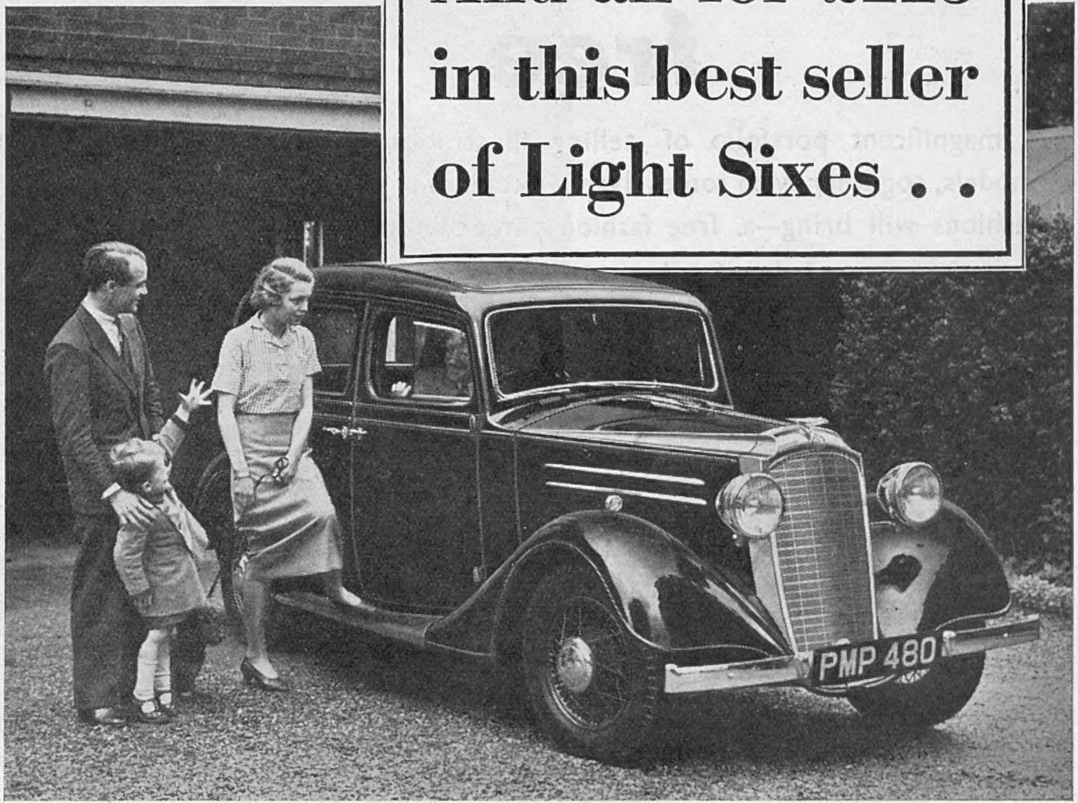

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Vol. 11, No. 3. SEPTEMBER, 1935

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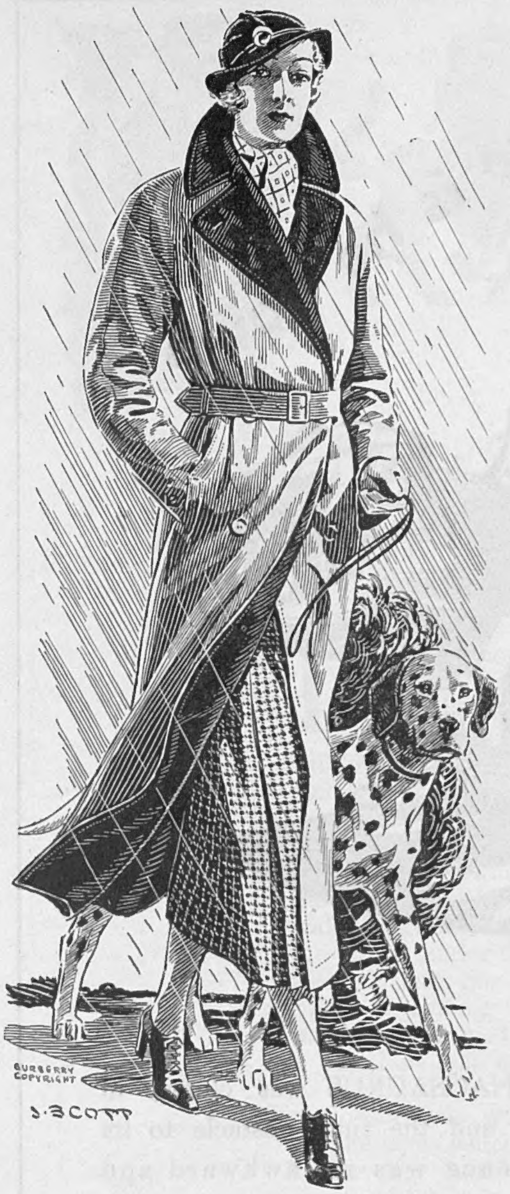

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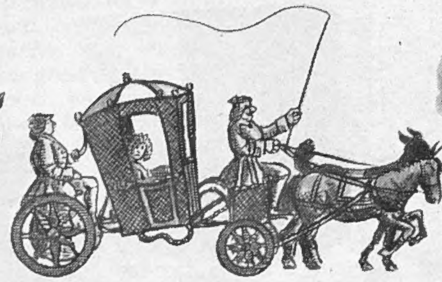
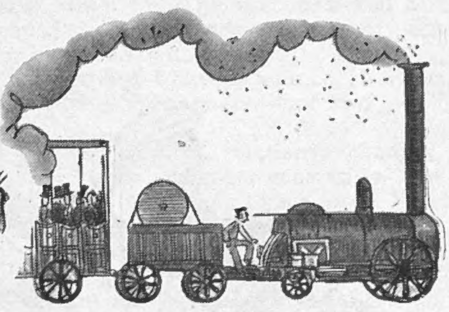



How Times *do* Change

No. 9. Speed . . . .

IT was in the neolithic age that man hacked a path through the primeval forest in order not only to save fatigue but to save time, and ever since then speed and yet more speed has been sought by the civilised world. For hundreds of years it was the horse which gave man the best means of quick transit, and it was not until the arrival of the steam engine that a speedier method than the stage coach of going or coming from place to place was evolved.

For those who could not afford to keep a stable the invention of the velocipede was a substitute for the horse which brought speed to the very door of the owner; speed which was increased and made more common by the aid of the "penny-farthing" bicycle first seen on the road in 1881.

But only man could ride such machines, and woman in a hurry had to remain content with the private or hackney carriage or the inside of the more plebeian horse bus, but never the hansom cab, which was considered too fast in a somewhat different sense.

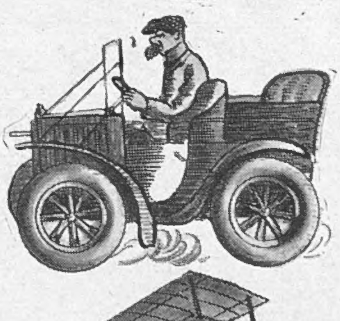
IT was the coming of the safety bicycle which brought about equality of the sexes so far as speed was concerned; woman was not slow to take advantage of the new machine, and Battersea Park was crowded with females of all ages leaning on perspiring male instructors and learning from them how to control the horrid obstinate things.

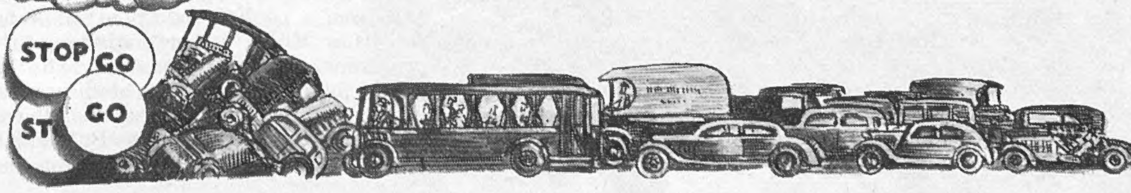
Meanwhile, for the sake of speed, engineers were burrowing underground, and their work completed, passengers went to earth in order to catch their trains.

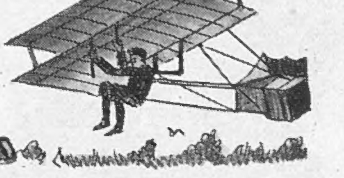
Even the Metropolitan and District Railways, pioneers in this form of progress, in the early days of their existence, with filthy stations and tunnels, still more filthy carriages and an atmosphere reeking with sulphurous fumes, were well patronised because this route, relatively, possessed speed.

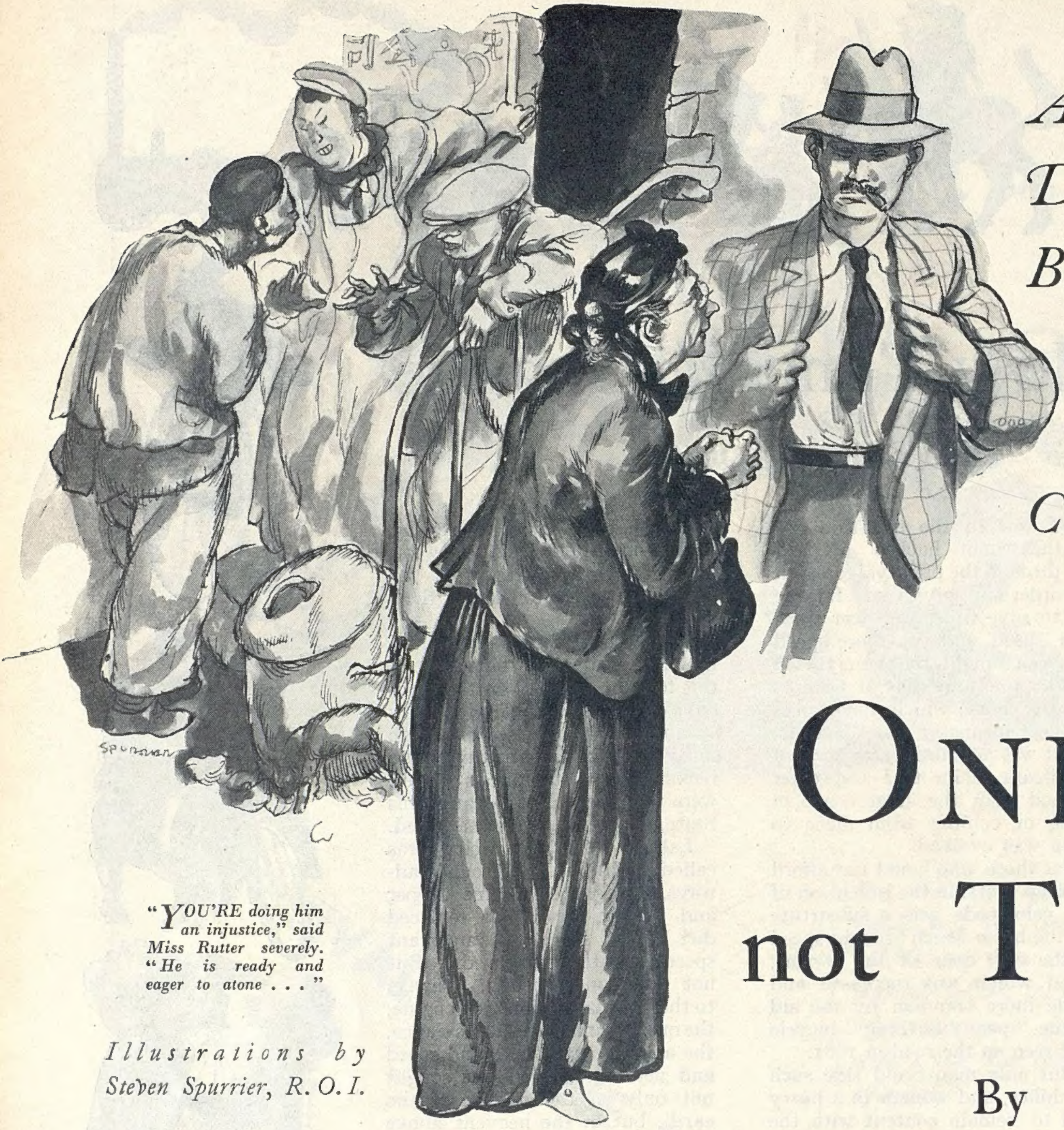
Later, when electricity was called in aid for underground railways, burrowings became deeper and deeper, cleanliness replaced dirt and speed—all-important speed—greatly increased. But not only underground. Thanks to the internal combustion engine, the motor-car made its appearance, the air was conquered, and speed and yet more speed was sought not only on the surface of the earth, but in the heavens above and the earth beneath.

THEN the motor-car, which was at one time the plaything of the rich, became the necessity of the multitude, and their numbers increased so greatly and roads became so jammed with them that speed was no longer possible, and machines designed to travel a mile a minute without difficulty could only traverse long tracts of street at little more than snail pace, and it may be that some ancient Jehu, looking down on earth, will chuckle sardonically at seeing how speed has been conquered by speed itself.









"YOU'RE doing him an injustice," said Miss Rutter severely. "He is ready and eager to atone . . ."

A Strange Drama of Brotherhood in New York's Chinatown

ONE—not TWO

By Achmed Abdullah

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

ON her way to the Mission Chapel, Miss Rutter met Bill Devoy, detective in charge of the Chinatown beat of opium and sewer gas, and yellow man and white and almost-white.

"Mr. Devoy," she asked him, and there was a certain triumph in her wheezy old voice, "do you recall the trouble, some years ago, between Lee Fong and Han Mok?"

"Sure. Lee Fong swiped all Han Mok's kale and . . ."

"No, no. They had a business disagreement."

"He did him in the eye—that's wot he done."

"Put it that way if you prefer." Miss Rutter permitted herself the rare luxury of a smile. "But," she continued fervently, "he has repented. He'll see to it that, in the future, Han Mok suffers no want. Han Mok came out of Bellevue to-day—cured."

"A Chink hop-head—cured? Wot're yer givin' me?"

"You *are* a doubting Thomas."

"It's my business—as a cop. Well—mebbe he'll stay cured." He laughed. "But I hope he won't trust Lee Fong. Why—if that hard-boiled Mongol egg has toined over a new leaf, then there's hope for the Devil."

"You're doing him an injustice," said Miss Rutter severely. "He is ready and eager to atone . . ."

"Ah—wot the h——!"

Then Devoy saw the woman's thin, pathetic, ineffectual face. He remembered the rather hysterical idealism which hid from her mind the world of crass Chinatown realities; and so he changed the oath to a cough and walked away on an apocryphal errand, while Miss Rutter turned toward the Mission Chapel which was her life.

Lonely and drab the small brownstone building seemed here amidst the warm reek of grease and spice and sandalwood; waging a brave, losing fight against the huge Buddha who, in the joss temple across the way, squatted on his carved lotus pedestal, on his painted lips the tenuous, sardonic smile of the centuries. Oh, yes—lonely and drab the little church! Stale, musty, dusty. Yet glorious and sweet to the middle-aged woman in black satin who knelt before the altar and poured out her soul to her Maker:

"I thank Thee, dear Lord, because, in Thy mercy, Thou hast caused my beloved brother Lee Fong to see the error of his ways and to clear his stubborn heart of sin!"

She was happy. She thought of Lee Fong and Han Mok. Friends for years; then enemies; now, once more, friends.

THEY had been children together in Canton. There Lee Fong's father had been a coolie, underpaid, underfed, and Han Mok's father something of a professional man—an acrobat, who had taught his son the tricks of his ancient trade. Feats of strength and skill with rope, pole and trapeze. But chiefly sword work: tossing the gleaming wea pons from the distance with precision and speed, so that eight lengths of steel would cut through the air, swish unerringly between ten fingers, held trustingly apart like the sticks of a fan, and bury their sharp points in a wooden slab.

Han Mok was an apt pupil. Occasionally, still in his teens, when his father had smoked too much opium, he would take the latter's place; would earn the money for the evening rice, and be applauded by merchant and mandarin. But his rising fame made no difference in his affection for the coolie's son. They loved each other; confided in each other; spent pleasant hours discussing their dreams and hopes for the future.

Dreams, always, of high adventure, until, with young manhood, came the eagerness to turn these dreams into facts. Therefore—the one tall and burly, the other so puny, the one versed in his father's craft, the other untrained, yet endowed with a stony resolve to clout his path to success—they went to America.

There was, of course, the Asiatic Exclusion Act, which closed the door of the New World to the Mongol emigrant. So they greased many crooked, rapacious hands—white hands and yellow hands — and suffered untold hardships before they reached their goal. But the hardships and dangers brought them even more closely together. And, shortly after their arrival in Pell Street, it became a saying in laundry shop and restaurant, in curio store and gambling club, that they were like the right and left wings of a bird, one useless without the other; that—according to Nag Hong Fah, the owner of the Place of Sweet Desire and Heavenly Entertainment—if you cut Lee Fong's wrist, Han Mok would bleed, and if you filled Han Mok's belly, Lee Fong would belch with satisfaction.

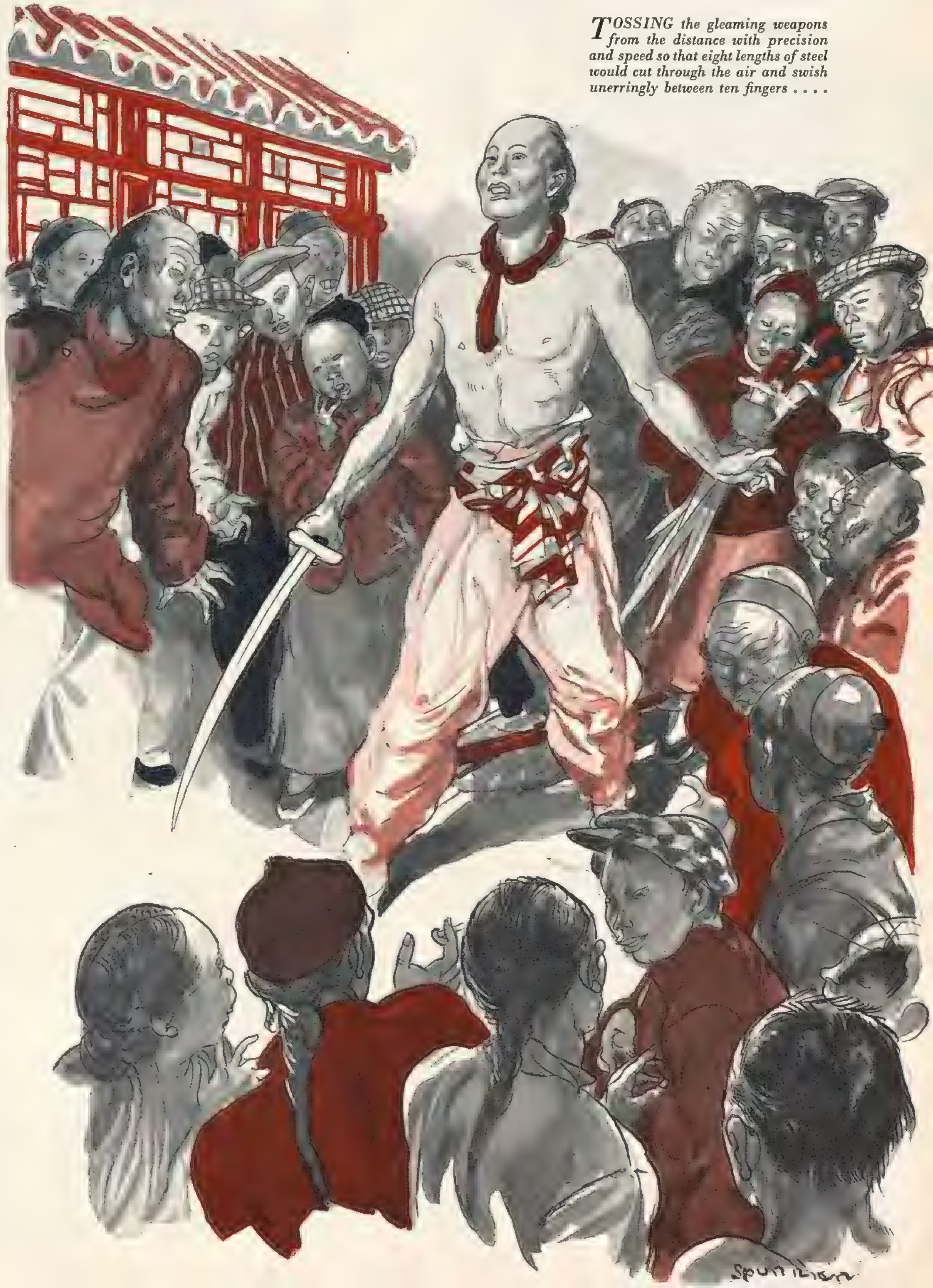
Han Mok's renown had preceded him. On Saturday nights, Chinatown's older generation would crowd the Place of Sweet Desire and Heavenly Entertainment, where he gave exhibitions of ancient sword-craft. They never tired of watching him. The flotsam and jetsam of Canton they were, unimportant measured with the Broadway or Wall Street yardsticks; but men at whose back stretched forty centuries of racial pride and achievement—thus dignified, conservative men who held that what had been good enough for their ancestors was good enough for them; who applauded Han Mok generously, rewarded him as generously. Besides, his services were in demand when Chinatown—noisily, with fire-crackers and discordant music—celebrated wedding or birth or religious festival.

Lee Fong, on the other hand, earned merely a miserable pittance at the start. He would have known cold and hunger, might indeed have starved to death—for who, amongst his countrymen, would have cared if one more coolie's soul had leaped the dragon gate—had it not been for his friend, who said:

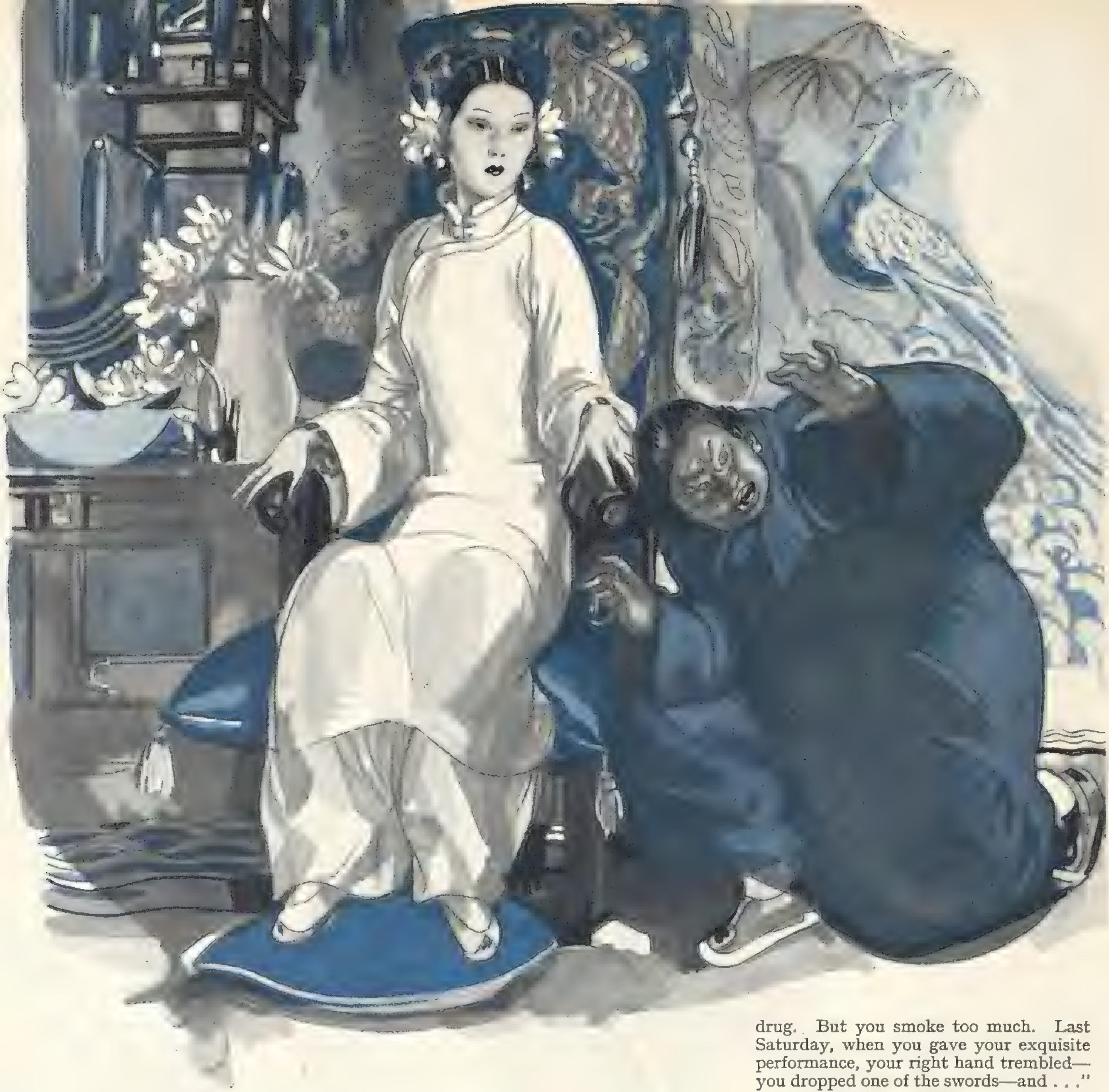
"Whatever I have is yours. How can it be else? We are one—not two . . ."

BUT, presently, relations changed. Chinatown's younger generation, New York-bred, came more to the fore. They had no reverence for the hoary traditions—in philosophy and ethics no less than in sword-craft—of the dead dynasties of Sung and Ming. They jeered at these traditions, preferring American sports, American vaudeville and motion pictures.

So Han Mok's income began to shrink. He still gave his weekly performance at



TOSSING the gleaming weapons from the distance with precision and speed so that eight lengths of steel would cut through the air and swish unerringly between ten fingers . . . .



the Place of Sweet Desire and Heavenly Entertainment. But he was no longer in demand when Chinatown was on its festive occasions. He knew idle days and nights and—a weakness inherited from his father—smoked more opium than was good for him.

By this time Lee Fong, with his tough, slow-grinding brain, had learned America's golden potentialities and had fashioned them into a weapon for his own gain. He used this weapon efficiently, ruthlessly, accumulating the dollars with a selfishness that was sublimely shameless—until his, finally, became a name to conjure with in that slab of real estate which is pinched in between the Bowery and Mulberry Bend like a thin, ironic wedge of Asia, driving apart bartering, narrow-chested, whining Russian Hebrew and bartering, bull-necked, shrill Sicilian.

He fought them both. He pitted his Mongol wit against Latin cunning and Semite guile, daily putting new and amazing twists into his algebraic brain to meet the shabby competition of Europe's backstairs—greatly to the confusion of the latter and the enrichment of accounts carried by the soundest of New York banks under the picaresque ledger heading: "The Golden Phœnix Syndicate." For, on the advice of Jake Rosenblatt, the Bowery lawyer, he had incorporated his enterprise, taking into the firm a number of junior partners, handpicked for their wealth and keenness.

Han Mok was not wealthy. Nor was he keen in business matters. Yet he, too, became a partner—though a silent one—and invested all his small savings in the Golden Phœnix; Lee Fong, furthermore, presenting him with a considerable block of stock as a free gift, because:

"You fed me, clothed and sheltered me, when I was poor. It is as you said. We are one. Not two."

The other bowed.

"You are my brother, very old and very wise," he replied.

"We are more than brothers. We are friends. And, speaking as a friend, may I tell you what is on my mind?"

"Please do."

"It is not that I share the prejudices of the coarse-haired barbarians. The poppy—no doubt of it—is an elegant drug. But you smoke too much. Last Saturday, when you gave your exquisite performance, your right hand trembled—you dropped one of the swords—and . . ."

"I remember. There was laughter. I lost a great deal of face."

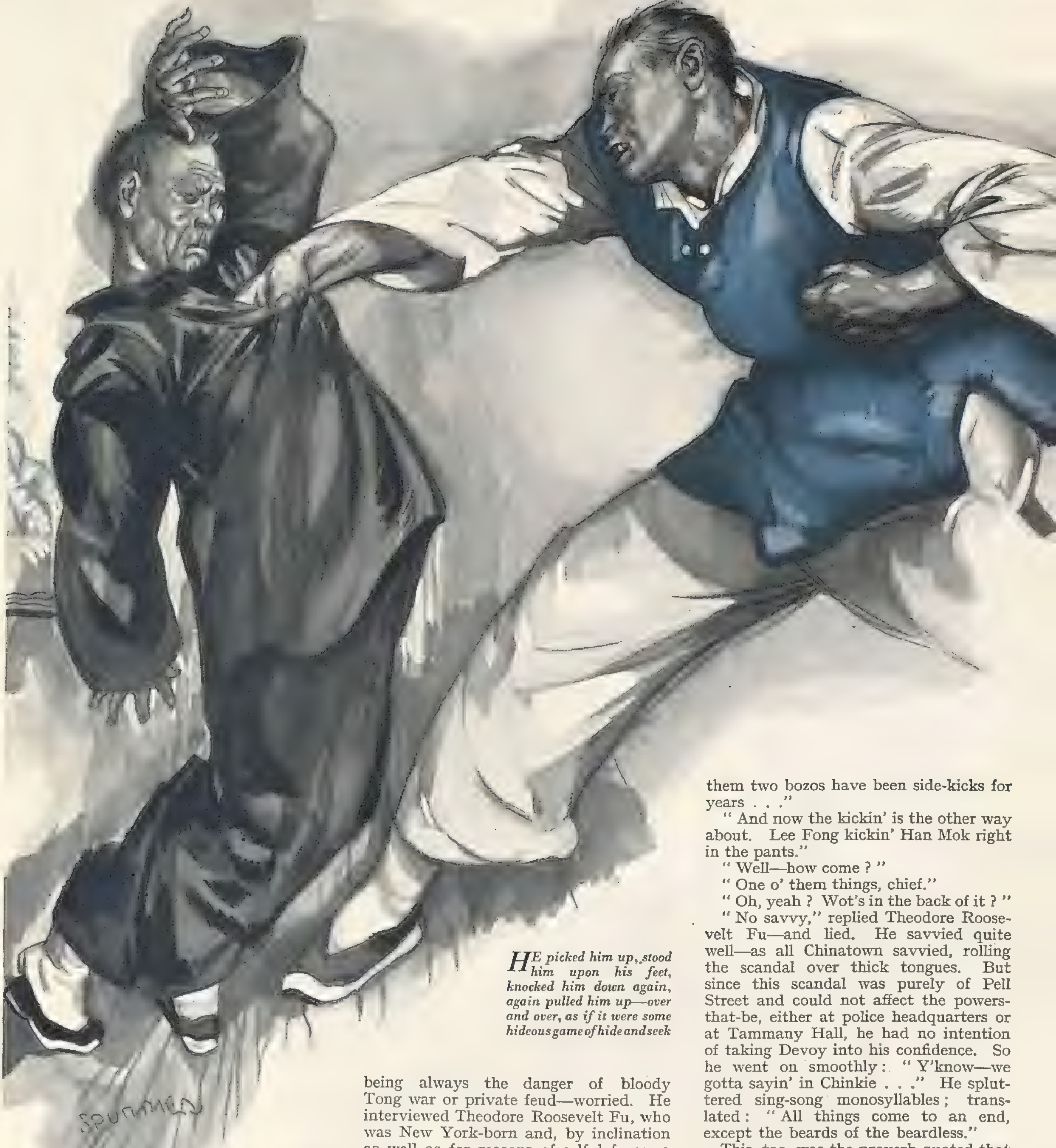
"Therefore—you will smoke less?"

"I shall try."

He did try and, in the end, succeeded. Not thanks to his own will-power. Thanks, rather, to Lee Fong who, when the craving was upon Han Mok, would sit by the side of his couch, arguing, imploring; who, at times, though he so frail and the other so burly, would attack him with all his feeble strength and smash the opium lay-out; and who—when Han Mok, maddened with desire, knocked him down brutally—even then, prone on the ground, hurt and bleeding, would continue to implore:

"Please. For my sake Because we love each other. Because we are one—not two."

Friendship as hard as steel—and, in Pell Street's motley annals, this friendship, in the course of the years, assumed the character of something lyrical, something almost religious. It was spoken of with pride and faint envy. The tale of it drifted to the Pacific coast; and even in far China wise men mentioned it with a hush of reverence as they floated down



HE picked him up, stood him upon his feet, knocked him down again, again pulled him up—over and over, as if it were some hideous game of hide and seek

the river on their painted house-boats in peach-blossom time.

" Ah—" they would smile—" blessed be the Buddha. They are one—not two ! "

And then, suddenly, they were two, not one. Two who hated each other with a passion as strong as their love had been . . .

Bill Devoy heard of it and—there being always the danger of bloody Tong war or private feud—worried. He interviewed Theodore Roosevelt Fu, who was New York-born and, by inclination as well as for reasons of self-defence, a stool-pigeon.

" Wot's the dope, Teddy ? " Devoy demanded.

" Just a business row," the other answered. He pointed at the fact that Lee Fong had stripped Han Mok of all his small savings invested in the Golden Phœnix ; had also taken away the block of stock presented to him as a free gift ; had done it—for there was Jake Rosenblatt, well versed in the intricacies of the coarse-haired barbarians' laws—by strictly legal methods.

" I know," said the detective impatiently. " But I don't get it. Why—them two bozos have been side-kicks for years . . ."

" And now the kickin' is the other way about. Lee Fong kickin' Han Mok right in the pants."

" Well—how come ? "

" One o' them things, chief."

" Oh, yeah ? Wot's in the back of it ? "

" No savvy," replied Theodore Roosevelt Fu—and lied. He savvied quite well—as all Chinatown savvied, rolling the scandal over thick tongues. But since this scandal was purely of Pell Street and could not affect the powers-that-be, either at police headquarters or at Tammany Hall, he had no intention of taking Devoy into his confidence. So he went on smoothly : " Y'know—we gotta sayin' in Chinkie . . ." He spluttered sing-song monosyllables ; translated : " All things come to an end, except the beards of the beardless."

This, too, was the proverb quoted that evening, in the Place of Sweet Desire and Heavenly Entertainment, by Yu Ch'ang, the priest, who added :

" Yet even the beards of the beardless come to an end—at times."

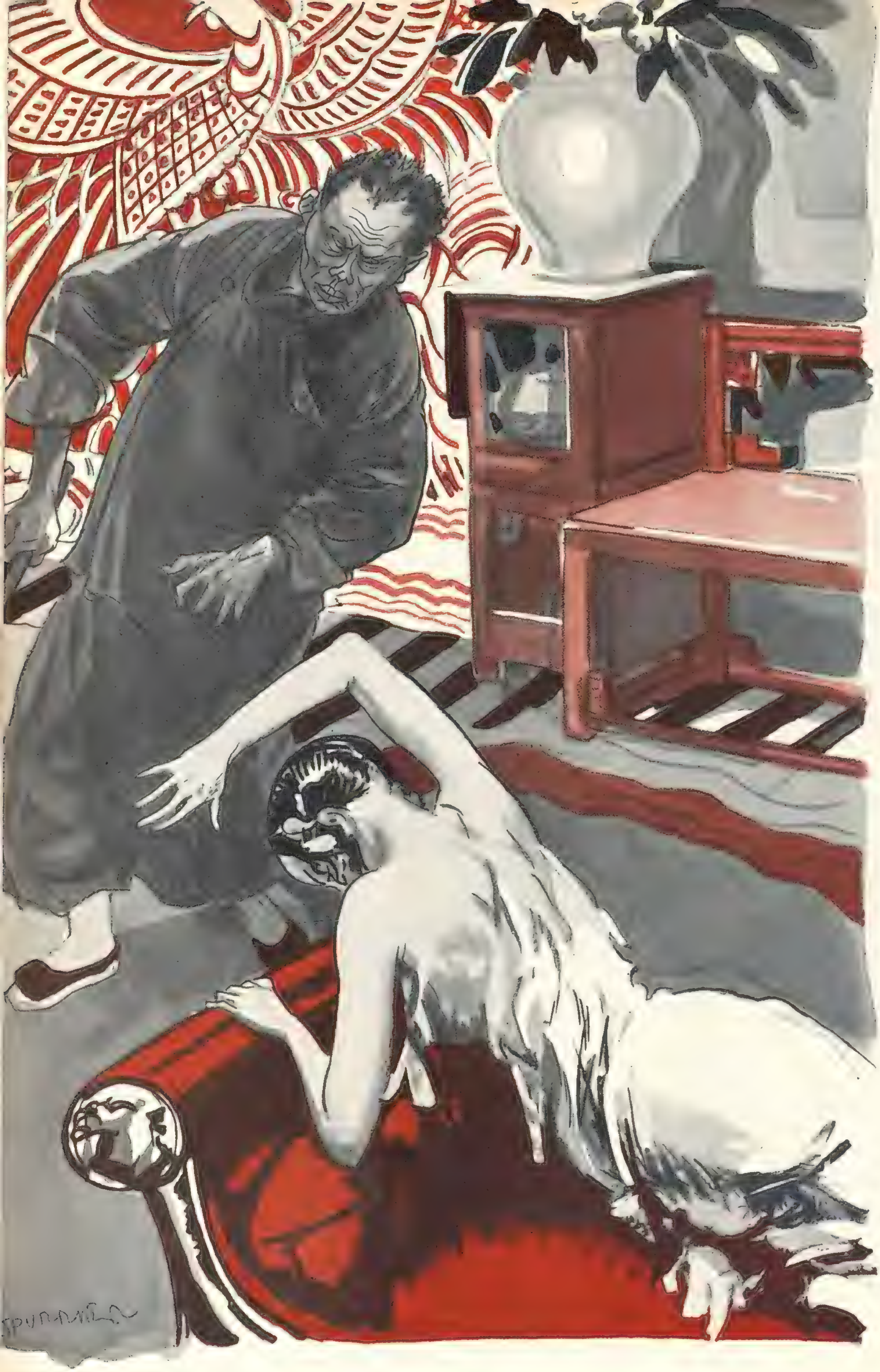
" When ? " inquired Li Ping-Yeng, the money-lender.

" When the beardless grow beards, and then . . ."

" Cut them off ? "

" As these two did—Lee Fong and Han Mok. The fools. To cut off their honourable beards because of one grey hair."

" To cut off their honourable noses,"



HE beat her . . . and the gossip of the beating, too, drifted through Chinatown

chimed in Yung Long, the wholesale grocer, " because of one small pimple."

" One small pimple ? " exclaimed Ho Ti, the tea merchant. " Not a very complimentary remark when applied to delightful Lin Hai." He smacked his lips. " I have seen her."

" So have I."

" And I."

" She is a polished emerald of beauty."

" A blending of poppy and jade."

" I would have made an offer to buy her," announced the tea merchant, " were it not for the fact that my esteemed wife has a mouth like a running tap."

Came laughter. And gossip—about Lee Fong and Han Mok and Lin Hai, not to forget Susie Wong, who dealt in living wares and who, under contract with the former's parents, had smuggled her in from Canton. Gossip of the bitter scene, one day, in the woman's Mott Street flat: Lee Fong entering, dressed in his black silk best—seeing there Han Mok seated between Lin Hai and Susie Wong—giving a start—and Han Mok rising, saying with a smile:

" Wish me happiness, O wise and older brother !"

" Happiness . . . ? "

" Yes. You see, I love Lin Hai, and," smiling at the girl over his shoulder, " she loves me. Susie Wong has given her consent."

A silence. Then Lee Fong cried:

" No ! "

" Eh . . . ? "

" You cannot have her ! *I* love her. *I !* And—I came here to . . ."

" I understand."

A longer silence—like a pall. They stared at one another, while Susie Wong smiled maliciously and figured potential profits, telling herself that, though she had reached an agreement with Han Mok, Lee Fong was ten times—no, twenty times—as rich as the former . . . ah—the richest man, the most powerful, in all Chinatown. And she looked at the two men who continued to stare at each other, their implacable eyes meeting, contending, like two blades equally choice of temper crossing in a duel of death.

Friends . . . ?

Why—the same thought in both their brains—they had not reckoned with the terrible thing called love of woman; this dark force which had suddenly risen between them like a wall . . . and, with a mercilessly acute apprehension, they knew that their friendship was at an end—because of Lin Hai, sitting erect on her chair, like a small idol carved out of ivory and gold.

Lee Fong broke the silence.

" How much has Han Mok offered ? " he asked Susie Wong.

" Seventeen thousand dollars."

" My all," Han Mok added. " And "—with a slow, queer smile—" one more thing."

" Oh . . . ? "

" Marriage . . ."

" Marriage . . . ? " Lee Fong echoed incredulously. He was shocked. And no wonder. Lin Hai—oh, yes—was beautiful. Modest she was and virtuous. Still—she was a *shuey-kee*, a " water-fowl " born and bred on a Canton river boat. She was a slave-girl, a commodity which one bought and sold; and not even the lowest coolie could marry such a one without grave loss of face. He told Han Mok so, but mockingly: " I cannot permit you to bring this black disgrace upon your ancestors. Therefore," to Susie Wong, "I offer forty thousand dollars—without marriage."

"An excellent price," the woman replied. "I accept."

"How can you?" Han Mok was furious. "We made a deal . . ."

"The purchase papers have not yet been signed."

"The girl loves me. Don't you, Lin Hai? Don't you?"

"I do," in clear accents. "I shall always love you."

"Pah," Susie laughed, "love buys no tea. Forty thousand is the price. But listen, Han Mok, I am generous. Give me," with a wink at Lee Fong, "thirty-nine thousand and the girl is yours."

"How can I? I have offered my all . . ."

"And it seems," interrupted Lee Fong, "that your all is not enough. Ah"—cruelly, perhaps because, at that moment, he understood that Lin Hai would never love him—"maybe, when I am through with her, I shall give her to you as a present. . . ."

Then, all at once, a crimson rage came upon Han Mok. He struck out without warning, his fist hitting Lee Fong square between the eyes. The other went down. Han Mok kicked him where he lay; kicked him with all his massive strength. He bent and picked him up; stood him upon his feet; knocked him down again, again kicked him, again pulled him up—over and over, as if it were some hideous game of hide-and-seek.

Drunk with fury. Insane. Seeing nothing. Hearing nothing. Only the vibrations in his own soul—surging up immensely, chokingly, echoing with a terrible rhythm:

"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

He would have killed, had not the noise of the savage fight drifted out into the street, slashing brutally through the pavement's tawdry Mongol symphony. And people hurrying up the stairs; bursting into the flat; pouncing upon Han Mok; dragging him away and out of the house; and, not long afterwards, the clank of an ambulance and Lee Fong taken to the hospital. . . .

UP in the room, Lin Hai wept as if her heart would break. She stammered forth her unhappiness. Why—she loved Han Mok; could not live without him . . . "please, please!" imploringly to Susie Wong—and the latter's harsh rejoinder:

"Be quiet, O creature. You belong to me."

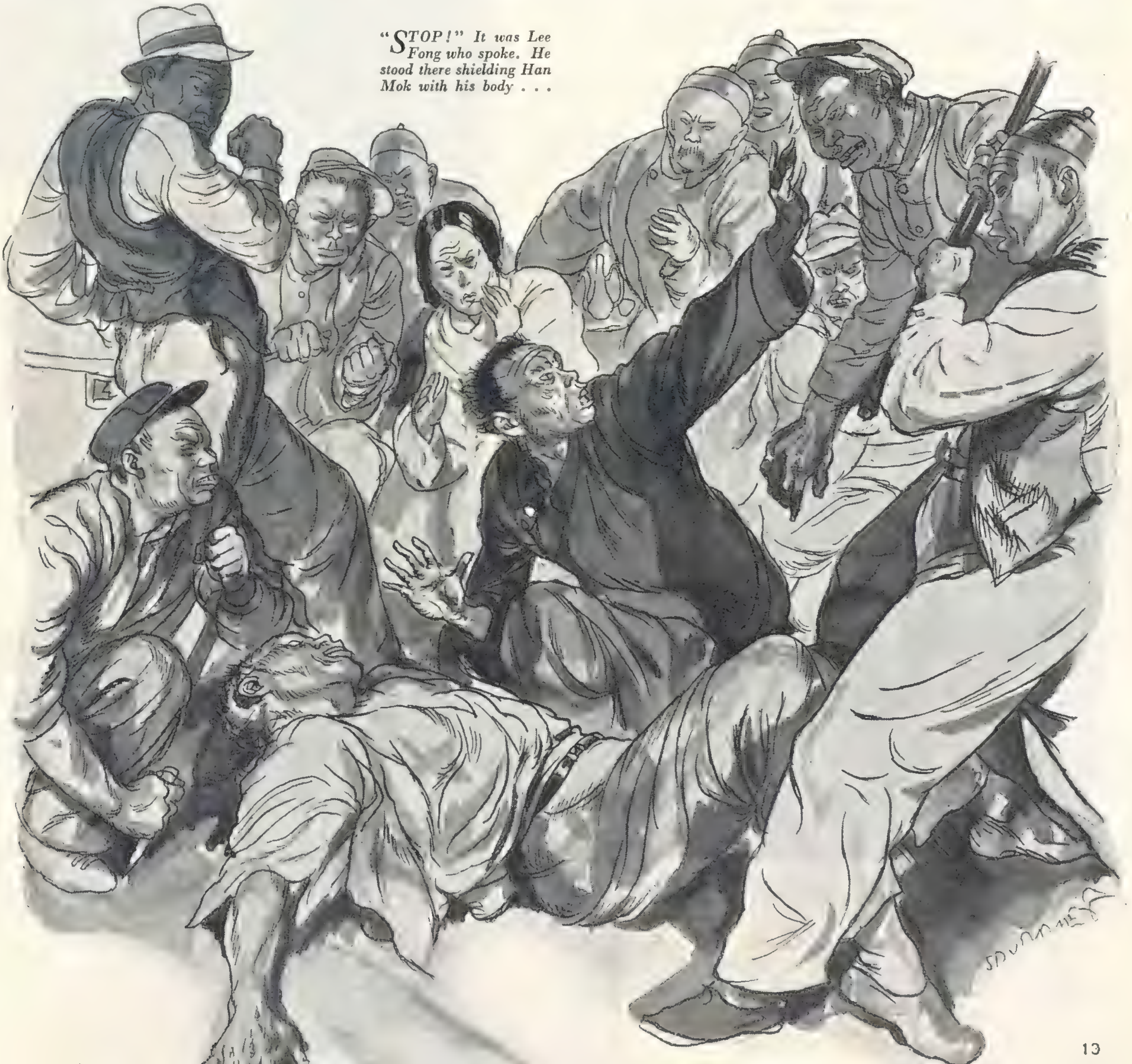
She continued more gently:

"Besides, consider your parents. They are poor. Only twice a month have they pork with their evening rice. And now—forty thousand dollars! Twenty thousand to me. The same to you. Out of your half you can send princely sums to them each month. Hereafter, they will be able to eat pork twice a day."

She left. Lin Hai was alone.

Typically Chinese in filial devotion, she told herself that, for her parents' sake, she must obey. She remembered what she had heard about American women: proud, free women, living as they listed. Well—she was not free. A slave she would be to Lee Fong, since a slave she was to China's stony traditions. And so she sat there, staring at nothing in particular, while tangled dreams and desires ran to and fro over the surface of her soul.

Dear Buddha, she sighed, it was her duty, her fate . . . (*Continued on page* 108)



"STOP!" It was Lee Fong who spoke. He stood there shielding Han Mok with his body . . .

The SECOND

SHE is a young married woman; her complexion is good and her hair, under the uniform cap, quite justifies the use of the word *soignée*. She has protected her hands, by cunningly laced adhesive strapping, from soiling and injury; she operates a complicated machine for the perfecting of the modern automobile tyre.

Her blue boiler suit has the monogram of the firm on the shoulders and a coloured collar; she rebuts any suggestion of dull uniform by her light smart stockings of synthetic silk. These are all that show of the smart street outfit in which, at six this early morning, she arrived. She went straight to the changing rooms and emerged like this. She will now work her eight hours, with scheduled breaks, until two in the afternoon, when she will return to the changing rooms, take her own kit out of her special locker, have a hot shower if she wants it, and then re-dress in her civilian kit once more and emerge from the vast concrete estate that is her working background as the chic young woman that she is—to return home to keep house.

Before she leaves her factory she may have availed herself of any of the services that it has to offer: the surgery, the caféteria with its food at cost price, the staff manager's confidential advice and help, and the dozens of leisure activities that are awaiting her "kind attention"—from amateur cinema to athletics.

If she is typically British, and also human, she will have some sort of a "grouse"—in which case any "item dealing with her working conditions" can be well ventilated through her elected representative on the Employees Committee. Her life can be, and is, insured under especially favourable conditions through the management of her factory, and, among other things, her children will be asked to the managerial parties.

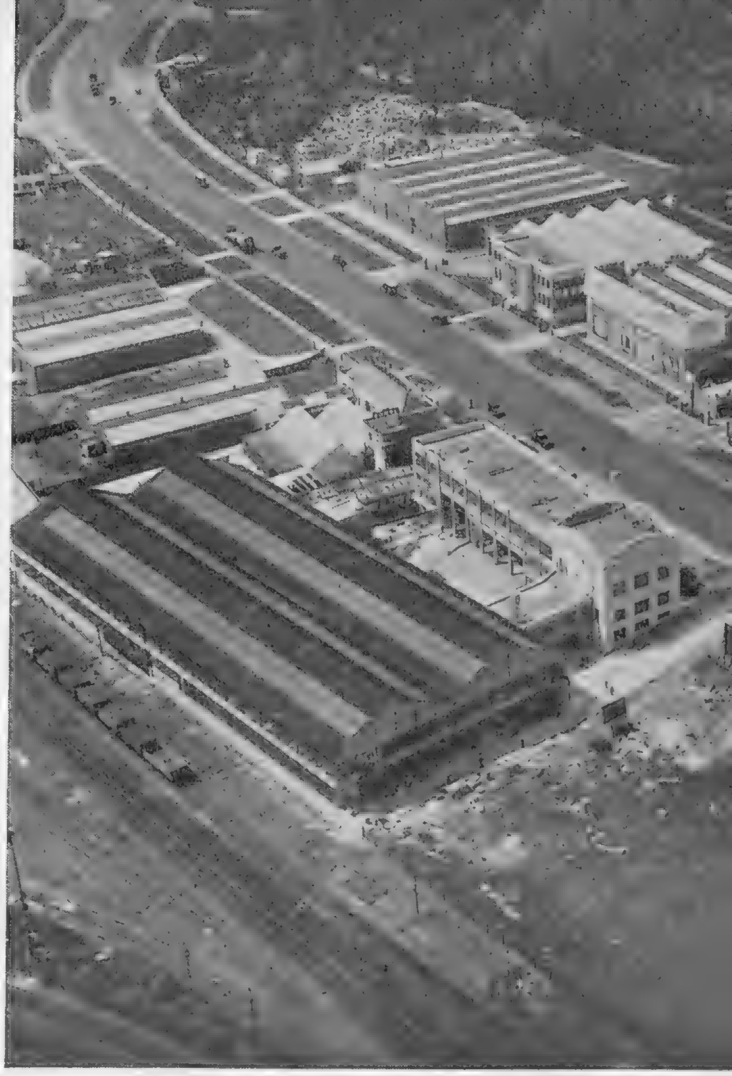
Mrs. X., smilingly telling me this as I watch her at work, is as near security as any one of us: is healthy and is reasonably happy—and is the product of a revolution.

NO. I am not describing an ideal factory in Soviet Russia, a vast American workers' paradise, the corporate life of a Fascist factory, or a Nazi labour shock trooper.

I am describing nothing that has been publicised—and this article is merely the result of a demure motor drive down our own (English and therefore completely unadvertised!) Great West Road—the boulevard of our Second Industrial Revolution.

There is no need to go to "Abana and Pharpar" when Jordan is in spate and is not running with anybody's blood either; this quiet and thorough "revolution" in Britain has few, if any, enthusiastic publicists taking round tourists on Government-sponsored tours. But it has encamped in its reinforced concrete and steel in a ring round our capital; London is ringed by factories manned by these workers of the new age—and every great industrial city of Britain has a similar belt of revolution, whether actual or potential. Modern façades face motor highways and, behind svelte streamlined fronts, the buildings are manned by the sons and daughters, the younger brothers and sisters, of the war generation. In fact, the spirit of B.E.F. is translated into B.I.F.—the British Expeditionary Force to the British Industries Fair.

The First Industrial Revolution, with its smug wealth based on its sinister slums, is another story; the Second, the present Revolution, is well worth exploring. In any other country the achievement of these tremendous concrete estates (during the world's worst slump) would be the subject for



A VIEW from the air of the Great West Road. Alongside this new arterial road many factories of the latest and best design have been built

(Top) This was only eighteen years ago! Just before the beginning of the "Revolution" in England! Women working in an up-to-date factory making matches . . . .

The ghastly legacy of the first "Industrial Revolution" that dealt in bricks and gold and in every commodity except humanity

(Right) With the "Second Industrial Revolution," overdue and at long last, the workers are housed better . . . .

CLIFFORDS TRANSPORT.

a dramatic film of the *Pudhovkin* type; idealised workers and crop-headed executives would be silhouetted against godlike machines.

Instead, come and "interview" the phenomena spreading outward from London to the West; or curling around it, on the North Circular Road: better still, take an aeroplane and get the modern top-view—nearly half the factories built in Britain in 1933 (and there were four hundred and sixty of them) spread themselves around the outskirts of the capital. These amazing boulevards have their "hinterland"—from your aeroplane you will see rivers of light with moving traffic—the arterial roads: and behind the geometric new estates with the darker patches of the old towns and villages, nucleus of the civic life round which the modern tide has flowed.

The clamorous thousands of the Revolution have all their needs to satisfy: equipment for living—houses, light, water, fire precautions, drainage, schools, libraries, public baths, lavatories, wash-houses, playgrounds and—burial grounds. Health and maternity services: epidemic precautions and vocational guidance facilities—courts, police and local prisons. Nobly the old urban district councils have responded to the emergency and to the demands of the hungry, lusty thousands who have swollen their populations; and, in responding, have become proud new borough councils.

What country—except Britain—would have remained relatively silent and coyly shy about one of the largest "synthetic cities" ever built? Over one hundred thousand persons housed and provided with the essential community services where none of these existed before; a city of the size of Bournemouth springs to life at the word and work of the London County Council at Becontree: probably the largest artificial civic growth the world has yet achieved.

Under the lids of these demure new little houses what sort of citizens and future citizens live? One thing is certain: their forebears would not recognise them as factory hands, these tidy folk with synthetic clothing, their electrically equipped houses—

(*Continued on page* 104)

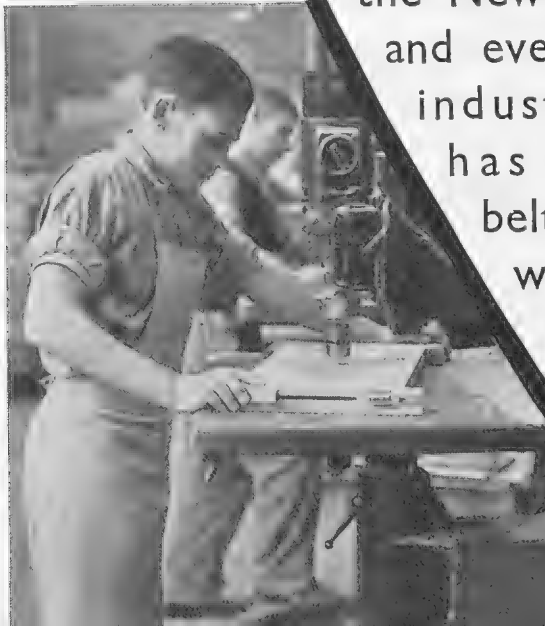
THE personification of the modern operative, superseding the old style paintress, but using the same tools

INDUSTRIAL Revolution

By Joan Woollcombe

London is ringed by factories manned by workers of the New Age—and every great industrial city has a similar belt of revolution, whether actual or potential

(*Below*)
A YOUNG worker at his machine in a wireless factory (Kolster - Brandes)



(*Right*)
A NEW type of worker at new work—radio. An industry that has helped make the new Industrial Age

FU

HERE is a lucky generation, which knows that, instead of man being born to sorrow, his birthright is FUN. Work is a necessity, trouble an inevitability; but man's natural heritage is joy.

Every happy man has a tendency to obstreperousness, merely because he is a man of courage. Because he has a clean bill of mental health, he seems to less fortunate people to be outrageously gay. This puts him not only under suspicion but under a good deal of disapproval based on envy, so that all too often he finds that, instead of sunning themselves in his aura, most people around him are only too ready to push him into the shadows where they themselves most deplorably live.

It is a difficult and unprofitable task to retrace the steps of the generations, and to find out when Fun first appeared on the tabooed list of the national habits and proclivities of peoples. It is easier to note that the taboo is now withdrawn with scarcely a continuing outcry, except from those who count no longer, and that every really nice human being includes in his or her conduct of life a quota of sheer mental and physical enjoyment.

Just as, without doubt, in time to come, all forms of preventable illness will be looked upon as a social *gaffe*, so all killjoys will be sentenced to general boycott before the world is much older.

Though the renascence of Fun was inevitable, it has come upon us, on the whole, very suddenly, perhaps because the

By May Edginto

N

The New National Tonic

breach between the present young generation and the one before it is of unprecedented nature. It is a violent and complete breach, entirely divorcing yesterday from to-day.

In my extreme youth practically no one played games on Sundays: no godfearing woman plied a needle—even for the innocent recreation known as fancy work; and everyone except domestic servants called the Sabbath a day of rest.

It was, as a matter of fact, a day of extremely irksome discipline, governed by a host of minor superstitions which were as devoid of sense as of humour.

A little over twenty years ago Fun, as modern youth understands it, had literally not put in its reappearance.

Fun has had a hardish battle, which is not yet over, to establish its conventional right in the world, mainly because it has the power—so dreaded by all those who like to rule others—of casting out Fear.

Fear is a *sine qua non* in the equipment of all disciplinarians; but Fun establishes Fear as a fetish and not a necessity. The greatest enemy to Fear is Fun; just as it is the confident antagonist of War and revolution.

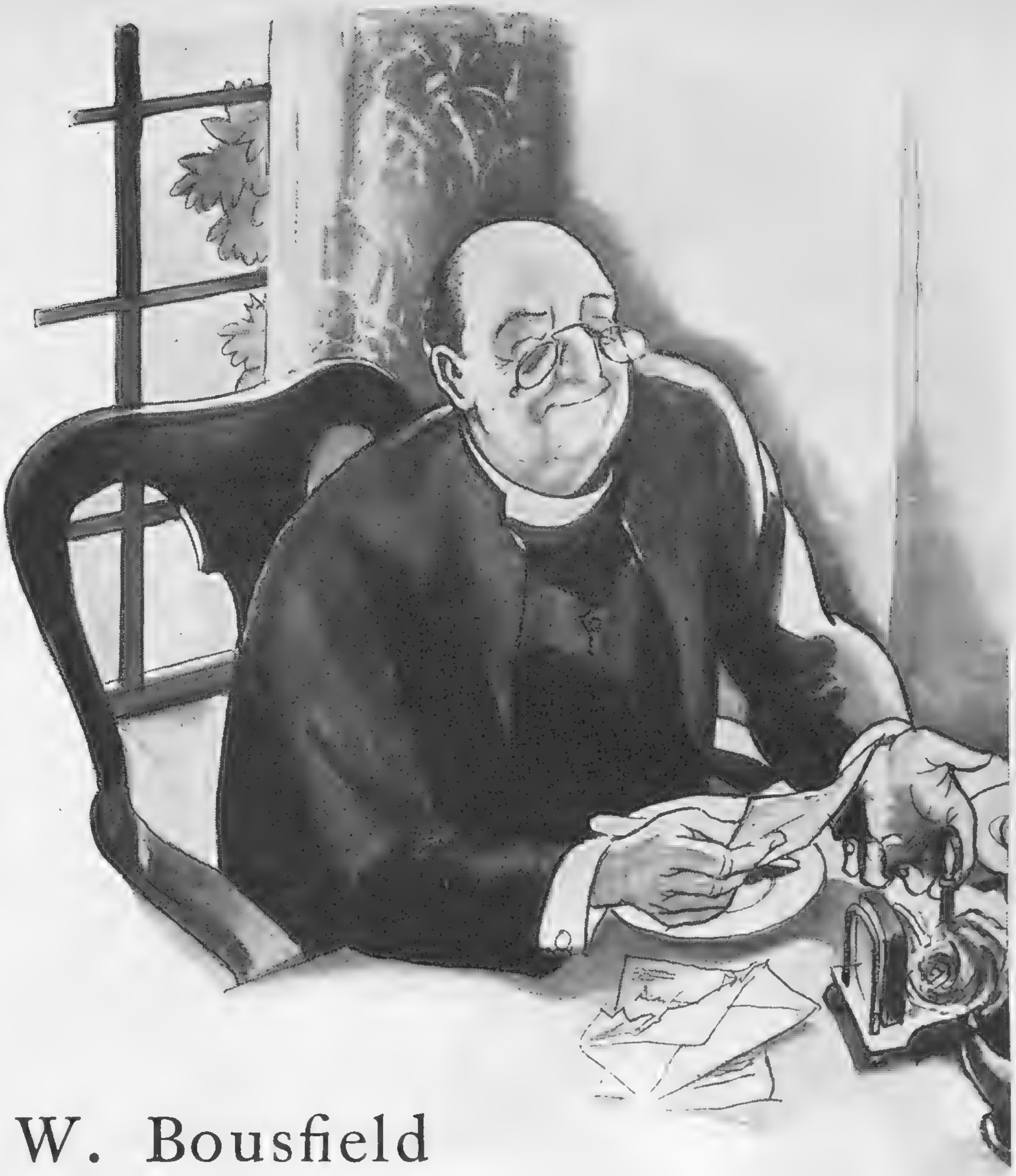
Great Britain, a good-humoured country, has taken to Fun as the duck to the water, and has learned, more quickly and aptly than any other old lady of her great age and solidity, that whenever any particularly grim and serious dissatisfaction occurs, the best antidote is to endow another football ground or promote another boxing match; while to increase the number of popular skating rinks and dance halls is more important to domestic peace than to make judges or to augment the police force.

However, though that is now a recognised move in domestic statecraft, and our parliamentarians have shown an excellent briskness in the matter, the individual still lags behind.

Of course, it is damnably hard for a generation

(*Continued on page 90*)

Why Not?



A Professional Comedy of Crime —why not?

By H. T. W. Bousfield

LONG ago our professional criminals decided that, as a prospective victim, the English country parson occupied a position just below that of the average widow and orphans. So low, indeed, was his status that it was considered (by the best opinion) rather unsporting to specialise in vicars, just as it is still considered indefensible, by amateur poulterers, to shoot a sitting pheasant.

Swindlers convalescing in rusticity after some illness might sometimes snap up the rector of This or That, just to celebrate their return to work and to keep their hand in, but no crook of any eminence ever looked seriously at that class of trade. And when tithes fell to nothing, and to be a parson in so many cases meant to be half-starved, the Cloth was just ignored.

Bucket-shop proprietors took them right off their mailing-lists. Spanish prisoner specialists (die-hards though they are) accepted the inevitable.

It was left then to amateurs to provide just that spice of risk to the ecclesiastical calling which has so long been one of its chief attractions.

Amateurs in crime are always more unscrupulous, because they work primarily from fear or despair. Amateurs are desperate men, and a sitting pheasant to them is just a bit of marvellous luck. For a hungry man kills his dinner without delay.

The Reverend Stephen Lomax, however, counted himself fortunate in that his private monetary affairs were handled by a firm whose name had been held in the highest repute for nearly a hundred years.

I allude to Bilderbeck, Clutterbuck, Chipperfield and Company, of Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Messrs. Chipperfield and Bilderbeck had long been dead, and the last Mr. Clutterbuck, who had personally looked after the Lomax family for half a century, was dead too. The firm, in short, now meant just Mr. Stanley Smith, and under Mr. Smith's guiding hand affairs went well.

" Upon my soul," said the Reverend Stephen to his wife at breakfast, " Stanley Smith is a genius. Since I gave him power of attorney to handle my little investments, do you realise our private income has *doubled* ?

" It has indeed. In old Mr. Clutterbuck's day I was getting four hundred a year. Now I'm getting eight. Look at this cheque. This time last year it was only a hundred ; now it's two hundred pounds. That means Ronnie *can* go to Eton, even if he doesn't get a scholarship."

Mrs. Lomax smiled, and sighed. Eton to her was perhaps a thought less sacred. Her family had moved in grammar-school circles. But she realised how important it was to Stephen.

" Isn't that splendid, dear ? " she said placidly.

" Splendid ? It's top-hole ! "

MR. LOMAX was a modern parson. His country parish was a modern parish, each year growing more and more into a country town. The church was modern brick, well-heated ; the parish hall was much more than a tin-roofed shed. The parish cricket eleven, led by Stephen Lomax, continually defeated all the neighbouring village teams. Had not Mr. Lomax in his day helped Eton to score their annual draw against Harrow at Lord's ?

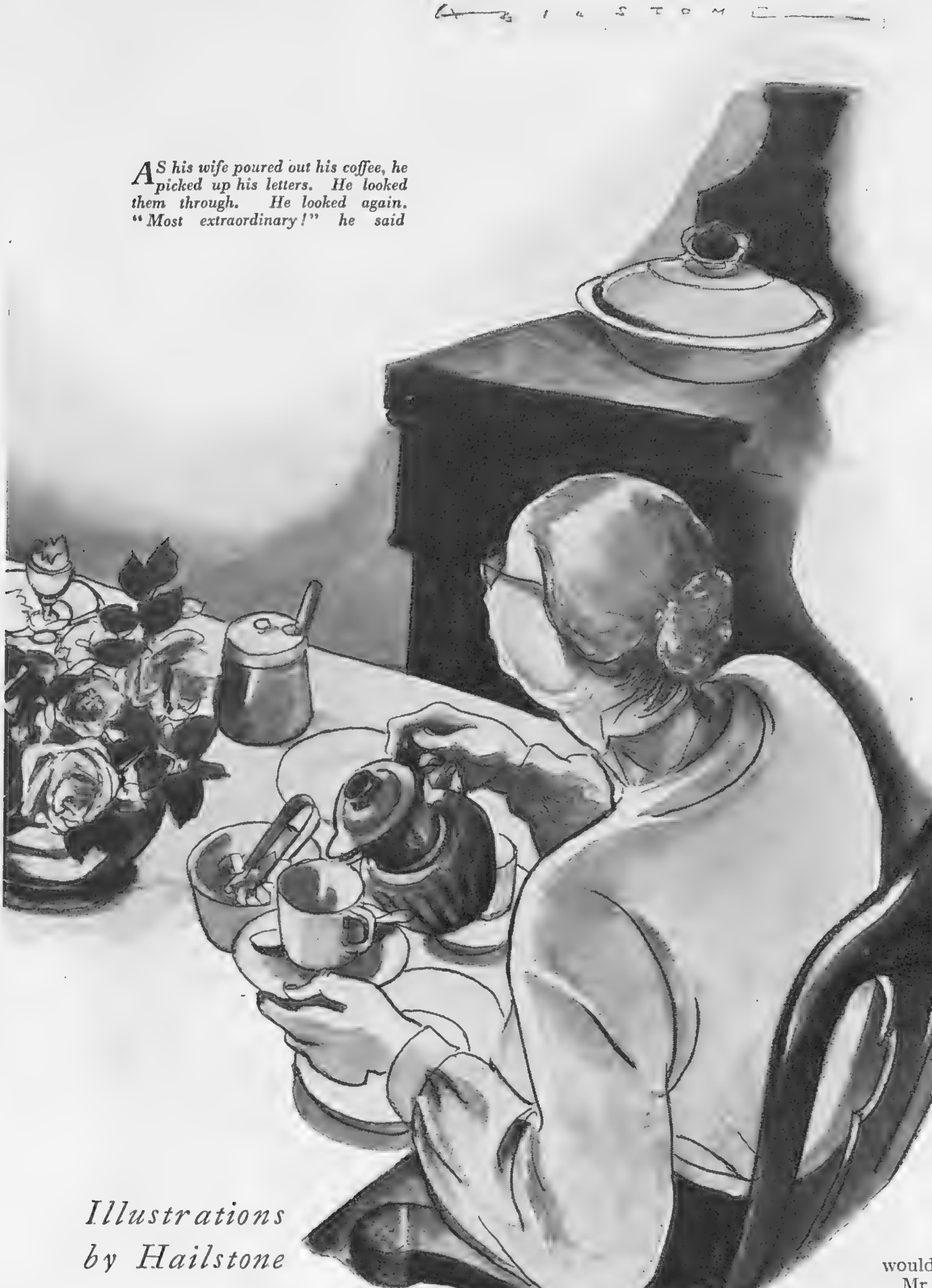
The Reverend Stephen was a muscular Christian. No white-haired, saintly cleric, dusty and bookish ; he ran a boxing class, played billiards, drank beer and almost began his sermons with " Look here, you fellows."

" In a year or two," said Lomax, finishing his coffee, " we shall be able to build a new Church Room."

" Yes, dear."

The stipend of the Vicar of Duffield amounted to nine hundred pounds. The vicarage was compact, modern and labour-saving. With his private income, augmented by the wise administration of Mr. Smith, he was very comfortable indeed, for his needs were few, and his wife enjoyed house-work. He could afford to contribute generously to parochial funds.

As his wife poured out his coffee, he picked up his letters. He looked them through. He looked again. "Most extraordinary!" he said



Illustrations by Hailstone

And he did. Even the Nonconformist ministers were glad to bow to Mr. Lomax when they met him, and they were quite resigned to the fact that the ambitious members of their flocks left them for the Parish Church one by one.

"Well, my dear, there's a Parish Council meeting at eleven this morning. I must be going."

Next quarter-day—for Lomax had arranged with his lawyer that he should receive his dividends four times a year, regardless of the date on which they naturally were paid in—next quarter-day the Vicar came down early to breakfast with a good appetite for his scrambled egg and bacon, a clear conscience and a pleasant anticipation that at least two hundred pounds would be on his plate.

As his wife poured out his coffee, he picked up his letters. He looked them through. He looked again. "Most extraordinary!" he said.

Mrs. Lomax, her nose back in her picture-paper, heard him not.

"Most extraordinary!" repeated her husband, with the air of one who mentally exclaims "Well, I'm damned!" "*Most.*"

"What, dear?"

"There's no cheque from Bilderbeck, Clutterbuck and Chipperfield. I can't understand it."

"What do they say, dear?"

"They don't say anything. There isn't any letter at all." He looked rather pathetic; his fat wife put down her paper.

"Don't worry, dear; perhaps they missed the post."

"Missed the post? I can't understand it."

"Anybody might miss a post," mumbled Mrs. Lomax from the depths of her woman's page. "It'll come to-night or to-morrow."

But it didn't come that night, and even on the next day there was no letter. On the third blank day the Reverend Stephen wrote a brief note of remonstrance.

It was answered by return, and the Vicar's sigh of relief at sight of it almost blew out the spirit lamp that sat under the breakfast kettle.

He read the letter—there was only a letter—aloud:

> "*Dear Mr. Lomax,—I hope you will accept my apologies for not writing to you earlier. The fact is, there has been some slight hitch over Amalgamated Basilicas. Their annual general meeting this year has had to be postponed owing to the illness of their chairman. They have not yet, therefore, declared the usual dividend. Knowing that you preferred to receive your quarter's income in one lump sum, I therefore thought it best, since your principal holding is in Basilicas, to postpone the remittance. I can, however, let you have fifty pounds now, should you desire it.*
>
> "*Instead of a hundred and fifty from Basilicas, this year, I confidently expect that you will receive at least one hundred and seventy-five.—Believe me,*
> *Yours faithfully,*
> "*STANLEY SMITH.*"

"There now, dear, I knew it would be all right."

Mr. Lomax peered into the envelope. "But he hasn't sent the cheque."

"Well, he will. He said he would. Why not ask him for it?"

"My dear, I—er—hardly like to. He might think I was urgently in need of the money."

"Then wait. What are these Basilicas, Stephen?"

"To tell you the truth, I hardly know. Something to do with mining, I think. Or is it what they call an 'Industrial'? Trustee stock, of course—or very nearly so. Oh, Smith's very careful."

"Look in *The Times*, Stephen, and see what they say."

Stephen looked in *The Times*. They didn't say anything. "I remember now; Basilicas are a private company. Their shares aren't quoted."

"Not *quoted*?"

"My dear, you don't understand. Private companies are often far safer and more valuable than public companies. They're kept private so that the whole world shall not—er—subscribe and—er—dilute the capital. It's what people call being 'in on the ground floor.'"

"Well, if I were you"—Mrs. Lomax put down her paper—"I should write and ask for the fifty pounds now, and I should write to these Basilica people and ask when they're going to have their meeting, or whatever it is."

"But I could hardly do that. Smith might not like it."

"Is it your money or Mr. Smith's?" Mrs. Lomax was almost animated. But she was very swiftly rebuked.

"My dear, I have complete confidence in Mr. Smith. I know he will do what is best."

She subsided.

IN his study Stephen Lomax pulled out his pass-book. Not too good. He pulled out one or two largish bills. Rather overdue. He havered. At last, feeling that he was guilty of a boorish affront to Mr. Smith, he wrote saying that he would be rather glad of the fifty pounds, as there were school bills to pay for Ronnie, and one or two other little matters.

He posted the letter early, half hoping that it might arrive in London that afternoon and evoke an immediate cheque. But next morning's post produced nothing more heartening than a bill for repairs to the green-house.

And *next* morning there was nothing at all.

He was seriously worried. So seriously was he worried that he said nothing to his wife. And as it happened that a particularly exciting murder had been discovered the day before she forgot to be curious.

His parishioners found their vicar that day grave and preoccupied.

WHEN nothing came on the third day, which was a Saturday, then worry changed to genuine alarm. Several times he thought of telephoning, but he had three or four appointments before lunch, and he realised that Mr. Smith would not be likely to remain in his office during the afternoon. He could not telephone during the morning from the vicarage, and to do so elsewhere—about money—might excite remark.

His sermon on Sunday morning was a stern discourse upon Mammon. His sermon on Sunday evening expressed such a grave view of worldliness that even the churchwardens felt something must be amiss.

On Monday morning, after a sleepless night, he announced a decision.

"I think, my dear," he said, "that I had better go up to Town to-day to look into one or two matters connected with our investments. Smith has my entire confidence, but it is shirking responsibility to leave everything to others. And there is Ronnie's future to be considered. All being well, he starts at Mr. Walling's house next half, you know."

"Very well, dear. Will you be back late? There's a new recipe here for cooking herrings. I thought you might like to try it. I know how fond you are of herrings."

"I must look in on old Mrs. Harper, and then there's the matter of the new football fund for next season." He told off the items on extended fingers. "Say that I catch the twelve-fifteen—— I don't think I'd better promise to be back for dinner. I may be kept. I don't want to incur the expense of going up twice."

He attempted to sound hearty.

"Let's have these marvellous herrings to-morrow. I'm sure they'll be excellent."

At twelve-fifteen he left for London. At one-fifteen he arrived at St. Pancras, ate some sandwiches and drank some beer with broad-minded gusto in the station refreshment room. At two-thirty he arrived at the offices of Bilderbeck, Clutterbuck, Chipperfield and Company.

"Is Mr. Smith in?"

"I'm sorry, sir. Mr. Smith hasn't come back from lunch yet."

"But you're expecting him, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, sir; should be in any time now. Would you care to wait?"

MR. LOMAX waited. At two-forty-five the managing clerk bustled into the little waiting-room with apologies and a copy of the *Morning Post*.

The *Morning Post* subtly reassured Mr. Lomax. He read it with interest and appreciation. He almost forgot his own worries in trembling for the fate of the Empire. But at three-fifteen that mood evaporated.

"Tell me," said Mr. Lomax, timidly poking his head into the general office, "Can you tell me when you *really* think Mr. Smith will return?"

"I was just going to tell you, sir. We have had Mr. Smith on the phone. We told him you were here, and he asked us to convey to you his apologies. It seems he cannot get back until five. This tea question, you know, sir. Mr. Smith says how sorry he is he did not know you were likely to call to-day."

"Stupid of me," said Lomax, slowly retreating. "I ought to have made an appointment." He advanced again. "Will Mr. Smith really be here at five?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Then I'll come back at five."

He picked up his hat and walked out.

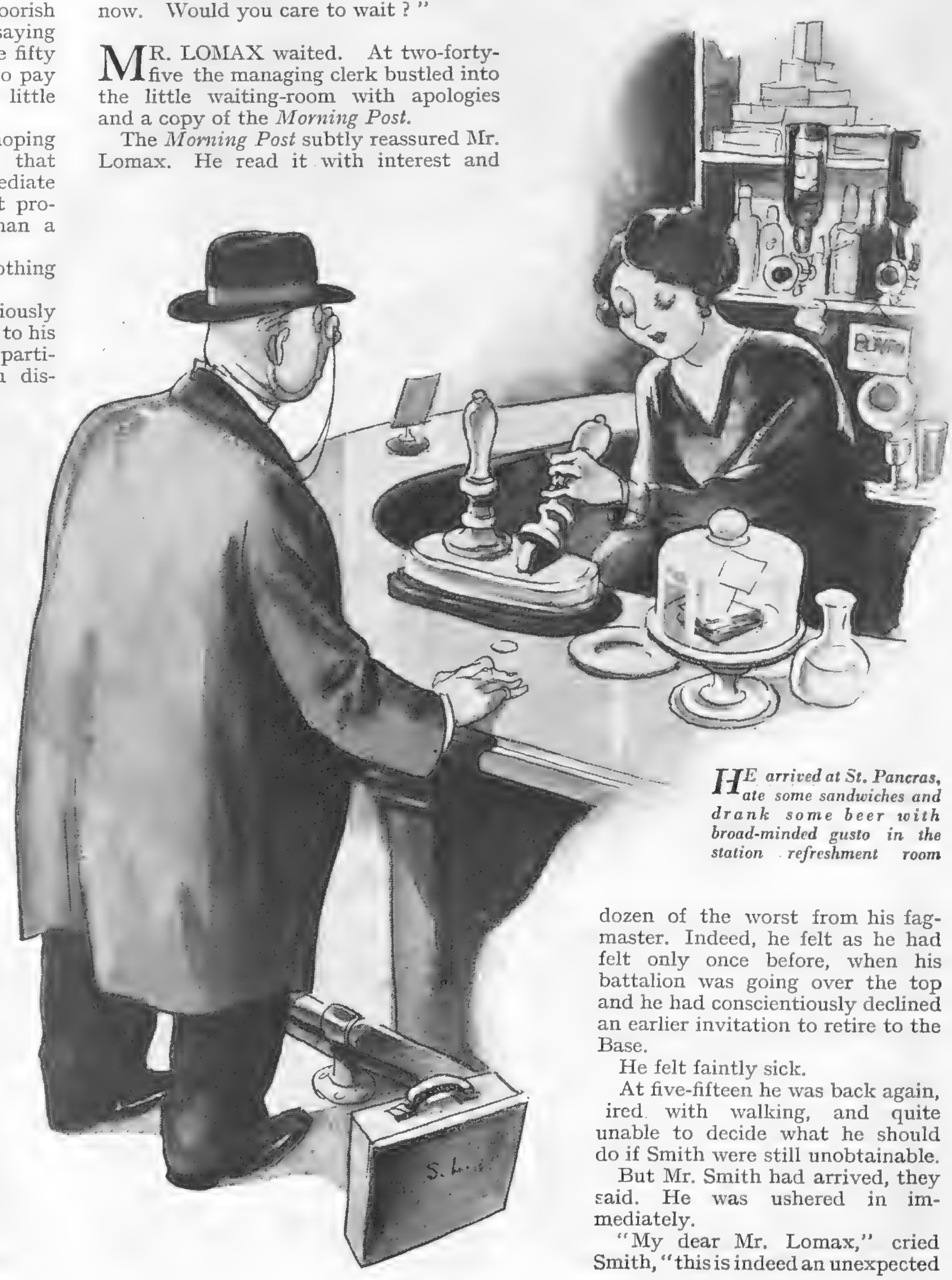
To say he was alarmed then would be understating the case. Something was wrong. He felt as he had not felt since he was a small boy, awaiting half a dozen of the worst from his fag-master. Indeed, he felt as he had felt only once before, when his battalion was going over the top and he had conscientiously declined an earlier invitation to retire to the Base.

He felt faintly sick.

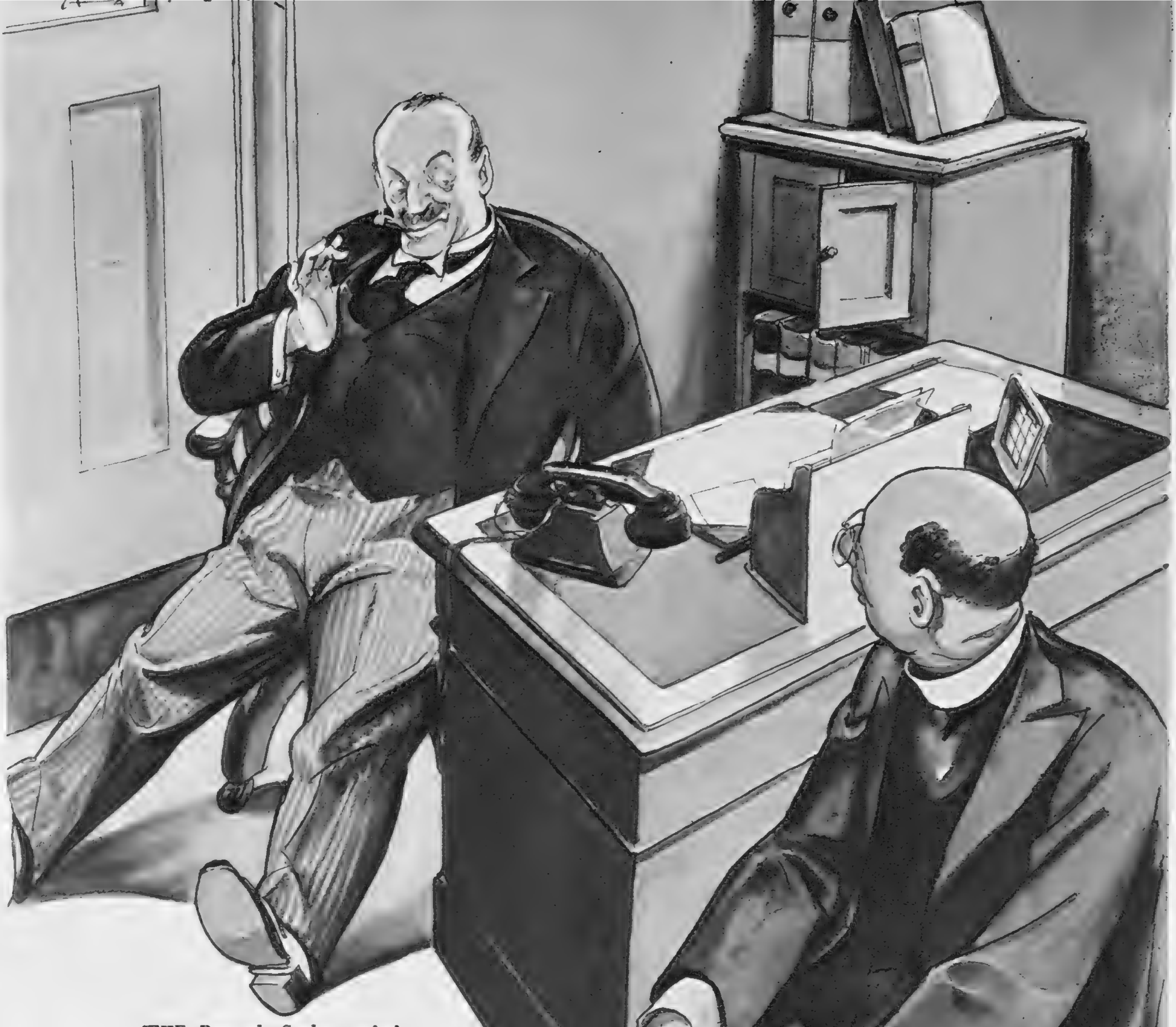
At five-fifteen he was back again, tired with walking, and quite unable to decide what he should do if Smith were still unobtainable.

But Mr. Smith had arrived, they said. He was ushered in immediately.

"My dear Mr. Lomax," cried Smith, "this is indeed an unexpected



HE arrived at St. Pancras, ate some sandwiches and drank some beer with broad-minded gusto in the station refreshment room



THE Reverend Stephen noticed with horror that his solicitor was not quite sober

pleasure." He was smoking a large cigar, and he did not attempt to get up. " Sit down, Mr. Lomax."

Lomax sat. " I confess, I—er—should have made an appointment. But I found I had to be in London to-day on some—er—parochial matter, and I thought I would just—er—look in."

" Quite so, Mr. Lomax, quite so. No doubt you have called about that little cheque for fifty pounds."

" Well—er—I naturally thought you—er—might find it convenient. . . . I thought I might save you the trouble of posting it."

He laughed a trifle uneasily. Mr. Smith laughed too. They both laughed.

" You came about your cheque," said Mr. Smith. " That 's good ! "

He puffed at his cigar. The Reverend Stephen noticed with horror that his solicitor was not quite sober.

" I want to tell you something about that cheque, Lomax," said Mr. Smith. " Excuse me." He got up, not too steadily, and unlocked a cabinet. " Have a drink ? "

A whisky bottle, two glasses and a syphon appeared on the table before the eyes of the Vicar, who regarded them with horror and alarm.

" You won't ? Then you 'll excuse me if I help myself."

He drank deeply and strongly. He paused. He hiccupped slightly. He helped himself a second time, and his hand shook.

" Sit down," said Mr. Smith, without looking at his visitor, who was already seated. " I want to tell you something."

" Mr. Smith——! "

" It 's like this, my (hup) dear client. I 've done you well. Admit that I 've done you well. Since handling your affairs, I 've doubled your little income. Isn't that so ? I said, isn't that so ? "

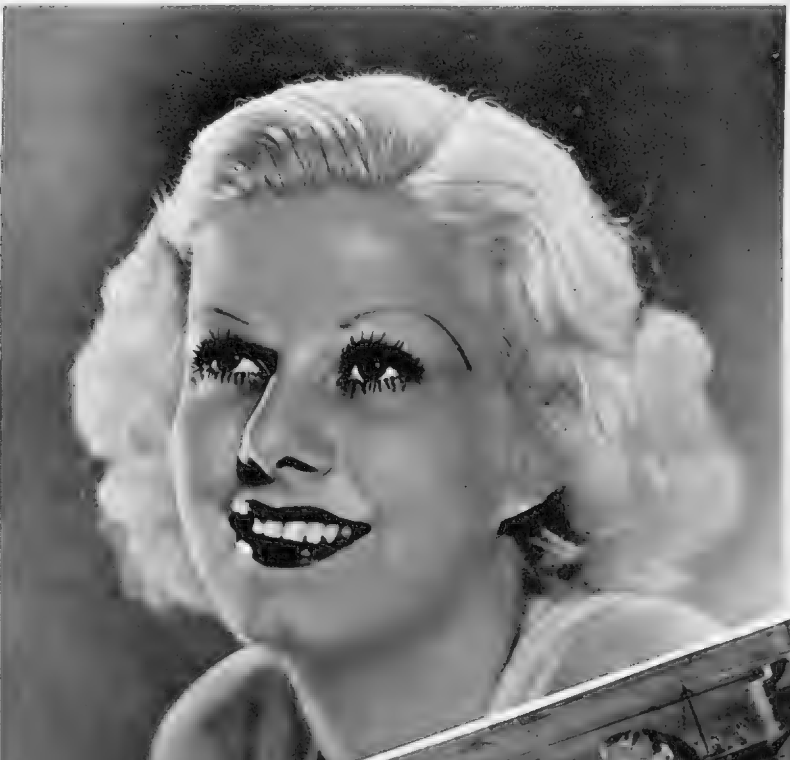
" Certainly you have, but——"

" Very well, then. You gave me power of attorney. I never asked for it——"

" But, Mr. Smith——" Stephen Lomax (*continued on p.* 80)

FOR Blondes —and Others

JEAN HARLOW talks about CLOTHES



Below:
"Gob Slacks" of white flannel worn with the new two-tone peach sweater with one wide stripe in darker tone is a favourite costume of Jean Harlow

An exotic sequined evening gown designed for one of Jean Harlow's screen roles. This is Not the type of dress she chooses for her own private use

Jean Harlow resting in her Platinum Sun Porch at her home. This room is finished in ivory white to match her personality

The Platinum Blonde in her Platinum Palace. Jean Harlow at home in the Bel-Air mansion. The living room has ivory white walls with delicately tinted shutters and drapes. Furniture is of modern antique design in dreamy pastel shades

(Below, left)
The famous film star in a favourite black velvet evening gown. This is cut very low in the back, almost minus trimming, but has excellent "lines"

(Below, right)
Jean Harlow, the first platinum blonde of the screen, as she appears in "100 Per Cent. Pure." She is wearing an evening gown of oyster-white satin, which she prefers to any other shade, for artificial light

WHEN faring forth in search of new garments a woman should make up her mind if she is dressing for her own sex, or for men. It is ridiculous to say that women never dress for men. They do; or they should, if they don't. But dressing for men and dressing for women represent two different lines of thought. In dressing to please (or make envious) members of her own sex, a woman must consider two points: Fashion, and Line. In dressing to please men, she has only one point to bear in mind: Colour.

A woman looks at a rival, and knows in one shrewd glance if the frock on that lady's back is of To-day, Yesterday, or To-morrow. A man looks at a woman; and it is only the colour of her gown that makes him say—"You 're looking splendid to-night!"—or causes him to maintain a grim silence. If a man says nothing, I know I have made a mistake in the colour of my gown. Experience has proved I am always right, in this feeling. Once I went out to dine with a sophisticated male creature, wearing a frock that was four seasons old. He said: "That 's a charming thing you are wearing, Jean." And it was—or, rather, the colour was. Oyster-white satin happened to be the colour in question. But I can still see the looks of scorn directed at me by the women in that restaurant.

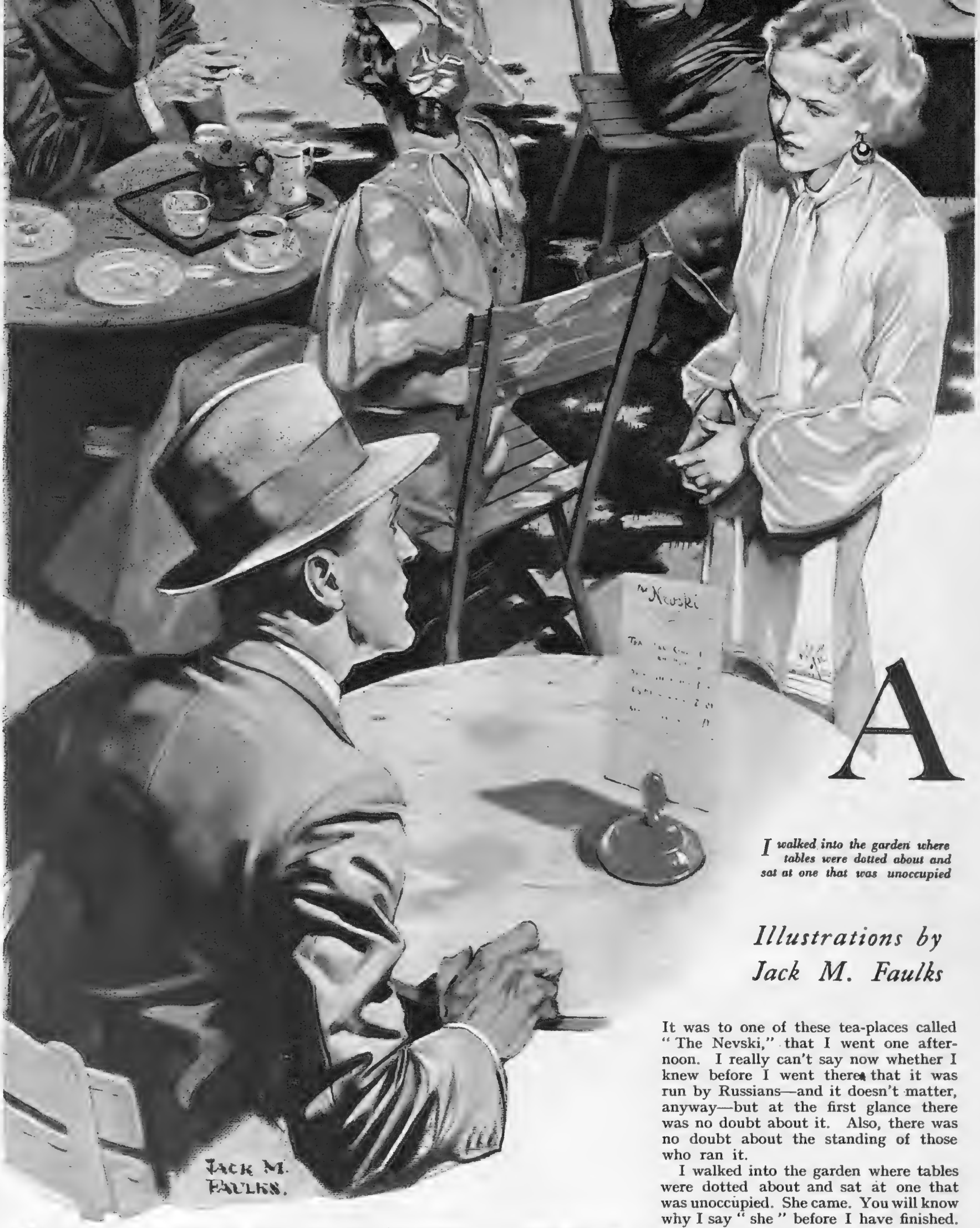
My screen career is based on two facts. First, that I turned my ordinary blonde hair to platinum blonde; second, that I have always been lucky enough to possess colour sense over clothes. In private life, since my hair has been platinum, I have worn frocks of three definite shades, having created my own book of rules in this respect, and stuck to them. These rules are: White for Evening. Black and White for the Street. Maize and White for Sports.

White with platinum hair? Certainly. A vivid lip-stick, a splash of colour in hand-bag or shoes, and there is nothing better than white in artificial light for women of any colouring. NOT cream, but one of the many varieties of real white—oyster, "dead," Chinese, and "off." The evening gown I wore in "Hell's Angels" was made of off-white satin; maybe that is why I am so fond of that shade. When I put on a white frock I feel more at ease than in any other colour. If statistics were available on this point I believe that eighty women out of every hundred have the same feeling.

White is so cheering, so fresh; even if one does not feel particularly bright or crisp, the mere wearing of a white gown creates an illusion of brightness. There is nothing more *chic* than the combination of black and white or white and black. Frenchwomen have known this secret for generations; others have learned it to-day. I like black with large white spots, or the reverse. One of my most successful screen dresses was black crêpe with white dots all over it, the size of an English florin. So good was this garment, that I had it copied for private use.

In my own wardrobe there are more sports frocks than any other kind. I like them best of all; and most of mine are in white and maize colourings, made of heavy crêpe, that always hangs so well. Does maize sound surprising for anyone of my colouring? It is excellent, I assure you, though perhaps a trifle unexpected. I like the ripe-corn

(Continued on p. 78)



A

I walked into the garden where tables were dotted about and sat at one that was unoccupied

Illustrations by Jack M. Faulks

I DON'T want to make the place quite clear for reasons which can be well understood, but it was somewhere on the Riviera. Before the war, wealthy Russians swarmed on the Riviera so that there were Greek Orthodox Churches built at San Remo, Menton, Nice, and other places on the Mediterranean coast.

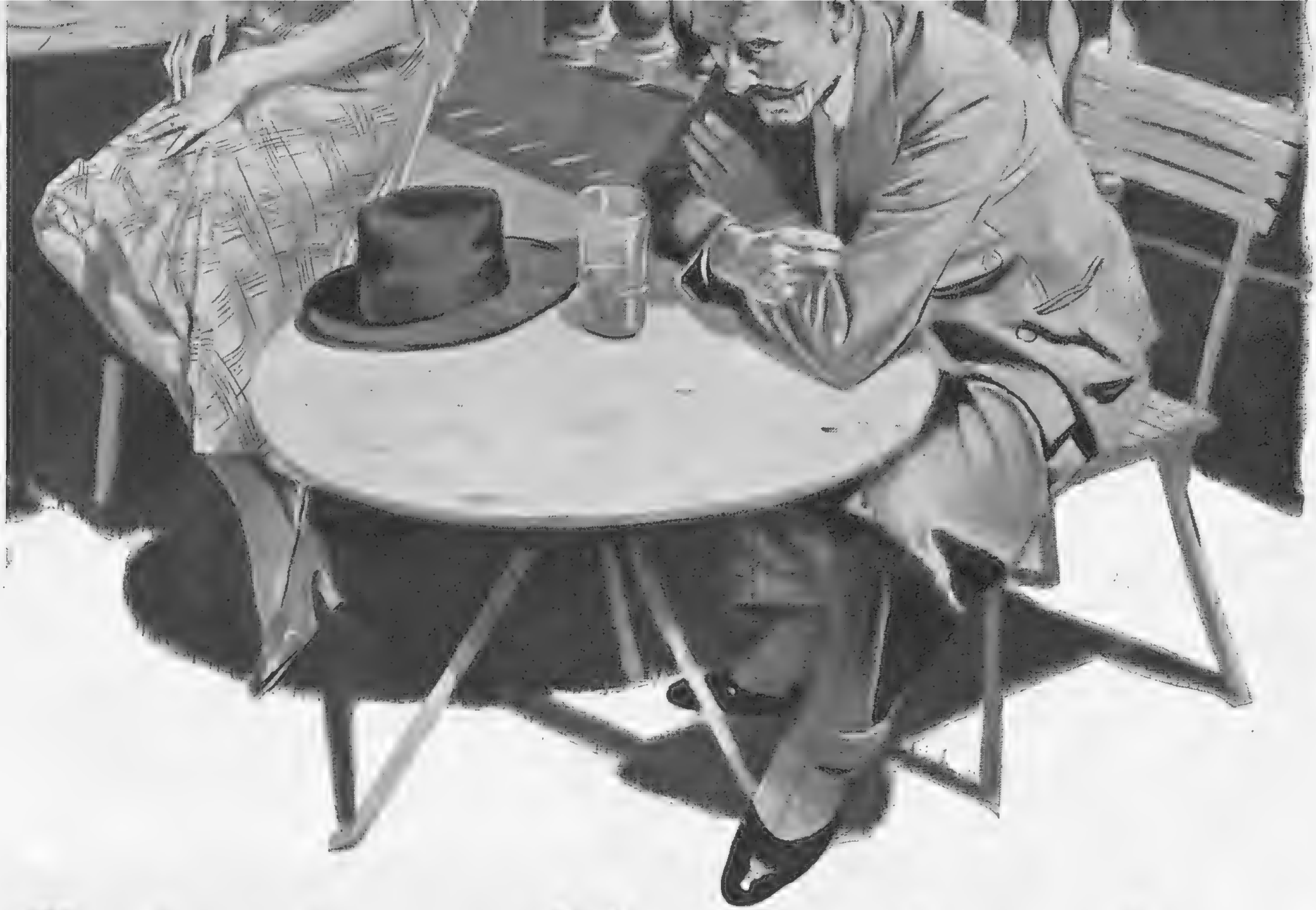
And now these same Russians, who had also gorgeous villas along the Riviera, do all manner of things to earn a living. You hear of one who managed to get away with some jewels and is selling a pearl at a time. Others have opened small stores where they sell Russian embroidery and such-like things. And because tea is essential on that pleasure-providing coast, there are in every town on the Côte d'Azur tea places where you are promised (and, I think, get) home-made scones or cakes.

It was to one of these tea-places called "The Nevski," that I went one afternoon. I really can't say now whether I knew before I went there that it was run by Russians—and it doesn't matter, anyway—but at the first glance there was no doubt about it. Also, there was no doubt about the standing of those who ran it.

I walked into the garden where tables were dotted about and sat at one that was unoccupied. She came. You will know why I say "she" before I have finished. I called her the Princess—that was before I knew anything, of course. She was fairly tall with blue eyes and flaxen hair and a faint sweetness in her smile as she looked at me. I describe her mildly for I can no other. I wanted to get up and hand her a chair. I asked almost apologetically if I could have some tea—feeling as if I had stumbled into a private garden and the Princess was a gracious host.

She was business-like in that she made me tell her what I wanted with my tea, but she gave me at once the impression of one who had moved about lofty rooms with dazzling jewels and flunkeys to right and left.

Russian refugees. . . . One has all sorts of ideas of them, but mine went through a crystallization at once. Here were pluck, competence, dignity and charm.



Little Satisfaction

A Riviera Setting for a Love Drama à la Russe

By W. H. Williamson

I looked round at some of the groups at the other tables. They were the usual lot one sees in the Riviera, people who had money to spend, some with it to burn, and they probably came here out of curiosity . . . I was almost ready at once to assert the claims of " the Princess."

She brought my tea herself, and I wanted to pay twice as much. Dare I tip her? Frankly, I didn't dare.

I raised my hat as I left, and she gave me a charming, well-bred smile, not over charged with gratitude or eagerness but that of one whose smiles had been worth receiving.

I couldn't get " the Nevski " and " the Princess " out of my head, and so I made a point of going there regularly for tea. I saw " the Fairy " on my second visit. I gave them these fanciful names because they appealed to me. The " Fairy " was a younger sister of the " Princess " and had the most gorgeous emerald eyes I have ever seen. Her figure and features were perfect, allowing the slightest of hints of high cheek-bones. She had a most engaging manner, but was less seen than her sister. She served in the garden when there was a rush of customers. There was also another girl there, but she was either English or French, and I had nothing to do with her as the " Princess " invariably attended to me, for I always went to the tables which were her especial care.

Naturally I began to talk to the " Princess." She admitted they were Russians, but when I wished to dive into circumstance she was almost mute. She would just press her lips together and shake her head. I thought her feelings were too raw to be disturbed by the recalling of sad memories, and so ceased to press any talk of Russia upon her.

The first time I spoke of her sister she drew a short breath and looked instinctively at the tables where her sister waited.

" Are you staying long on the Riviera ? " she asked me quickly, and I saw she wished to change the subject. For a brief moment the idea of jealousy came to me—probably from some egotistic depth or shallow—and I dismissed it at once, but I had also looked towards her sister's tables and I caught sight of a curious-looking man, whom I had seen there two or three times. I did not at the time link anything to this man, but it was curious he made an impression on me at that moment.

The " Princess " evidently treated me as a friend after a time, so that she would welcome me with her gracious smile.

" What do you do for relaxation ? " I asked her one day.

She shrugged her shoulders.

" What would you ? " she answered in a way suggesting relaxation had nothing to do with them.

" But you should have a change now and then."

" We have been very troubled."

" I know. The best thing is to forget."

She shook her head.

" It is not possible," she replied with a volume of sadness in her tone.

" A little dance ? "

She gently shook her head.

" A walk ? "

She hesitated. I was glad to think she did not like to persist in her refusals.

" I do not walk much," she said.

" There are some beautiful walks about here."

" I know. I should like to go very much."

" Then why not ? "

" I am busy and one cannot walk after dusk."

" The morning," I suggested, having the desirer's brain-wave.

" Ah ! . . . It is an idea. Thank you. Yes, a little walk in the morning would be very agreeable. But do you get up early?"

"I would get up at any time for the pleasure of a walk with you."

She looked just a trifle reproving or scrutinising, but I think she saw that I was sincere. I would have got up at any hour to walk with her.

"That is very kind of you," she murmured.

"To-morrow?"

"Ye-es."

"What time?"

"I should like to be back here by eleven—a little before, perhaps, for we have a few people to lunch very often."

"I will be here at eight-thirty or nine—any time you wish."

We agreed on nine o'clock, and that evening as I played bridge in the hotel I kept thinking of my nine o'clock appointment, so that if my partner had not *howled* "Having none?" I should most certainly have revoked.

THAT part of the Riviera has beautiful walks. The hills come down fairly close to the sea, so that one is on the heights very quickly. The views are superb.

But the "Princess" was more superb than any. She was ready when I arrived, dressed lightly and with a pullover hat.

"Where shall we go?" I asked.

"Where you wish."

So I led her up the hills behind where the views changed and enlarged at every hundred yards of walking. It was a delicious morning and the croakings of the frogs came up to us almost incessantly from the water basins till we got higher up. There, when we sat down for a moment or two to rest, the thyme, sage and marjoram flung their scents to us with full hands.

Curiosity being what it is, I was bound to try to get her to tell me something about herself.

She was diffident, as if the recital of events were painful, but she sensed my friendliness and as we walked told me that her father had been killed before her eyes and her brother, a young man of twenty, was still in Russia.

"Still there?" I repeated.

"Yes."

"Can't he get out?"

"It is difficult," she said shaking her head.

These things I understood afterwards as well as the sadness that seemed to surround her as she spoke of them. It was on this first walk that I showed her the chasm. It is a sharp, precipitous rock, giving a sheer drop of eight hundred feet.

"You don't want to fall down there," I said.

"No . . ." And I remember now she looked at it as if there was some fascination about it.

I ended that first morning's walk with a feeling of supreme happiness. She had still her reserve, but I felt she was friendly, and a man will build somewhat extravagantly on a woman's friendliness.

"It has been very enjoyable," she said as we were parting. "Thank you."

"You have really enjoyed it?"

"Truly."

"I don't want thanks: I give them."

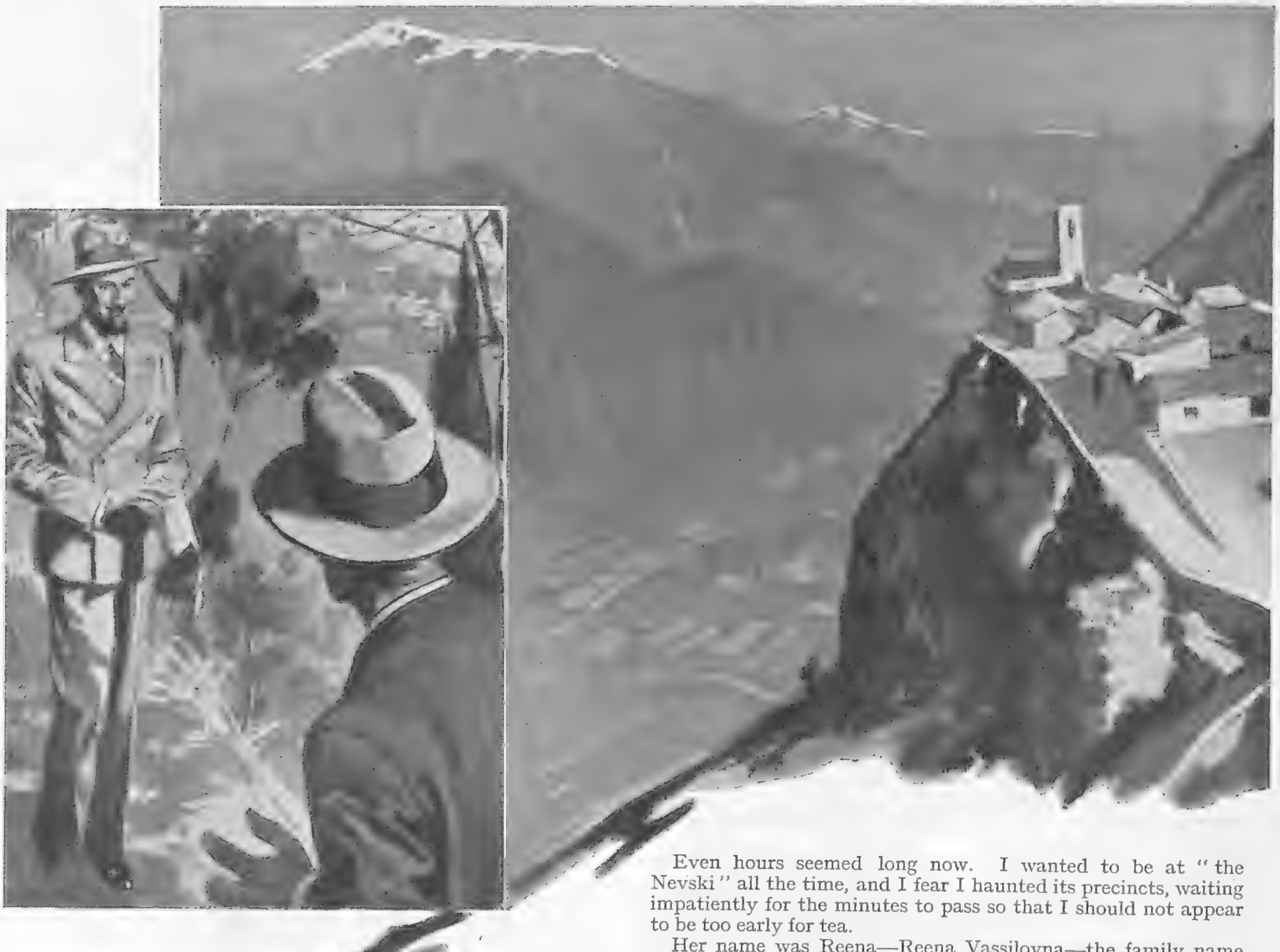
She smiled—but I can scarcely describe that. I fancy we see in smiles what is often in our own minds.

"You will come again?" I asked.

"If you wish," she replied sweetly.

"Wish! I!" I flung emphasis into it. "I shall be here to tea," I added. "Wish!"

I WAS in love with her then. Her English was almost perfect. I think she must have learnt it when young, perhaps from an English governess, for her *th*'s were faultless, but there was just a little too much faithfulness to the pronunciation of each syllable, but that, to me, was an added charm. I kept repeating her phrases in the way she had uttered them.



Even hours seemed long now. I wanted to be at "the Nevski" all the time, and I fear I haunted its precincts, waiting impatiently for the minutes to pass so that I should not appear to be too early for tea.

Her name was Reena—Reena Vassilovna—the family name being Groloff. The younger sister's name was Vera. I walked along the white roads saying "Reena, Reena Vassilovna" and wondering when I could dare to tell her what I felt when I thought of her.

At tea that afternoon Reena met me with her graciously entrancing smile. Vera also came to me and said quite voluntarily her sister had enjoyed the walk that morning. That threw me into ecstasy naturally, for my imagination would go afield. I fancied Reena saying how much she had enjoyed it to Vera and talking about me. . . .

As I looked across at Vera as she attended to her tables I saw again that man who had arrested my attention before. He was a fairly regular customer, and distinctly Russian with his high cheek-bones and flattish nose. He had a moustache and looked as if he were charged with feelings. "There is something the matter with that man," I said to myself, and then I saw his gaze followed Vera. . . . "He is in love with her," I thought.

That was a little complication. I am not sure if I felt friendly or otherwise at that moment; but when I looked again I certainly disliked the man. However, I considered it no business of mine—besides, I had far pleasanter thoughts to occupy me.

Reena and I had another walk the next morning—this time in another direction. I found her more captivating than before, and she could be gay in spurts, but she very quickly relapsed into the serious. I am afraid I was serious too, for I wanted to tell her I loved her and was tongue-tied the moment I wished to broach the subject. My mouth dried, and then she would say something and I found it easier to respond, and so kept running away, so to speak.

"I noticed a curious man at the garden—in fact he seems to be there every day," I said to her a day or so later when we were having another of our walks.

She nodded and said nothing.

"I thought—I may be wrong—that he was in love with your sister."

She looked in front of her for a moment, and then she said, "Yes, he is."

From the way she said it I felt that something was wrong. I groped for the right word.

"Oh! Er —"

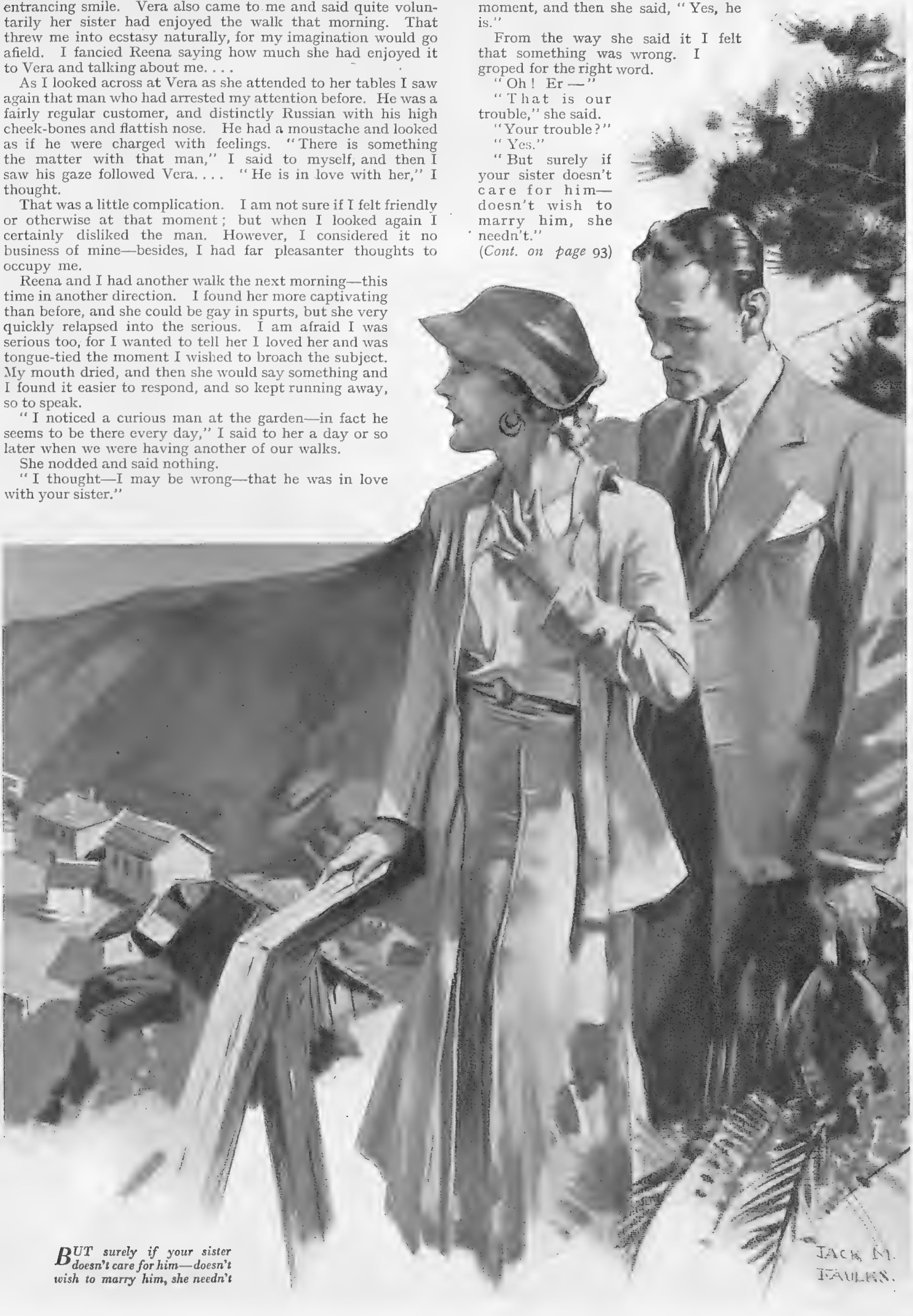
"That is our trouble," she said.

"Your trouble?"

"Yes."

"But surely if your sister doesn't care for him—doesn't wish to marry him, she needn't."

(*Cont. on page* 93)


JACK M. FAULKS.

BUT surely if your sister doesn't care for him—doesn't wish to marry him, she needn't

BOOM...?

We Stand on the Threshold of Great Developments : What shall be our part in Prosperity's Big Drive?

By C. Patrick Thompson

THE industrialist having told us of his plans to step up his 1936 production programme 25 per cent., backing it with a larger raw material stock than any he had carried before, we began to look beyond this little island workshop to the larger world where Britain's hope for the future lies. We swept grandly over it, pausing to survey here a pile of debris in the track of the great slump wave, and there to appraise the nature and solidity of some new structure which had thrust up as the vast inundation slowly subsided.

We noted the strange paradox of a world, still depressed, with world trade only one-third of the 1929 value, consuming more oil and rubber than in that peak boom year, and pushing industrial production, down to 70·9 in the summer of 1932, up to the 1928 index figure of 100 again in 1934, and beyond it in 1935. We observed that Russia, China and India are importing more motor-cars and trucks; that Persia has a large surplus trade balance and is using part of it to buy railway material; that Turkey has turned an adverse trade balance into a favourable one, while Palestine has achieved high prosperity; and that Japan has doubled her rubber consumption in two years, and is now using rubber at the rate of 75,000 tons a year—symptom of the rapid development of a motor industry in that country. And it was then the financier spoke of his plans for his son and disclosed his vision.

"We have a consulting engineer going to the East next year with half a dozen jobs to attend to. I'm sending the boy with him. I want him to have two years in Asia. I want him to know his way about the key centres as the average rich man's son knows his way about the pleasure spots of London, Paris, the Riviera, and New York.

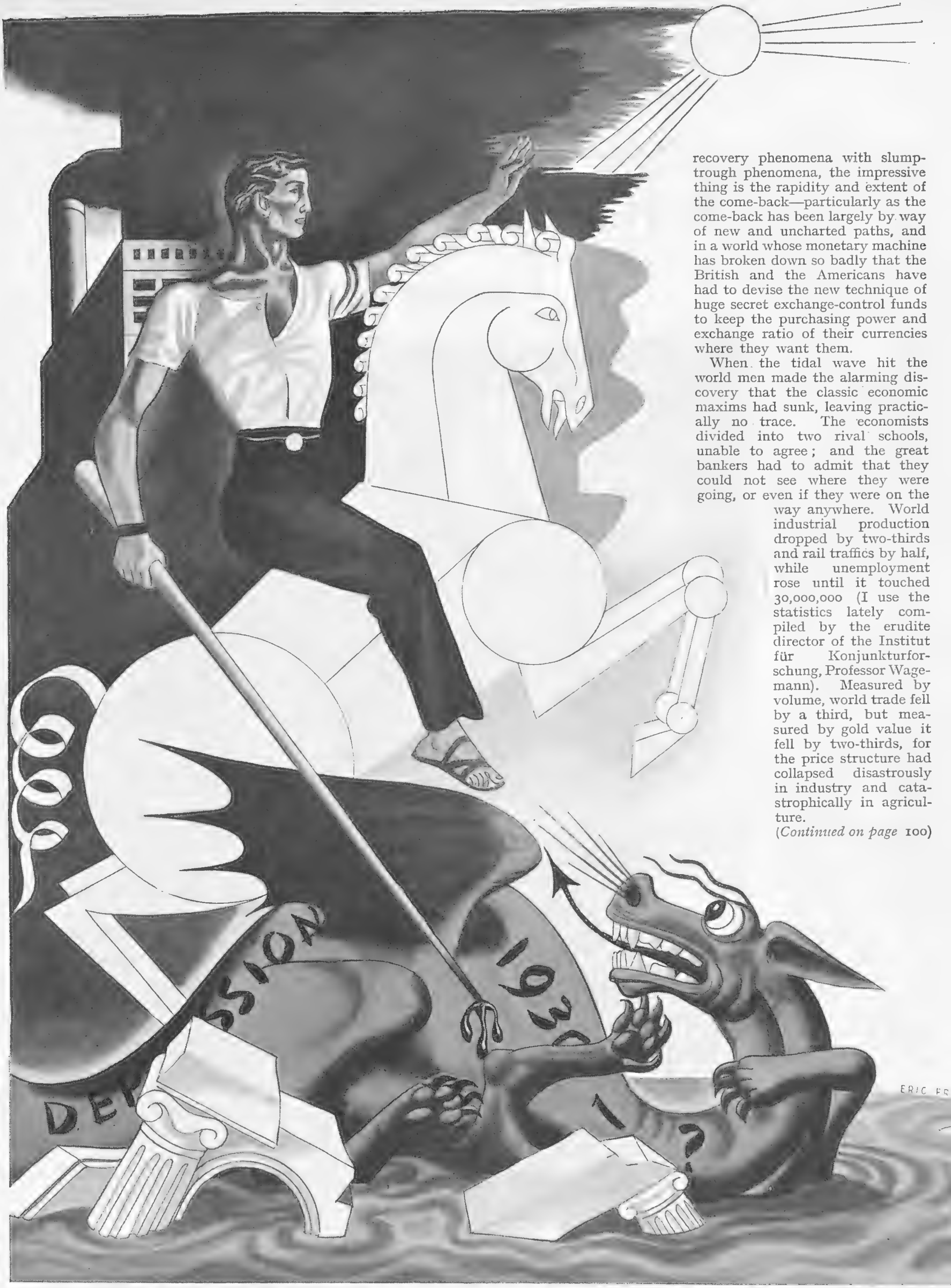
"You think it will be useful?" asked the industrialist, whose son knows his way around the pleasure spots aforesaid, but not much else. The financier, blended of more races than the industrialist, shrugged.

"I hope so. But if not to me, then to him. My grandfather looked ahead, and what he saw made him send his son to England. My father looked again, and sent me to America. Gambles, of course. The world looked shot to pieces after the Napoleonic wars. That depression lasted twenty years, but railway development pulled it out. When the railways were all built, slump again, another twenty years of it. Electricity and the internal combustion engine pulled us out again. That expansion era lasted unbroken from the middle 'nineties to the war. Now, there are a thousand new things. There is also Asia and a market of a thousand millions waiting to be developed."

In the thoughtful pause the cigar ends glowed red. I could glimpse in the blue smoke what he saw. New rail systems running straight and shining into remote distances. Tremendous dams for harnessing water power. Interminable rows of machines housed in gigantic containers of concrete and steel. Giant flying boats bridging the London–New York gap in fifteen hours at an easy cruising speed of 200 miles an hour, and traversing the ocean gulf between Asia and California in two days and three hops. Roads and ever more roads, the broad, straight roads of the motor age, and vehicles multiplying on them as fast as they were cut and surfaced. Houses, millions of new houses, and a telephone in every house. Another great expansion age, with trade running largely in new channels, but running all the same in an ever-widening stream . . . and the challenge to the financier, the entrepreneur, and the statesman, of a thousand million people inhabiting underdeveloped territories where the standard of life is far below that which even a Balkan peasant would consider tolerable.

A fantastic dream? I think not. Some people think we have gone as far as we can go. But we have only scratched the surface of practical possibilities. Britain pats herself on the back for a recovery which sees her empire sales only 58 per cent. and her non-empire sales 52 per cent. of the 1929 figure. The Americans think they have done pretty well to have worked back to a steel production half that of 1929, and notched up their motor-car and truck output from the disastrous 1,431,000 of 1932 to 3,000,000 in 1934 and 4,000,000 in the current year (it was 5,622,000 in 1929). But this is only first-phase recovery.

Still, when one contrasts contemporary



recovery phenomena with slump-trough phenomena, the impressive thing is the rapidity and extent of the come-back—particularly as the come-back has been largely by way of new and uncharted paths, and in a world whose monetary machine has broken down so badly that the British and the Americans have had to devise the new technique of huge secret exchange-control funds to keep the purchasing power and exchange ratio of their currencies where they want them.

When the tidal wave hit the world men made the alarming discovery that the classic economic maxims had sunk, leaving practically no trace. The economists divided into two rival schools, unable to agree; and the great bankers had to admit that they could not see where they were going, or even if they were on the way anywhere. World industrial production dropped by two-thirds and rail traffics by half, while unemployment rose until it touched 30,000,000 (I use the statistics lately compiled by the erudite director of the Institut für Konjunkturforschung, Professor Wagemann). Measured by volume, world trade fell by a third, but measured by gold value it fell by two-thirds, for the price structure had collapsed disastrously in industry and catastrophically in agriculture.

(*Continued on page* 100)

A Rather Crooked Comedy about an Adventurous "Lovely" who found

The Ideal HE

By George Froxfield

ZORA ELLIOT was crying, and Lady Parke-Kilham, wife of the High Court Judge, at the window of her bedroom in the Hotel Rivoir at Monte Carlo, was enunciating what seemed to her to be great new truths, such as "Tears cut no ice," and "Even Dr. Crippen was sorry when he was found out."

Opening wide her appealing red-brown eyes and tragically sweeping back her chestnut hair, Zora attempted to explain how, with her salary unpaid and Lady Parke-Kilham away in Paris, she had come to borrow—"on account, as it were"—ten pounds from Lady Parke-Kilham's trunk. She had, of course, intended to repay it. She would most certainly have repaid it if *manque* and *impair* hadn't kept turning up instead of *passe* and *pair*. . . .

"I only borrowed it," declared Zora.

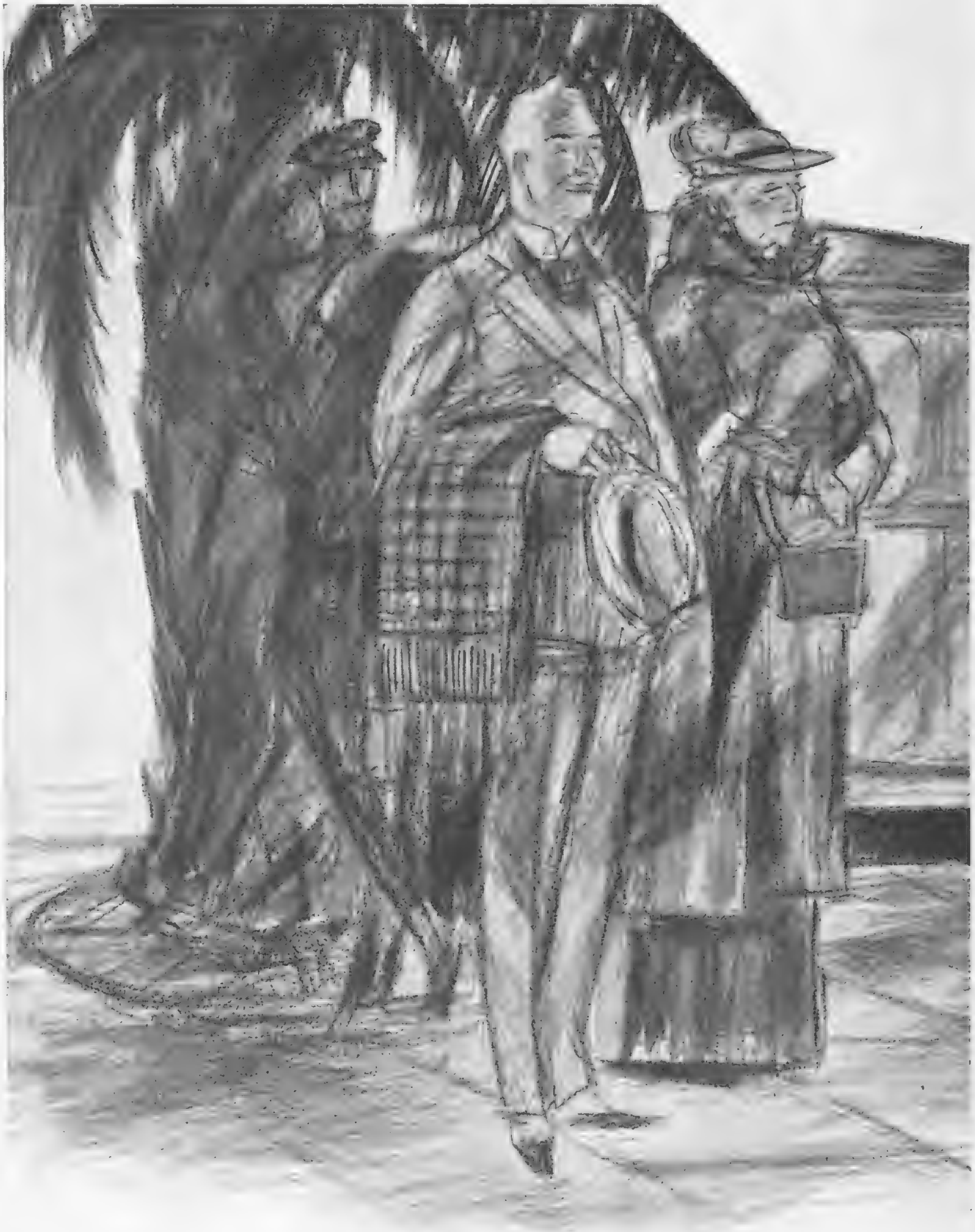
"Every pettifogging pilferer says that!" Lady Parke-Kilham was vociferating when a Mr. Bromley was announced and a middle-aged man, the apotheosis of the nondescript, stepped into the room.

"Zora," exclaimed Lady Parke-Kilham excitedly, "this person is from the Bond Enquiry Agency. Three months ago I caused enquiries to be instituted concerning you, when I had my suspicions over the loss of my emerald ring."

"But you found it!" Zora cried, obviously aghast. "You remembered you'd locked it away yourself with your tiara! It was——"

"Mr.—Mr. Bow," broke in flustered Lady Parke-Kilham, "kindly tell me the worst."

Mr. Bromley then announced that his investigations had proved Zora Elliot to be the daughter (christened Agnes) of Albert Smith, dustman, and Annie Smith, his wife, charwoman, of the Model Dwellings, Stoke New-



THE Wellockdales heard Zora's account Monte Carlo, and learnt that she was ington Road, and went on to state that the two references that had gained Zora her post as Lady Parke-Kilham's companion had been forged in the one case and faked in the other.

" The Lady Allen your ladyship interviewed," declared Mr. Bromley morosely, " was Miss Fluffie Faulkner, of the Galaxy Theatre Beauty Chorus, dressed up in her landlady's Sunday blacks."

FIFTEEN minutes later Zora left the hotel, her few clothes in a suitcase, even fewer francs in her vanity bag, hate in her heart and a determination to get her own back on Society obsessing her mind.

First, she had decided, she must make a get-away, as Monte Carlo, while magpie Lady Parke-Kilham remained in it, was much too dangerous.

That a pretty girl need seldom squander her money on railway tickets Zora had learnt long ago, on sundry occasions, in divers places, so, remembering an ancient dodge that had once got her out of a hole in Vienna and into quite a comfortable post in Florence, she determined to try it on again.

A vast limousine laden with luggage, standing outside the Hotel de Paris, looked promising, so Zora parked her suitcase by it. Then, having chattered pleasantly with a debonair policeman in red, white and blue uniform and a plumed hat, discovered that the limousine belonged to old Mr. Wellockdale, who owns a chain of palatial hotels along the Riviera, and learnt that he was bound for his Hotel Paradis at Beaucoteau, a dozen miles beyond the French frontier, she hung about till the old fellow emerged, caught his eye (men of any age nearly always did), started, smiled, ran to him and exclaimed :

" Lord Montgomery ! Oh, you've no idea how glad I am to see you ! I felt suicidal almost, and now I know I'm safe ! How're darling Grace and the twins ? "

Mrs. Wellockdale (Daisy to her husband) came sailing out of the hotel by the time old Wellockdale (delighted at being mistaken for what he hoped liberal subscriptions to the party war-chest would soon make him) had explained who he was, seen Zora's lower lip tremble, and been moved by the look of intense disappointment in her very lovely eyes.

The Wellockdales heard Zora's account of how she came to be stranded penniless in Monte Carlo, a most circumstantial story of a concert party and of a levanting manager, and learnt that she was longing to reach her father at Beaucoteau.

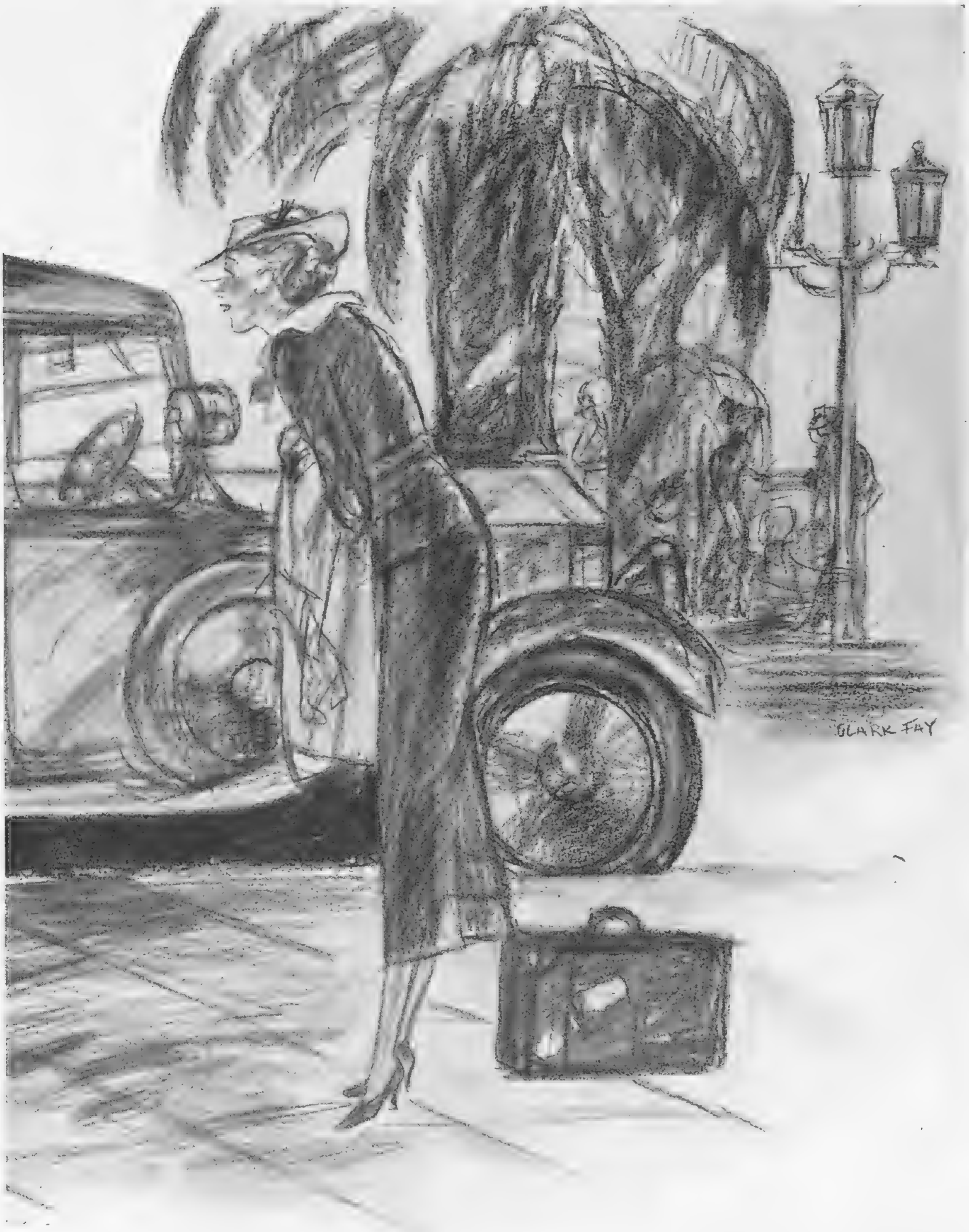
" How extremely fortunate ! " exclaimed Mrs. Wellockdale. " Providence, my dear, always looks after the brave and good. We are — now — actually about to set out for Beaucoteau ! "

" No ! " breathed Zora, seemingly flabbergasted at the coincidence.

BY the time they had arrived at the Hotel Paradis Mr. and Mrs. Wellockdale were completely bamboozled. Zora had seen that the rugs were tucked snugly round two pairs of old legs, had looked quite shocked at Mr. Wellockdale's " Damn the draught ! " had heartily agreed with Mrs. Wellockdale's denunciation of modern films, novels, plays and crooners, and exclaimed at the coincidence of their mutual passionate attachment to biographies, Shakespeare at the Old Vic., and Symphony Concerts.

It seemed perfectly natural to the Wellockdales, then, to press Zora to be their guest at Beaucoteau on her making the tragic discovery that her father had not yet arrived.

Illustrated by Clark Fay



of how she came to be stranded penniless in
longing to reach her father at Beaucoteau

It was a blow to Zora to discover that the Wellockdales (treated like royalty in the little town that he had practically created) were on their leisurely way back to their yacht at Cannes and were only staying the night at the Paradis.

To concoct a plausible story which would account for a sudden change in her plans and enable her to travel on with them would have taxed the most fertile imagination, she gloomily admitted at dinner. She must let them go and catch somebody else, she had decided, when she suddenly caught sight of a young man sauntering towards a table by the door.

He had brown eyes with a sparkle in them and brown hair with waves in it, small clipped brown moustache, brown cheeks that were winsomely hollow, very wide shoulders, very narrow hips, Eton and the Guards, or their equivalent, say, Harrow and the Diplomatic Service, stamped on him, and affluence, ease, and lazy good nature might have blazed from him in neon lights.

Perhaps he had already noticed Zora (another thing men generally did) or else the influence of those appraising red-brown eyes affected him, for as he sat down he looked across the room at her, and Zora's eyes met his. Something made her hold her breath. She became uniquely conscious of the existence of her heart, and felt a rare flush sweeping up. . . . With an effort she put an end to that mutual inspection and murmured a platitude to Mrs. Wellockdale.

Even then, however, she felt a definite, strange and growing discomfort. She no longer felt hungry. Food seemed gross. She couldn't be artificial and vivacious. She longed to be natural and subdued. . . At dessert she found herself day-dreaming about a little innocent fool (a niece, say, of the old Wellockdales), who met the Ideal He at Beaucoteau.

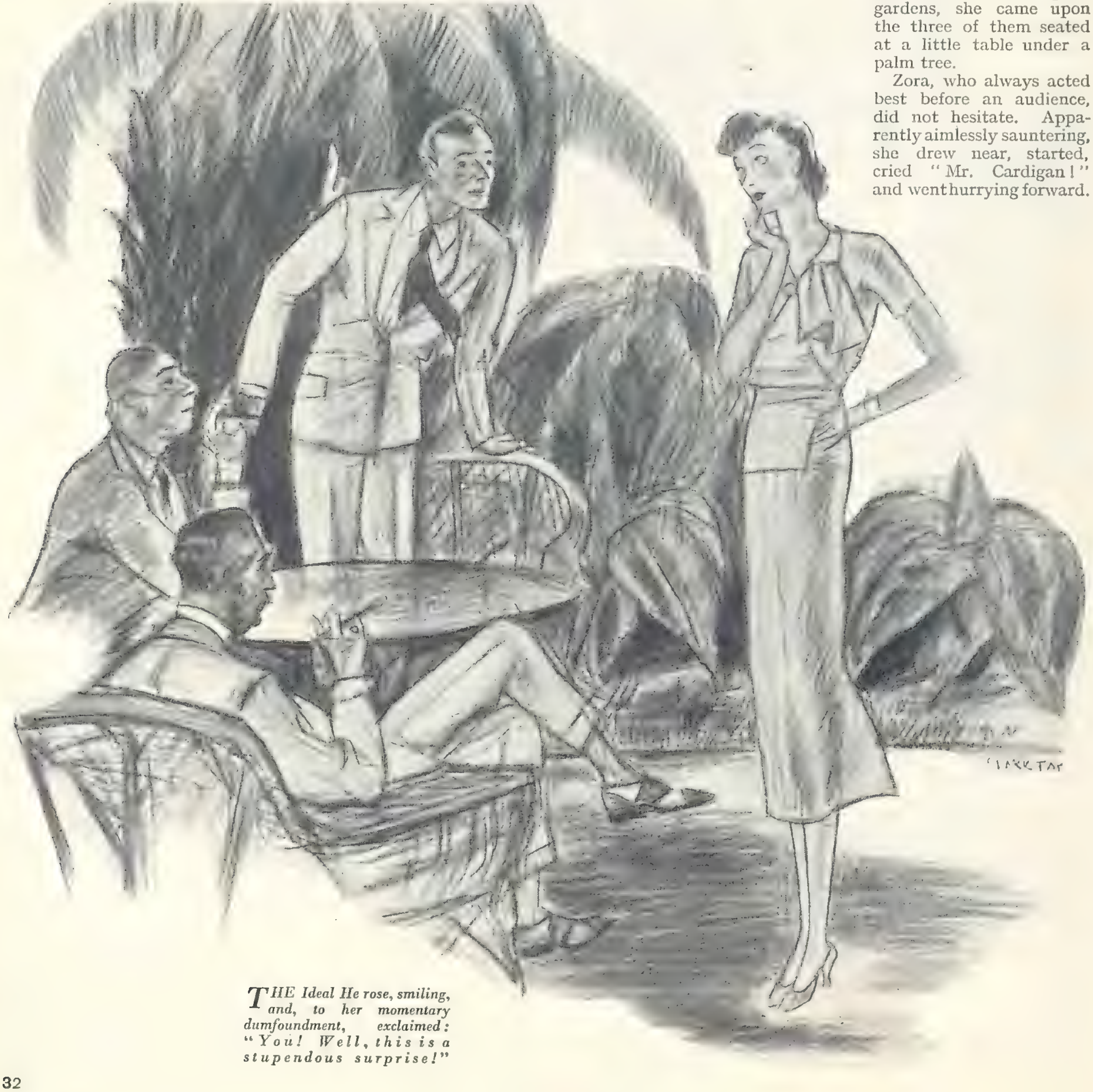
For the first time in her life she felt sorry for herself, wondered why she had never had a chance, and wished her past wasn't so full of incidents that with such strange suddenness it seemed impossible to defend . . .

As, with Mrs. Wellockdale's arm through hers, Zora passed by the table near the door, a Castle in Spain (built in a trice by a genie out of a bottle) was ready for her and the Ideal He, the glorious destination of the romance that had had its imaginary beginning in their dancing that night and had come to a climax a few days later in a riot of tinkling bells . . .

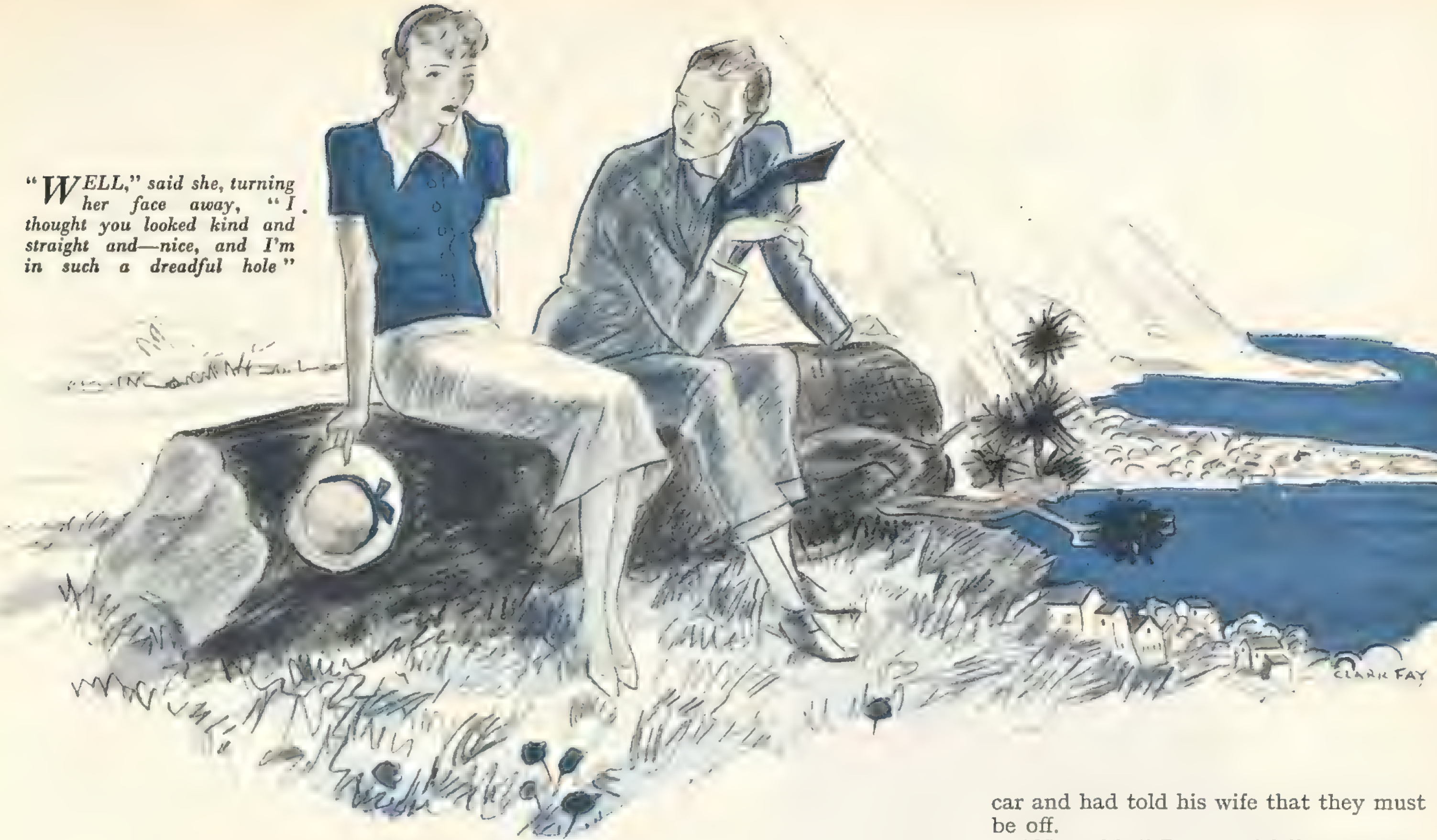
But that night in bed, chill and sleepless, alone with realities, having played bezique with Mrs. Wellockdale and écarté with Mr. Wellockdale (stealing glances across the lounge at the Ideal He, because she had felt impelled), Zora realised that day-dreaming was a luxury she couldn't afford. Sloppy sentimentality is a rotten rope to cling to when a girl is in a hole, but the Ideal He, properly made use of, might prove to be a lifeline.

Breakfasting in bed, Zora discovered from the maid that the Ideal He was a Mr. Cardigan; dressing, she caught sight of him walking across the lawn with two other men; wandering in the half-tropical gardens, she came upon the three of them seated at a little table under a palm tree.

Zora, who always acted best before an audience, did not hesitate. Apparently aimlessly sauntering, she drew near, started, cried "Mr. Cardigan!" and went hurrying forward.



THE Ideal He rose, smiling, and, to her momentary dumfoundment, exclaimed: "You! Well, this is a stupendous surprise!"



"WELL," said she, turning her face away, "I thought you looked kind and straight and—nice, and I'm in such a dreadful hole"

The Ideal He rose, smiling, and, to her momentary dumfoundment, exclaimed:

"You! Well, this is a stupendous surprise!"

He mistook her, she realised, as she had pretended to mistake him, for somebody else. It was a breath-taking coincidence, and the situation was so undoubtedly ticklish that audacity alone could meet it.

"How's Auntie?" Zora asked vivaciously, her hand wringing his.

"Splendid! Fitter than ever."

Zora, noticing that his companions were looking at her suspiciously, drew a bow at a venture and said:

"Is the poor knee as painful as ever?"

A bull's-eye, apparently, for he announced:

"Cleared up. Radiant heat. She'll be dancing soon. How's Elizabeth?"

"Only so-so," she declared. "Well, it *is* jolly seeing you. I'm here with the Wellockdales, you know. The darlings want me to go on with them to Cannes. The yacht's there. But I don't see how I can. Father's meeting me here to-day or to-morrow, and you know how he'd deep-end if I let him down."

"Do I not! Blue murder and all that! Hallo, there's someone waving frantically at that French window!"

"It's Daisy, darling Mrs. Wellockdale!" exclaimed Zora, cried "Coming!" waved her hand, and then added, "They're just off, I expect."

"Old Wellockdale owns the hotel, doesn't he?"

"And a dozen others," said she, nodding, "He's perfectly sweet. Ever such a kind, generous lamb. Well, I must dash and say *Au revoir* to them. But do let's meet again soon and have a talk about old times."

"Most certainly, and the sooner the better, so mayn't I come along now?"

Zora, thrilled by her astounding success, hadn't bargained for that, but didn't like to put him off.

"Do," she said.

THE Ideal He turned, gravely bowed to his two companions, who had risen at Zora's coming and remained standing stiffly beside their chairs, said, "You'll excuse me?" offered his arm to Zora and exclaimed:

"We Cardigans are such a vast family, aren't we? I believe you'd find a Cardigan at the North Pole"

"I'd find one useful anyhow!" she declared.

Both laughed far more heartily than the fatuous joke warranted.

"Your poor friends must have thought it rather rude your not introducing them," she said, as they hurried across the lawn.

"Not a bit," he answered. "They didn't expect it. They are White Russians—refugees. Neither of them speaks a word of English."

"You're in the Diplomatic Service!" she exclaimed. "I'm right, aren't I?"

"It's a question I'm not allowed to answer," he said gravely.

By now they were drawing near to Mrs. Wellockdale, who cried:

"Zora, don't tell me this is your father!"

"Oh, no," answered Zora, laughing. "He's a sort of a cousin. It's Mr. Cardigan, Mrs. Wellockdale."

"Then I hope he will look after his charming little relative very carefully," observed Mr. Wellockdale, stepping just then through the French window.

"I mean to, sir," said the Ideal He. "Till her father fetches up I shan't let her out of my sight. Won't you all honour me by having a cocktail before you go—a stirrup-cup?"

The Wellockdales refused, so did Zora, but all three agreed to drink tonic water, and a move was made to a table under a vast rainbow-coloured umbrella.

"Do you know the country round here?" the Ideal He asked Zora when Mr. Wellockdale had noticed his waiting car and had told his wife that they must be off.

"Not a bit," Zora truthfully answered. "It's glorious. Don't you think a walk would do us both good? Mrs. Wellockdale, do make room for us in your car and drop us a mile or so out, so that I can show my ignorant little cousin some of the finest scenery in Europe."

The Wellockdales were delighted. The four presently made for the well-laden limousine.

"Shall I order lunch before we go for our stroll?" the Ideal He asked as they reached the car.

"Do!" cried Zora, "but only a salad for me."

FIVE minutes later the car was rapidly climbing up through the palm and olive groves, but as soon as the Grand Corniche was reached the Ideal He suggested their stopping, or the walk back, though all downhill, would be too tiring for Zora. The Wellockdales, having begged Zora to visit them when she was next in London, drove on.

"See that pine trunk?" said the Ideal He. "Let's sit on it and I'll point out the landmarks in the view."

Seated beside him, glancing aslant, Zora saw her dream man. Voice, appearance, manner, all were perfection. The future was murky, but the present was heavenly, though it did seem weird, miraculous, shattering, that a girl who had held scores of men at arm's-length, whose heartbeats no male had ever quickened, should crash for an absolute stranger!

"If I'd a penny," she said presently, "I know how I'd spend it."

"You needn't be so extravagant," he answered smiling. "I was merely wondering who you were."

"But," she protested, looking beautifully bewildered, "but surely you know?"

"You know I don't. All I do know about you is that you're extremely pretty but no cousin of mine."

Seeming flabbergasted, Zora exclaimed:

"*What?* But——! Then *why?*"

"Well for one thing, you seemed so very sure of my

(*Continued on page* 86)

Boo-ed to Fortune

It's a queer game, the Show Business

WILKIE PASSOVER arrived in Barwen on the right day—the day on which Paddy Ashton's gloom was at its deepest. There was Paddy with £190,000, the first prize in an Irish Sweep. There he was, with no work to do, for he had thrown up his job suddenly in the mill. There he was, surrounded by thousands of letters from all parts of the country, letters that promised to make him richer because of the infallibility of money-making schemes, letters that threatened to make him poorer if he listened to the pleas which they contained.

When he was in the mill with 50s. a week, Paddy Ashton, grumble though he did sometimes, was fairly satisfied with life. His obscurity was like that of all the other people around him. His hours were similar. The way of his life, if monotonous, was at least all planned.

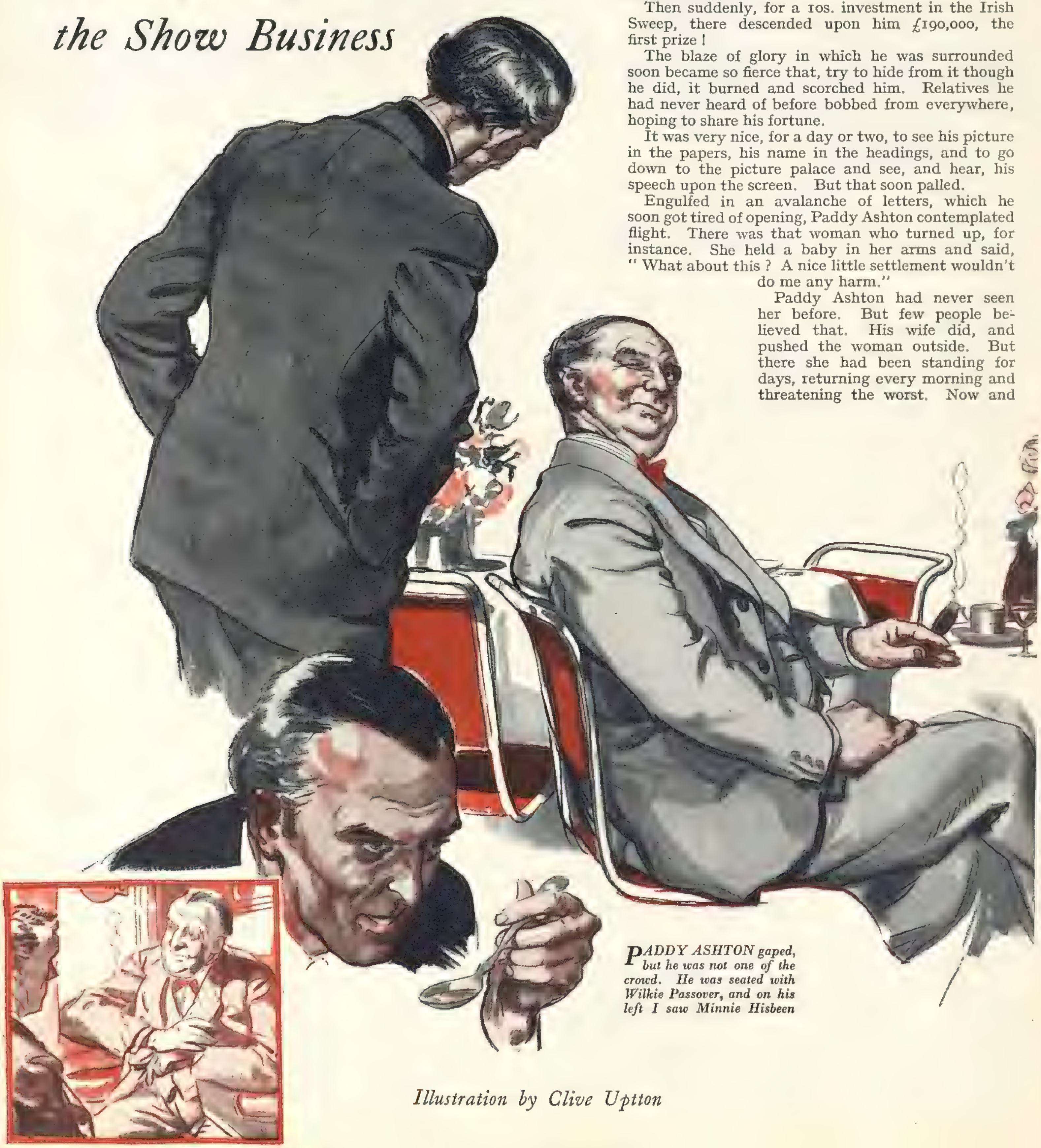
Then suddenly, for a 10s. investment in the Irish Sweep, there descended upon him £190,000, the first prize!

The blaze of glory in which he was surrounded soon became so fierce that, try to hide from it though he did, it burned and scorched him. Relatives he had never heard of before bobbed from everywhere, hoping to share his fortune.

It was very nice, for a day or two, to see his picture in the papers, his name in the headings, and to go down to the picture palace and see, and hear, his speech upon the screen. But that soon palled.

Engulfed in an avalanche of letters, which he soon got tired of opening, Paddy Ashton contemplated flight. There was that woman who turned up, for instance. She held a baby in her arms and said, "What about this? A nice little settlement wouldn't do me any harm."

Paddy Ashton had never seen her before. But few people believed that. His wife did, and pushed the woman outside. But there she had been standing for days, returning every morning and threatening the worst. Now and



PADDY ASHTON gaped, but he was not one of the crowd. He was seated with Wilkie Passover, and on his left I saw Minnie Hisbeen

Illustration by Clive Uptton

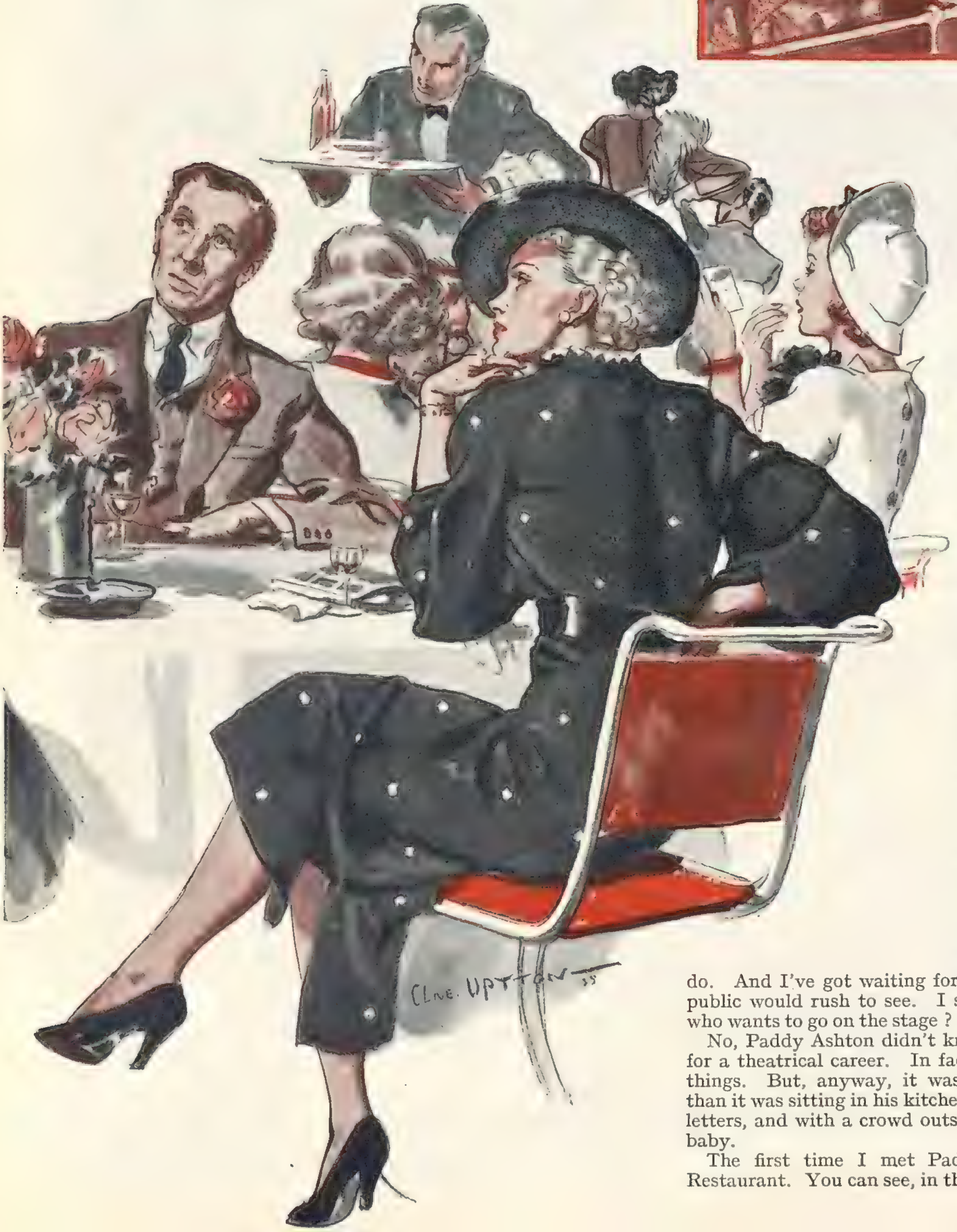
then a crowd gathered and took her side. Sometimes Paddy wondered if she would go away if he gave her £100,000. It would be worth it, he thought.

Then there was the distant cousin who had arrived from Burnley and said he was going to live there. Paddy did not know him. But there he was, sitting in the kitchen.

And these were only a few of Paddy's woes. All the clergy called, one after the other, and mentioned a building fund that was depleted, a boot club that wanted support, or a stained-glass window that might be paid for out of Paddy's enormous winnings. Although the clergy are in the habit, most of them, of discouraging gambling, Paddy soon discovered that they did not mind profiting by it, if great gambling winnings came their way.

"What about a seat on the Council?" a friend had said. "Paddy, you might be Mayor one day."

By
Hannen Swaffer



The chairmanship of a local cricket club was offered him. One enterprising tradesman even suggested that he should go and stand in his window for an hour every morning.

"Publicity wouldn't do you any harm," he said, "and it would do me a bit of good."

But, the more they offered Paddy, the less he wanted anything, especially the fatherhood of that baby whose mother was standing near the step.

And then Wilkie Passover arrived.

"Come on, get out of this," he said. "Come with me."

And so dominating was his personality that, before he knew where he was, Paddy had gone with him. Where they were going, he did not know, and why they were going, he could not explain. But anywhere with anybody was preferable to sitting in a house where a fresh sack of begging letters arrived by every post, and at which new appeals came every hour, and new insistences.

Paddy wondered what it was all about until the train got half-way to London. And then Wilkie Passover said, "What you ought to do is to back a play. You'd do Art a bit of good, and you'll get known."

WILKIE PASSOVER was like that. For years, whenever a young man had come into a fortune, he had often been the first to hear about it. Unkind people said that he got a man searching the wills of Somerset House looking for likely heirs, and that, when they were under age, he made a note of their 21st birthday, and then, when they reached it, looked them up, always with the same remark, "You ought to back a play."

He had lived by doing that. The plays had been produced—some of them—and the plays had come off, all of those that had gone on. What had become of the backers, no one seemed to know.

The backers had come and gone. The plays had come and gone. But Wilkie Passover was still about, an expensive motor car always outside his door, the best of brandy always in his glass, and a large cigar always in his mouth. And, in the wintertime, he wore a fur-lined coat as rich-looking as anybody's.

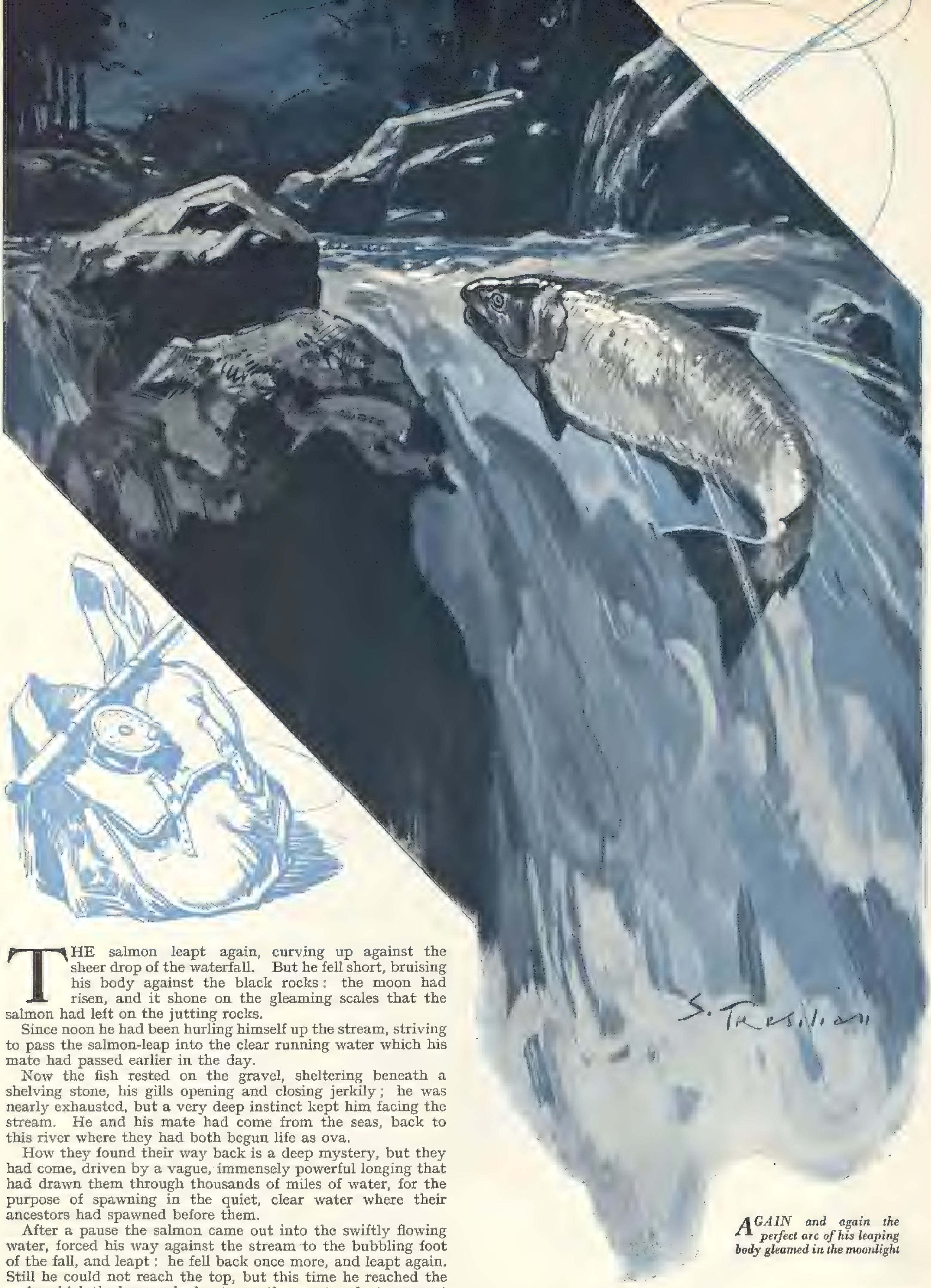
It was in the train that Paddy Ashton heard the details. Wilkie Passover had a play, one that was certain to make a lot of money. It was "just what the public wanted."

"The thing to do is to give the public what it wants," he said. "That is what I always do. And I've got waiting for production now a play that the public would rush to see. I suppose you don't know any girl who wants to go on the stage?"

No, Paddy Ashton didn't know any girls that were yearning for a theatrical career. In fact, he had never thought of such things. But, anyway, it was more comfortable in the train than it was sitting in his kitchen surrounded by all those begging letters, and with a crowd outside watching the woman and the baby.

The first time I met Paddy Ashton, was in the Pansy Restaurant. You can see, in the Pansy,

(*Continued on page 82*)



AGAIN and again the perfect arc of his leaping body gleamed in the moonlight

THE salmon leapt again, curving up against the sheer drop of the waterfall. But he fell short, bruising his body against the black rocks: the moon had risen, and it shone on the gleaming scales that the salmon had left on the jutting rocks.

Since noon he had been hurling himself up the stream, striving to pass the salmon-leap into the clear running water which his mate had passed earlier in the day.

Now the fish rested on the gravel, sheltering beneath a shelving stone, his gills opening and closing jerkily; he was nearly exhausted, but a very deep instinct kept him facing the stream. He and his mate had come from the seas, back to this river where they had both begun life as ova.

How they found their way back is a deep mystery, but they had come, driven by a vague, immensely powerful longing that had drawn them through thousands of miles of water, for the purpose of spawning in the quiet, clear water where their ancestors had spawned before them.

After a pause the salmon came out into the swiftly flowing water, forced his way against the stream to the bubbling foot of the fall, and leapt: he fell back once more, and leapt again. Still he could not reach the top, but this time he reached the sacks which the keepers had put over the worst rocks to prevent the noble fish from injuring themselves, so he left no more scales to mark his failure.

Again and again the perfect arc of his leaping body gleamed in the moonlight.

At last a very clean, high leap brought him over the edge, and he struggled into a deep backwater to recover his strength before pushing on after his mate.

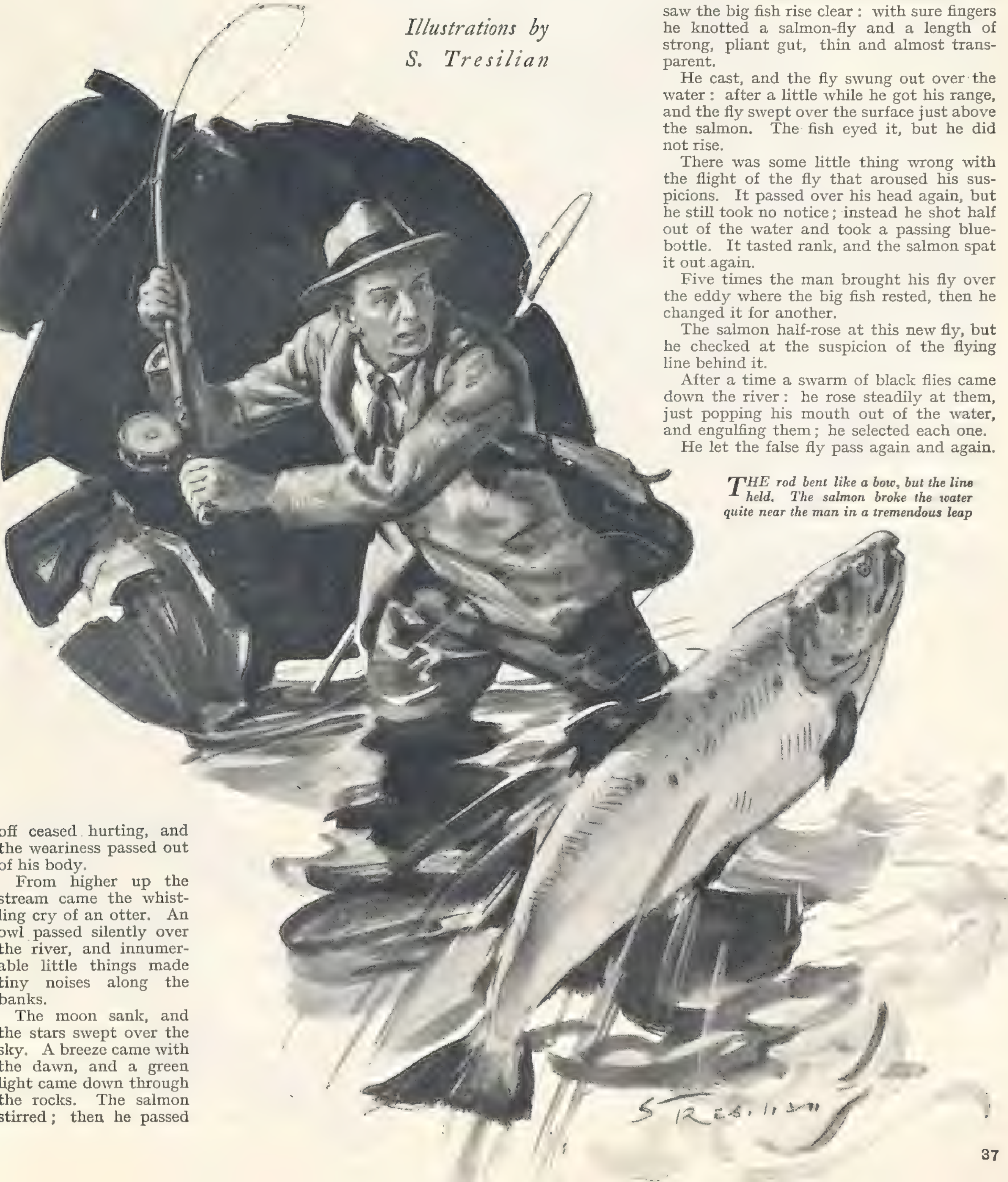
He rested, motionless, on the sand beneath a rock that towered out of the water. For long, quiet hours he stayed there, while the sore places where his scales had been scraped

The Salmon

A Nature Sketch from Life

By R. P. Russ

Illustrations by
S. Tresilian



The rod bent like a bow, but the line held. The salmon broke the water quite near the man in a tremendous leap

off ceased hurting, and the weariness passed out of his body.

From higher up the stream came the whistling cry of an otter. An owl passed silently over the river, and innumerable little things made tiny noises along the banks.

The moon sank, and the stars swept over the sky. A breeze came with the dawn, and a green light came down through the rocks. The salmon stirred; then he passed into the main stream: a strong motion passed through his body, culminating in a powerful sweep of his tail, and the fish moved up through the water.

After a little the power of the stream slackened, and the salmon went faster. Towards noon he felt hungry and rose at an occasional fly on his way: at one point, where the stream was broad and sluggish, he paused in the eddy made by an old tree stump. From this place he could get any number of flies: some he just engulfed as they floated down: he only leapt now and then for a particularly choice insect.

On the opposite bank a man saw him rise. This man had been fishing since the early morning, but never a fish had risen to his fly.

Now he stiffened with excitement as he saw the big fish rise clear: with sure fingers he knotted a salmon-fly and a length of strong, pliant gut, thin and almost transparent.

He cast, and the fly swung out over the water: after a little while he got his range, and the fly swept over the surface just above the salmon. The fish eyed it, but he did not rise.

There was some little thing wrong with the flight of the fly that aroused his suspicions. It passed over his head again, but he still took no notice; instead he shot half out of the water and took a passing bluebottle. It tasted rank, and the salmon spat it out again.

Five times the man brought his fly over the eddy where the big fish rested, then he changed it for another.

The salmon half-rose at this new fly, but he checked at the suspicion of the flying line behind it.

After a time a swarm of black flies came down the river: he rose steadily at them, just popping his mouth out of the water, and engulfing them; he selected each one.

He let the false fly pass again and again.

A daddy-longlegs came blundering down about a foot over the surface. The salmon flashed out of the dark eddy: at the same moment the false fly struck him in the side, and he was foul-hooked. The sharp barb jerked into his flesh as he splashed down into the water, with the crane-fly in his mouth.

The stabbing pain frightened him for a minute, and he streaked into the open stream.

The man had not seen quite what had happened because of the spray when the fish leapt, but he felt the line tearing through his fingers as the reel spun madly round, and instinctively he lowered the tip of his rod, giving the salmon his head.

Up shot the big fish, a silver streak in the sun, but the man was ready for it, and the line was loose and free. Three times the salmon leapt high out of the water; then he sank to the bottom. The hook was fast in his side, just behind his left pectoral fin.

Cautiously the man wound in his line, but as soon as the salmon felt the slight tug that showed that the line was taut, he shot away up the stream at such a speed that the reel screamed shrilly as the line streaked out again. The fisher followed as well as he could, stumbling over stones in his high boots.

He kept on winding in the line as soon as the salmon stopped.

Suddenly the fish doubled, and set off down stream: the rod bent like a bow, but the line held. The salmon broke the water quite near the man in a tremendous leap. He held his breath—it was the biggest salmon he had ever hooked; he saw that it must weigh a good twenty-five pounds if an ounce. The reel screamed again as the salmon went away up the stream once more. The fish doubled so quickly that the man had no time to reel in his line. The salmon felt that the slight tension was gone, and he sank into a deep hole under a rock to rest. The line grew tight again, and the man tugged gently: the fish did not move.

He dared not pull any harder for fear that the hook might break free, or that the line would go; so the man waited.

There was no sign of movement from beneath the rock for a long time, so the man held the rod in one hand while he groped for some chocolate in his breast pocket with the other. He ate it warily, ready to drop it and use both hands if the salmon stirred, but it did not.

At last he bent down and searched for a stone in the river bed: he kept his eyes on the rock, but his fingers found a good-sized pebble. He threw it carefully, so that it fell almost on top of the salmon: he threw another, and another. The third touched the fish, and it sped away across the stream.

The fight began again: all the time the man let the salmon have its head when it rushed up and down the stream, but as soon as the power of the fish slackened, the tension of the thin line pulled it in towards him.

Again and again the fish leapt, trying to break the line, and many times he tried to get it round a tree stump or rock so as to cut it, but always the angler's cunning foiled him.

At length the salmon grew so tired that he floated on his side, and the man wound the line gently in.

It was going to be a devil of a job to land a twenty-five pounder single-handed, but the man had his gaff ready, and as he was quite near the bank he felt sure that he could do it, particularly as he thought the salmon was played right out.

The salmon, as he lay limp on his side, felt strength coming back: he let the man pull him in until the last moment, when the gaff was stretched out over him—the steel red in the setting sun.

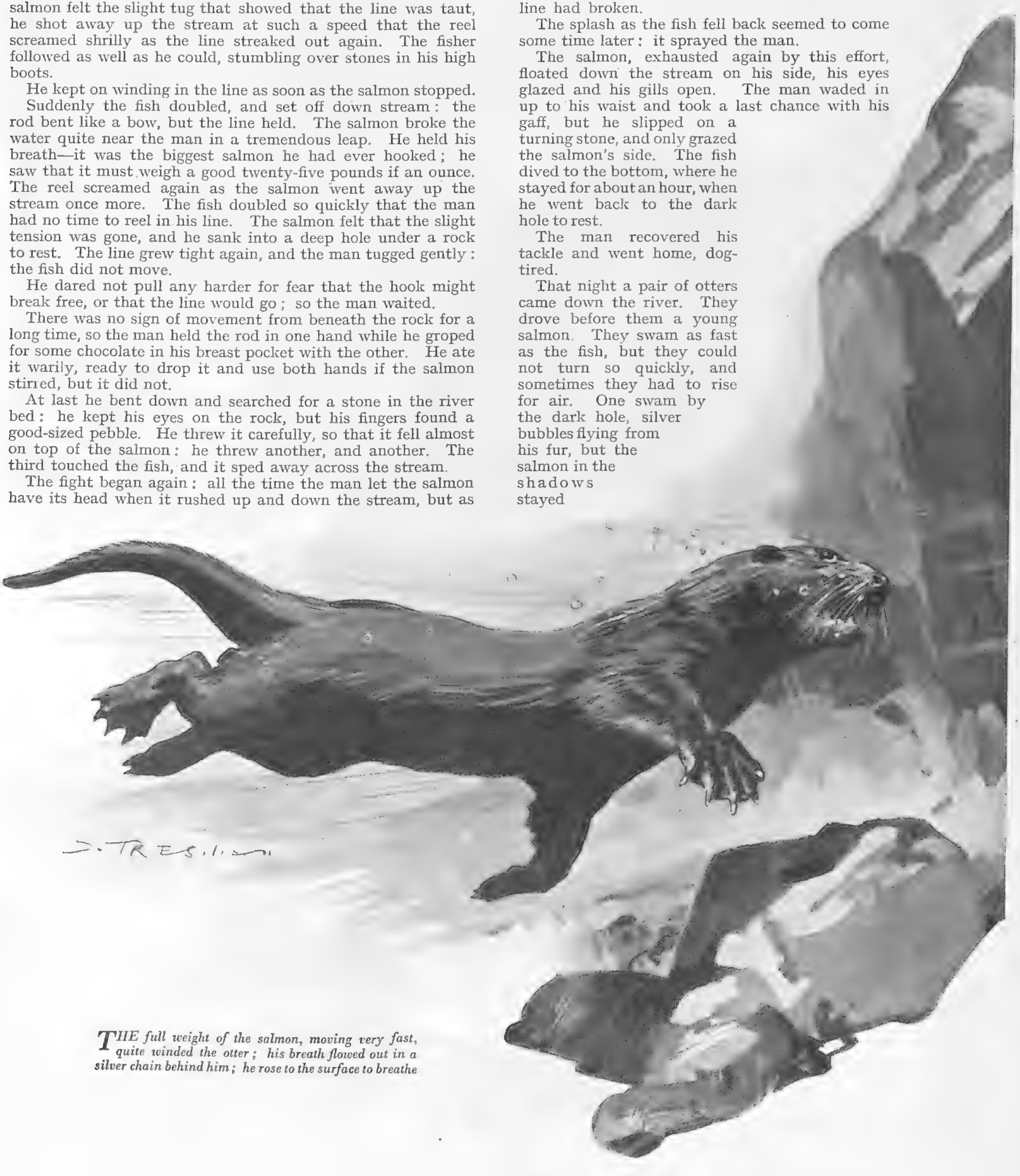
Then, with all his strength, the salmon leapt; the reel whirred for a second, and ceased abruptly—the line had broken.

The splash as the fish fell back seemed to come some time later: it sprayed the man.

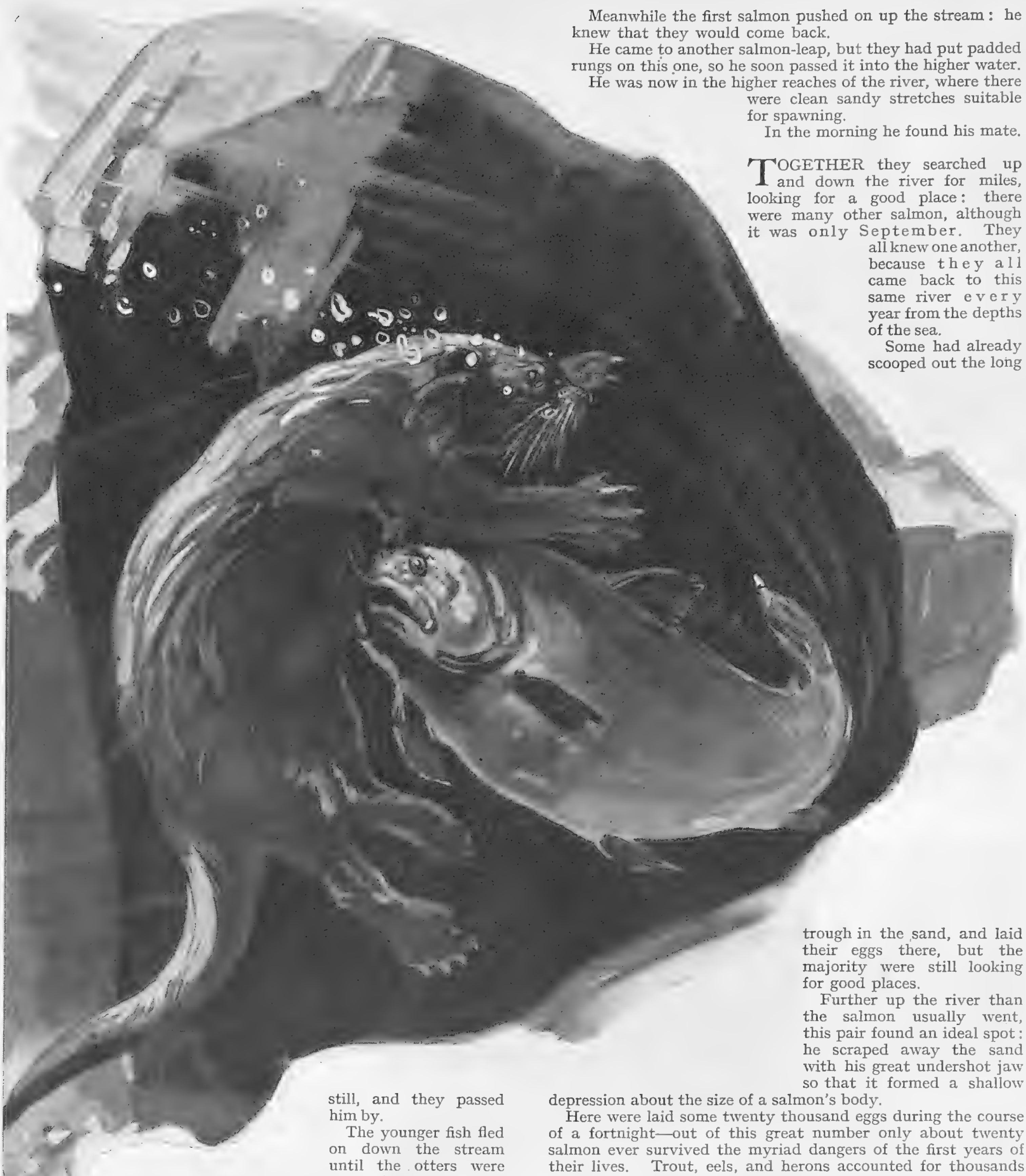
The salmon, exhausted again by this effort, floated down the stream on his side, his eyes glazed and his gills open. The man waded in up to his waist and took a last chance with his gaff, but he slipped on a turning stone, and only grazed the salmon's side. The fish dived to the bottom, where he stayed for about an hour, when he went back to the dark hole to rest.

The man recovered his tackle and went home, dog-tired.

That night a pair of otters came down the river. They drove before them a young salmon. They swam as fast as the fish, but they could not turn so quickly, and sometimes they had to rise for air. One swam by the dark hole, silver bubbles flying from his fur, but the salmon in the shadows stayed



THE full weight of the salmon, moving very fast, quite winded the otter; his breath flowed out in a silver chain behind him; he rose to the surface to breathe



still, and they passed him by.

The younger fish fled on down the stream until the otters were very close upon him, then he doubled and swam with all his speed back to the hole that he had noticed as he flashed down the river.

The gliding black shapes of the otters followed close behind him, and the larger salmon, seeing that the hiding place was discovered, shot away across the stream to the shade of some rocks.

He tried to shake off the younger salmon, who swam beside him, hoping that the otters would hunt the larger game.

But they did not: the smaller fish was harried away into the shallow water, where they settled him in a flurry of spray.

Then the otters carried their prey away to a flat rock. They only ate the best meat from the top of the neck—the rest of the salmon they left.

Meanwhile the first salmon pushed on up the stream: he knew that they would come back.

He came to another salmon-leap, but they had put padded rungs on this one, so he soon passed it into the higher water.

He was now in the higher reaches of the river, where there were clean sandy stretches suitable for spawning.

In the morning he found his mate.

TOGETHER they searched up and down the river for miles, looking for a good place: there were many other salmon, although it was only September. They all knew one another, because they all came back to this same river every year from the depths of the sea.

Some had already scooped out the long trough in the sand, and laid their eggs there, but the majority were still looking for good places.

Further up the river than the salmon usually went, this pair found an ideal spot: he scraped away the sand with his great undershot jaw so that it formed a shallow depression about the size of a salmon's body.

Here were laid some twenty thousand eggs during the course of a fortnight—out of this great number only about twenty salmon ever survived the myriad dangers of the first years of their lives. Trout, eels, and herons accounted for thousands of the fry, while the otters kept the numbers down as soon as the tiny salmon that outlived the rest became big enough to be interesting.

But for all that the salmon knew that they had accomplished their purpose, and they were content. They were safe for the winter months from law-abiding men, but the otters and poachers recognised no close-seasons, so the salmon had to be very wary all the time.

The people who preserved the water kept keepers in a hut by the river: many of the salmon got to know that the river by the hut was safe, and they congregated there.

The keepers waged ceaseless war against the poachers and the otters.

The poachers used torches and spears at night, and at other times nets; the otters hunted nearly always at night, gliding silently through the water like black shadows.

(*Contd. on p.* 88)

Winter Colour Schemes

THE sprigged wallpaper in this bedroom has a peach background with flowers of blue and green. Quilted satin curtains of deep rose have a shirred pelmet finished with a frill of green. There is a green carpet and a rug in tones of rose, blue and cream. The flower picture shows peonies in flaming pink and red

Right: PARCHMENT coloured walls warmed by amber-tinted lights. A cherry-red carpet sets off the quilted chintz chair covers, of which the background is cream with a design of red, green and yellow

By

COLOUR can help to make you comfortable this winter. An illusion of warmth in the house is as important as a good fire. One new colour introduced into an existing scheme may change it from cool freshness to warm vitality. Colours are really worth understanding.

The ideal scheme is the one which is most easily interchangeable. It is interesting, adaptable and economical. A neutral background enables you to impose fresh combinations of colouring upon it with ease. Winter and summer schemes then only require a few simple changes, not a total reorganisation.

Warm cream is good as a background. In summer it harmonises well with the whole range of bright, cool colourings—ice-blue, cool green, mauve, purple and cyclamen. Yet when winter comes again the same background is equally good with all the warmer colourings.

Lacquer red is wonderful in winter against cream walls and ceiling. There should be touches of warm brown and amber, too. The softer tones of blue are good with cream, but rose or canary yellow should be introduced as well.

Rusty reds and all the darker yellows are to be popular this winter. Yellow-beige walls with rust velvet curtains, a rust carpet and touches of mid-green make a warm and lovely scheme for a sitting-room. Red does well with all the lighter browns.

Orange, as a colour, is commonly used for winter colour schemes, though its popularity in combination with brown is hard to understand, for the effect is very far from restful.

In combining colours the aim should be not merely to match or to contrast them, but to achieve a fundamental relationship. For instance, a tawny pink against cream of a rich tone will merge with it in complete harmony. Each colour appears to take tone from the other.

Purple, fuchsia and plum are good with blue, having much of that colouring in their basis, but together these colours are cold. A certain clear geranium pink can be put with shades of plum and fuchsia, while blue and green are immediately warmed by a combination with rose, rust, deep yellow or scarlet.

The following table shows how colours most commonly in use can be combined to obtain warmth.

RED. Light shades of red with cream, beige and tawny yellow. Warm shades of red with light brown, blue and deep green.

GREEN. Jade, blue-green and most lighter shades are cold. Can be used effectively for winter schemes, however, in combination with red and canary yellow. Darker greens should be put with rose, amber and lacquer red.

Blue. Should be used sparingly and against a warm background colouring. Rich blues are enlivened and warmed by cherry red, lighter blues by dark rose and amber.

Mauve. This includes fuchsia, purple and similar tones. Essentially cold, but improved by clear pinks, warm creams and the softer yellows.

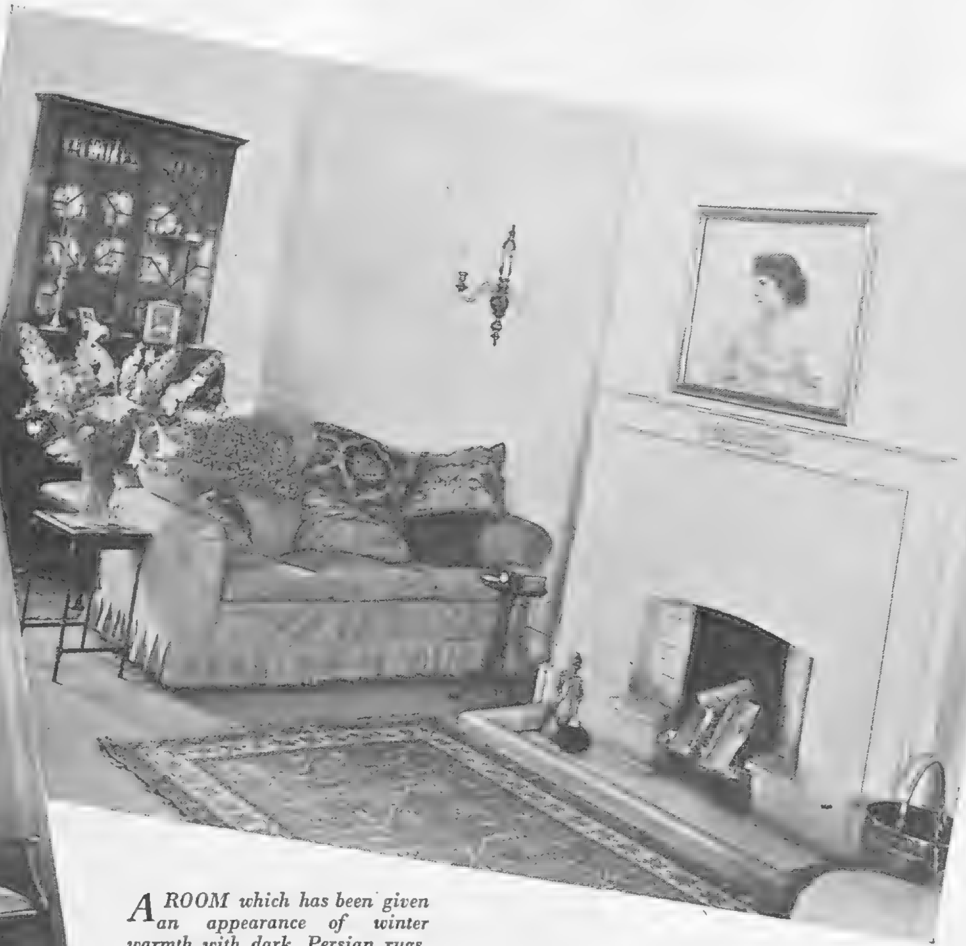
Yellow. Many light yellows are cold. Darker shades are good for winter schemes, however. Combinations of light brown and yellow with warm red or old rose and yellow with jade are specially good.

The furniture should be considered when colours are under consideration. Certain woods call for certain colourings. Mahogany is best with red, pink, fuchsia and many of the delicate colours. Oak calls for rich shades — brown, yellow, rust and strong combinations of colour. Walnut is perfect with green, old rose, gold and blue.

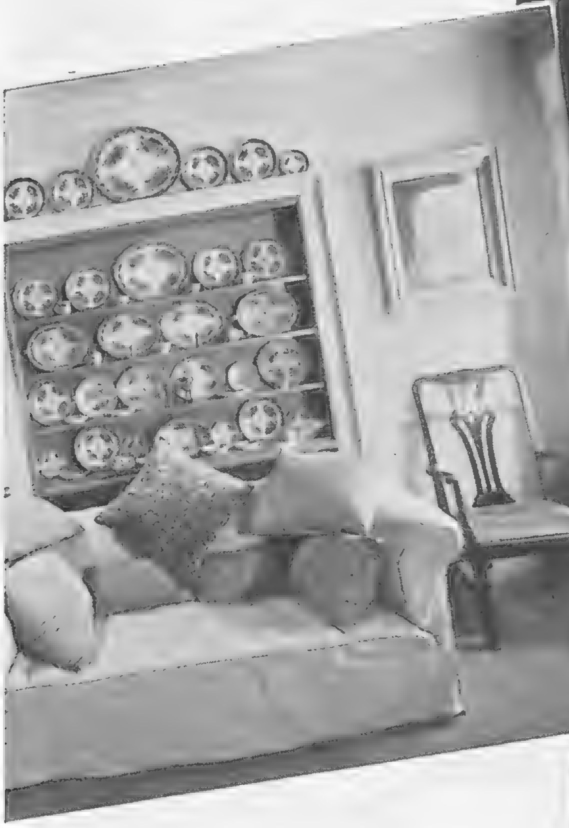
Winifred Lewis

A DELIGHTFUL winter scheme for a sitting-room furnished in mahogany is one in which the walls and woodwork are coloured warm honey. A plain fuchsia carpet is used with plain silk curtains to match, hung against screening ones of honey coloured net or ninon. Chair covers of old gold or deep honey are piped with green and honey-tinted lampshades cast comfortable reflections on the lighted room. Cushions and accessories blend the warmer tones of green with gold.

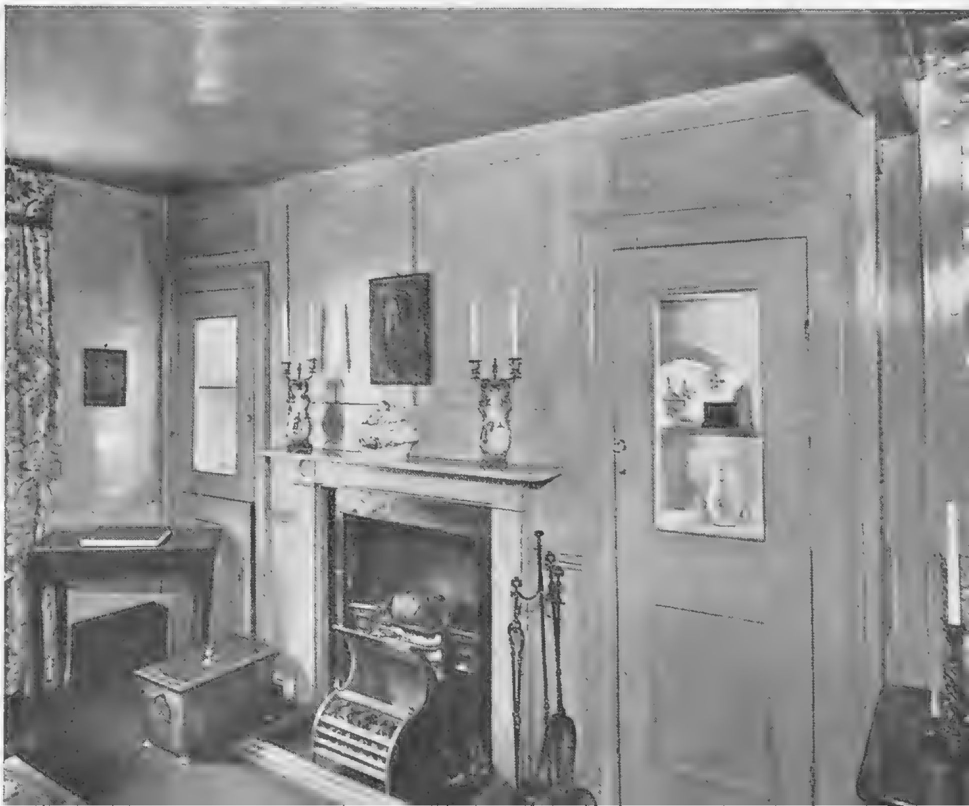
Peach and blue—always a charming bedroom colour scheme—is at its best with light oak furniture. Peach pink walls and woodwork set off the light tones of the wood without throwing it too strong into relief. A soft blue carpet and curtains of peach colour patterned with blue make a fresh and effective combination. The colouring of the bed-cover should be unobtrusive in the average room, otherwise the bed dwarfs other furnishings and throws other colourings into relative obscurity.



A ROOM which has been given an appearance of winter warmth with dark Persian rugs, a settee cover of old gold, and cushions of warm red colouring



THE summer coolness of cream walls and clear blue china have been changed for winter with covers of warm yellow, and cushions in yellow, red and blue

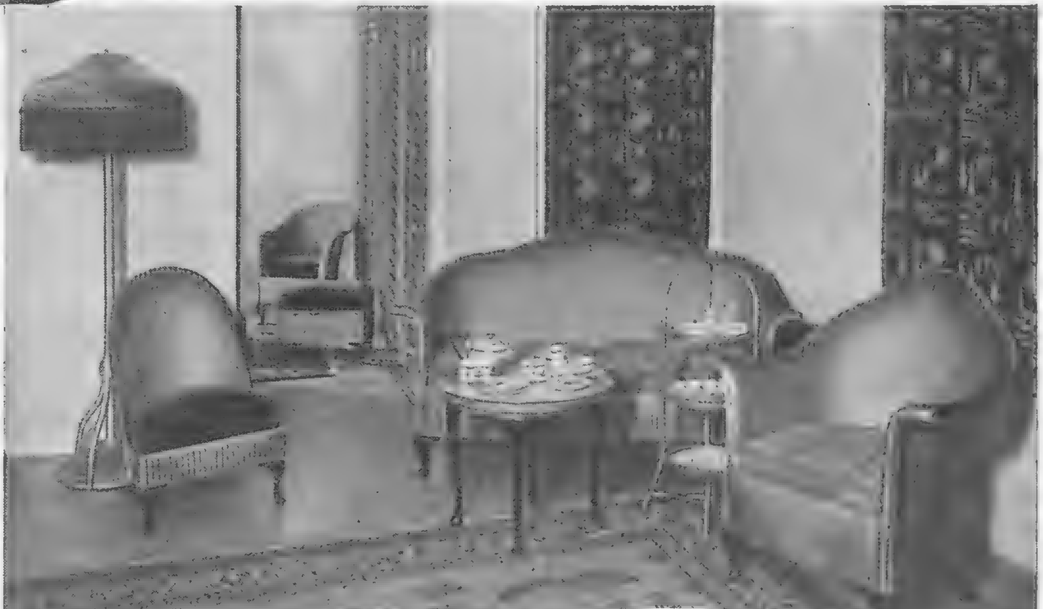


REFLECTIONS of firelight and lamplight in the glazed walls of this little room make it an ideal winter retreat. The colouring of the walls is canary yellow. A rust-coloured carpet covers the floor and the heavy chintz curtains have a cream background with a design of rust and vivid green

Furnishing in COLOUR

How the home can be brightened with colour in a practical manner

This is a "Dunlopillo" travelling cushion covered with leather in two colours



A sitting-room furnished in Lloyd Loom woven fibre furniture. The furniture is old gold shading to brown and has brown velvet seat cushions

"Dunlopillo" cushions never lose their shape. They never sag. Yet they are soft. The ideal cushions to ensure perfect comfort in an unsprung chair

MOST women will tell you that they would like more colour in the home. But colour isn't always practical. Delicate hangings, soft-toned carpets, bright chair coverings, are lovely and enviable, but they soil.

Colour becomes an expensive luxury when it results in big cleaning bills; and nobody wants the trouble, anyway, of refreshing curtains and covers and taking up carpets at frequent intervals.

Woven fibre furniture introduces a new thought. It brings colour in all its most attractive features and dispenses with its faults.

There is no longer the slightest connection between the creaking basket chair, with which we once associated wicker furniture, and the comfortable, practical and elegant production of to-day. Modern woven fibre furniture has form; it is strong and durable and no longer to be classed as "occasional" furniture.

Whereas the wicker chair was once "odd man out" in the bedroom, or on the verandah, we now have suites of it. The illustration on this page is proof of its importance and its charm.

In a home where there are children it is especially practicable. You can wash it. Your drawing-room can be a symphony of softly blended colourings and you can enjoy it without a thought in the world for grubby finger marks. This furniture can be carried about without hiring the local contractor to assist, and when occasion demands one piece of it can be introduced into another room in the perfect assurance that it will blend amiably with a totally different style of furnishing.

An ultra-modern edition of this furniture is now in process of manufacture. Tubular steel and woven fibre are combined in a manner which achieves the latest form without sacrificing comfort. For the smaller flat and the bachelor apartment where light, easily movable furniture is an advantage, this new production seems to be ideal.

A delightful colour scheme was built up around the woven furniture in the room illustrated. The suite is old gold in colour with velvet cushions of Havana brown.

The background of the carpet is toned with the velvet cushions and the design is in tones of green. Curtains and accessories are of mid-green. The general effect of this scheme is one of great delicacy, though in actual fact it is essentially practical.

ANOTHER attractive woven wicker suite is in red. Not a flamboyant red, but a warm, rich colour which looks its best against parchment-coloured walls and olive green hangings. This combination for a sitting-room is very hard to beat. Red, the favourite and the downfall of Victorian furnishing schemes, is popular again. It mixes with amber and with green and with many of the lighter tones of brown and beige.

To complete the comfort of any modern furnishing scheme the new rubber cushions are almost an essential. Inside the cushions are like a honeycomb. This part is made of rubber, the acme of soft comfort yet sufficiently resistant to spring back into form directly the pressure is released. The system does away with sagging and untidy cushions, with lumps and bumps and all the troubles that the softest feather fillings are heir to. Car cushions are covered with leather, and others for the home are as decorative as cushions can be.

Mattresses made on the same principle are a luxury that the well-equipped home can hardly be without. A rubber mattress means a bed of perfect softness and resilience. You get up in the morning with the bed as undisturbed as when you entered it. It is cool and it is warm. In fact, everything a bed should be.

New Ideas *for* Your Windows

Curtain treatments and curtain materials discussed

IF your house is old, even if it is just out of date, console yourself. You've got old windows. That seems a strange thing to console yourself with, but old windows are lovely.

They give importance to the rooms, and they admit that without which the best furnishing schemes are incomplete—light and sunshine.

They may be bay windows or even plain sash windows. "Nothing very exciting about that," you assert. But they're spacious, and if they are shapely they have character. That's more than you can say for some of the apertures which pass for windows in the modern house.

True, many bay windows are ugly. They jut out from the room in an unfriendly detachment, but this isn't the fault of the window. Carefully arranged, a bay becomes quite a delightful feature of the room, and even useful.

A window seat is not a new idea, but it's sound. It costs very little to build, and can be painted to match the walls if the cost of cushioning is thought to be too much.

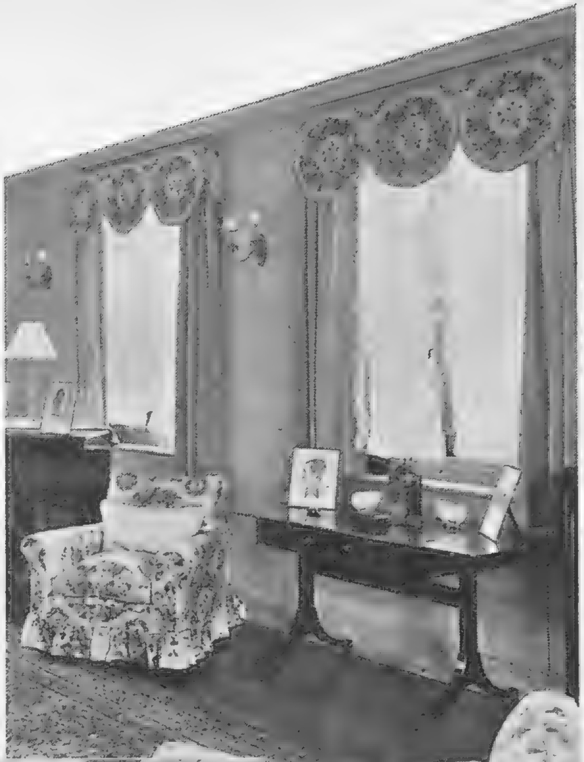
AVOID curtains hung across the opening to a bay unless there is plenty of light from other windows. They will never be seen in daylight, because the light is too far behind; moreover, it is wasting space. Hang curtains of net or very fine muslin over the glass. They can be frilled at the edges if the window is not too large, and heavy curtains hung at each side, with a pelmet of the same material running right round the bay.

A bay window looks delightful with muslin curtains frilled at the edges with a contrasting colour and looped up in the old-fashioned way. Venetian blinds painted some bright colour which is repeated in the general scheme provide an interesting combination of old and new.

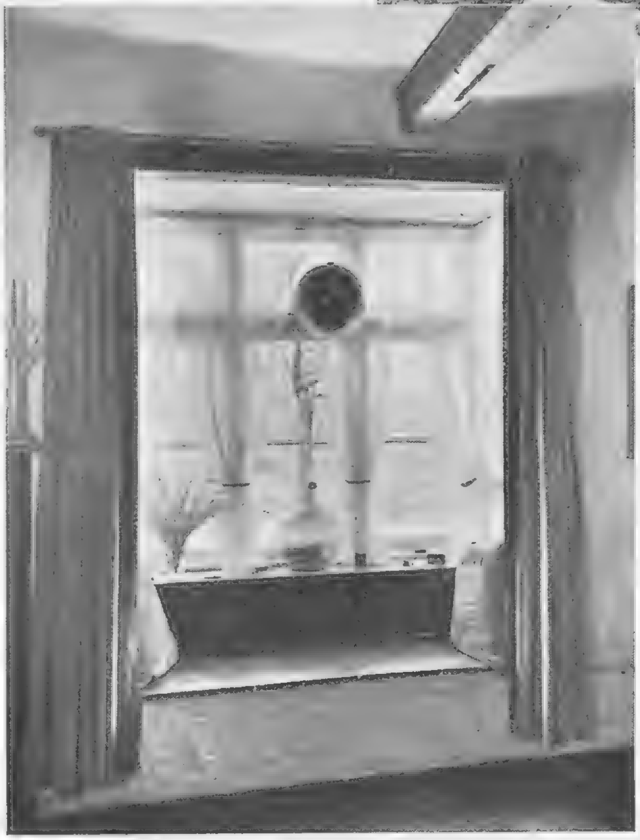
THE new Celanese ninon for curtains is so attractive that just to handle it is to get ideas for lovely windows. It drapes superbly, is delicate in colouring and appearance, sheer, but wears nobly, and, I am told, washes without shrinking. There are plain and figured varieties—the plain, in many of the lovely faded pastel shades, at 4/11 a yard, 50″ wide. The Regency ninon, printed with a Regency design of wreaths and stars, also in all pastel shades, is 5/6 a yard. Appearances suggest a much higher price than that.

I saw a charming bedroom window of the old sash type, long and narrow in shape, ideally treated in the following way:

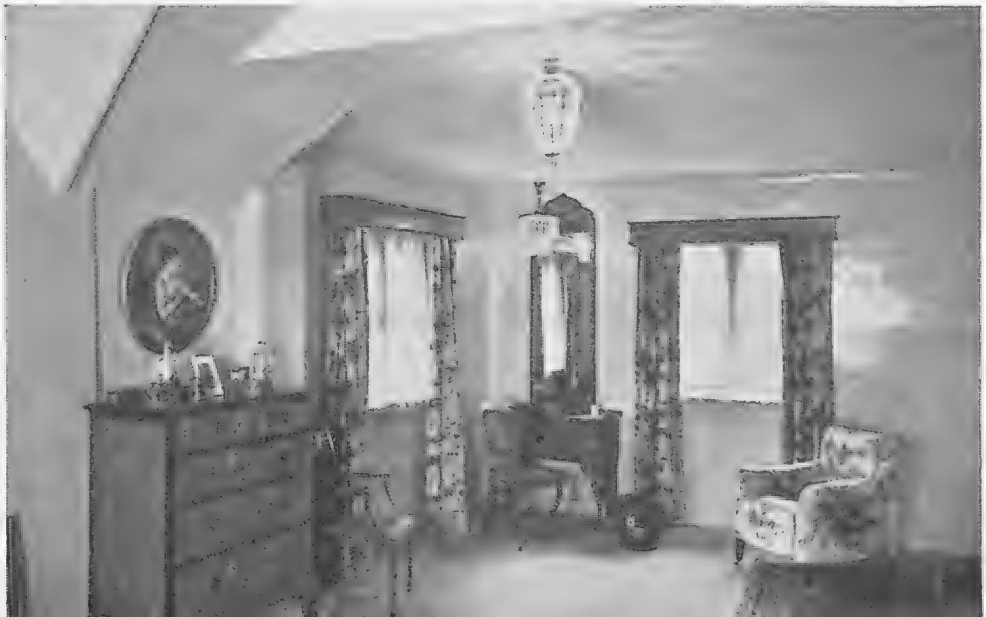
One full curtain of the ninon I have described, in a lovely mushroom pink, was hung right across the window at the top and looped right over to one side, giving an uneven effect. At the side were plain Celanese satin faille curtains in deep-sea green. No pelmet was used, but the satin curtains were heavily shirred at the top. A lovely window and comparatively inexpensive.



Here an ordinary sash window has been made interesting by the use of a deeply scalloped pelmet made from the same material as is used to cover the chairs

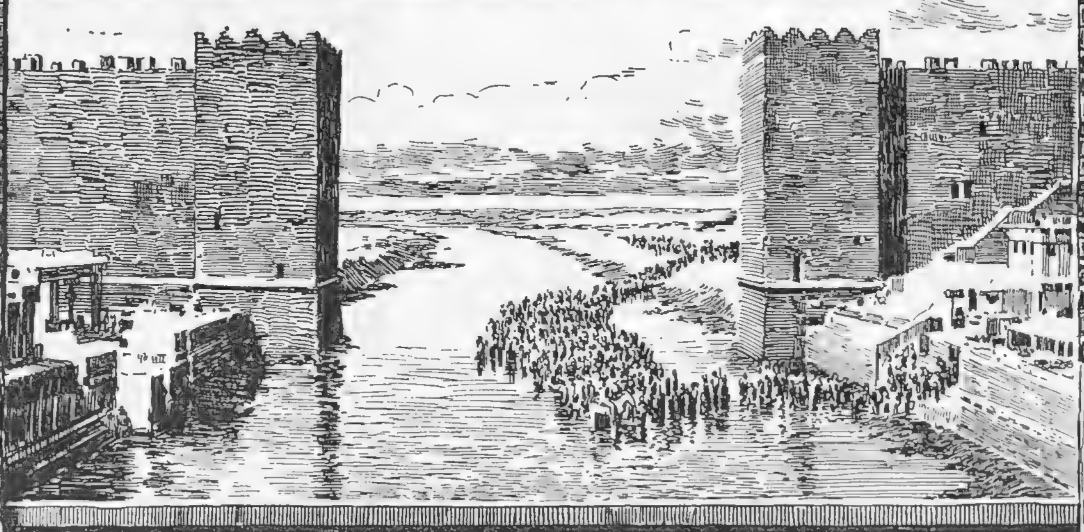


A charming cottage window at which curtains of the new Celanese furnishing ninon have been hung against the glass with heavier curtains at the side of green furnishing satin



Very short windows have been given importance by carrying the curtain treatment to the floor. The interesting pelmet boxes are of painted wood

Old Tales Re-told



Babylon : City of Cruelty and Carnage

Written and Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

LOGICALLY speaking, the value of life should be governed by the degree with which the instinct of self-preservation is assured, but in reality, among human instincts, this is the most elastic. Let us pay no heed to individual cases of heroes, saints, and fanatics who with crazy or superb indifference have cast away their lives, or submitted their bodies to the bit of torture, the bridle of pain. Let us concentrate our attention on the stranger, more vital phenomenon of collective indifference to cruelty and death.

If it were not for the infernal means of destruction we have to-day, we could safely say that in the present time human life has reached its highest degree of value. Never before has science made a greater effort to achieve health and cure every form of human ill. The least injury, moral or material, is punishable by law.

No doubt this is an undeniable symptom of advancement towards the highest degree of civilisation.

But while thousands of apostles in every branch of human activity are devoting their existence to preserve humanity, an equal number of equally brilliant scientists devote their lives to the sole purpose of destroying it. We invent the lightning conductor in order to parry a thrust of Nature—and at the same time we invent guns to reproduce a similar blasting catastrophe by artificial means. With anti-diphtheritic serum we relieve deadly suffocation. But we soon produce poison gas whose proud function it is to stifle humanity just as effectually.

We have surpassed every kind of natural cataclysm. Perhaps the ancients, incapable of such incredible inconsistence, were, after all, more logical than we.

LET us, this month, get away from the romantic stories of love and heroism, and open another page of history where an instance of cruelty, collective and individual, is preserved for the student of human life. Let us forget for a while all that surrounds us and take our minds back to an Asiatic world of 2,500 years ago.

Then on the plain of the actually desolated Mesopotamia there was an empire of many great and populous cities surrounding a capital greater than London—Babylon.

It covered an area of 200 square miles. It was built in the form of a perfect square. It bristled with imposing monuments, shining with gold, glittering with enamelled bricks.

Babylon . . . whence rose, like the hum of a hive, the indistinct whisper of a million voices, the subdued clatter of wheels, the ceaseless clip-clop of hoofs—all the traditional noise of mankind before the air was polluted with the fumes of Birmingham, or the world was enslaved by the machine.

FOR centuries the Babylonian Empire had lived almost undisturbed in its superiority until greed of power and love of glory drove against the square city the Persian army of Cyrus. He put an end to the Babylonian rulers and founded the Persian Empire, adding to it Assyria, Media, even Lydia. Later still, the Persian yoke lay over Egypt and Lybia, and extended practically from the Bosphorus to the Indies.

Twenty-two years had elapsed since Cyrus conquered Babylon.

After besieging fruitlessly the impregnable city, unable to climb or destroy the sixty-foot walls that surrounded the huge metropolis, discouraged by the knowledge that Babylon had enough food to last many years, Cyrus succeeded in diverting the waters of the Euphrates, which divided the city as the Thames divides London. He lowered its level almost to nothing and walked into a Babylon still drowsy from days of religious festivities, orgies, excesses. He conquered without a dart being shot or a drop of blood being shed.

Only those who were under twenty-five years of age did not remember the obloquy of that fall, when the drunken soldiers of Babylon offered cups of wine to the invaders without knowing they were Persians, and beautiful women awoke in the arms of the victors. When the sun rose that day on a Persian Babylon the primary emotion was a frightful surprise, which soon gave way to an intense desire for revenge.

Three more Persian rulers succeeded: Cambyses, the ruthless; Smerdis, the usurper; Darius, the restless. They had enlarged their empire, but they had failed to gain the loyalty of Babylon.

After only twenty-two years—roughly the period since the declaration of the Great War, and who could forget the war if we had the Prussian Uhlans striding down Regent Street ?—my story opens.

Year after year rebellion against the Persian rule had been incessantly simmering.

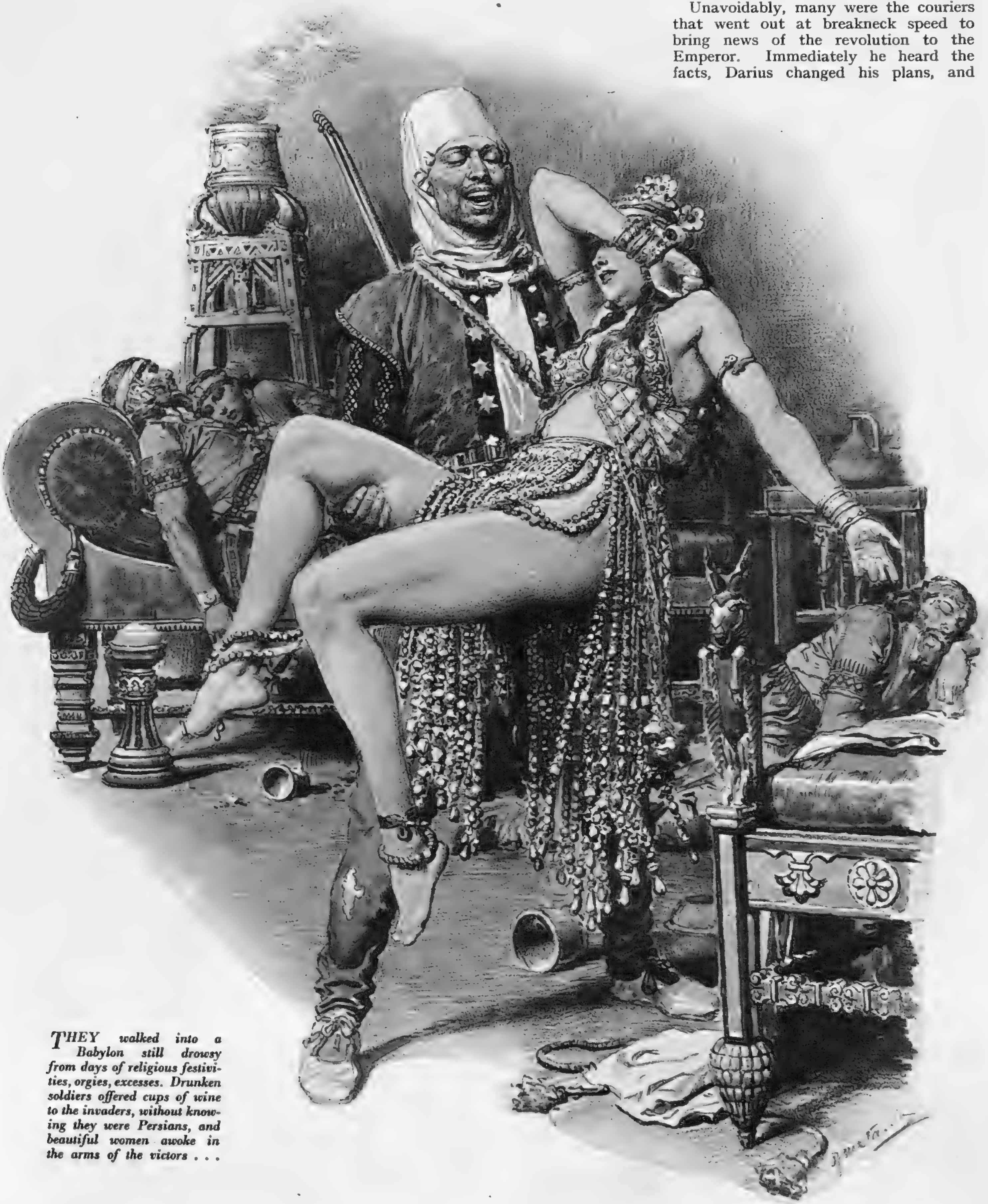
Preparations of every sort had been carried out in secret. The Emperor was away with the bulk of the army, but the Babylonians knew too well that at the least sign of unrest Babylon would be besieged, and only first-class preparation would avert a second disaster. A hidden armament was collected. Every cellar became an arsenal. Millions of darts were made and stored away. But not so easy was the hoarding of provisions—bulky sacks of wheat and cereals were too conspicuous to conceal; the number of cattle and other animals had to be kept within reasonable limits within the walls of the city. More difficult still was the keeping of an account of the stores.

THE exodus of 200,000 Jews, released by Cyrus years before, had made slight difference to the huge population of the city. With indescribable anxiety the leaders awaited a suitable moment, and when Darius sailed with his army for Samos, it seemed that no better opportunity could ever occur.

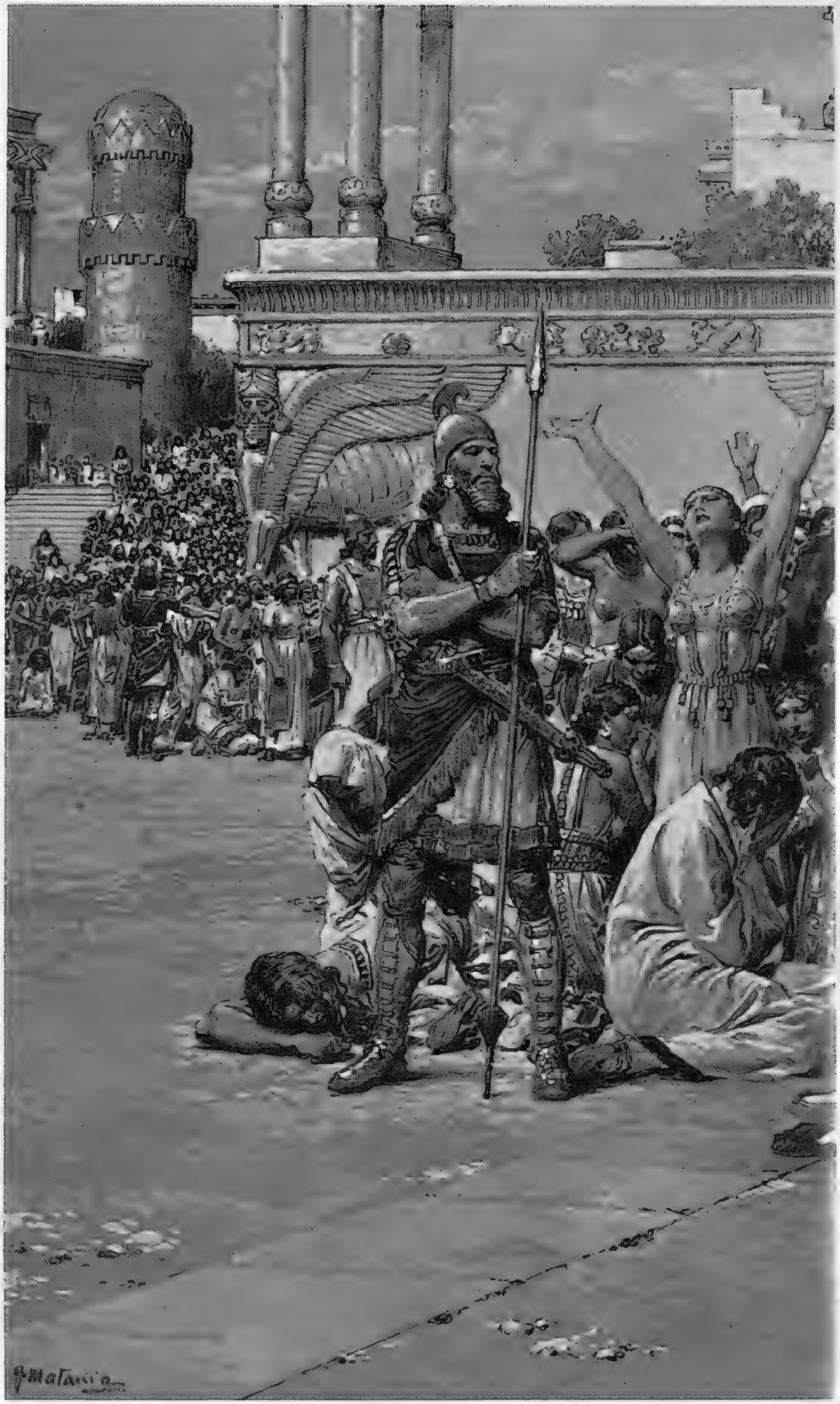
Probably, considering the scantiness of the provisions, the rebellion was premature, but patience had reached its last stage of endurance.

The authorities holding the public buildings and the limited garrison were easily overcome, the hundred gates of the city were closed. The ramparts became alive with an improvised, yet formidable army of defenders.

Unavoidably, many were the couriers that went out at breakneck speed to bring news of the revolution to the Emperor. Immediately he heard the facts, Darius changed his plans, and



THEY walked into a Babylon still drowsy from days of religious festivities, orgies, excesses. Drunken soldiers offered cups of wine to the invaders, without knowing they were Persians, and beautiful women awoke in the arms of the victors . . .



WOMEN of every class, young and beautiful, say farewell to their dear ones, to their

ordered the whole of his army to wheel and countermarch on Babylon.

And within the walls of the city rose the spectre of starvation. The provisions collected proved to be much less than expected, and, as it was impossible to increase them, it became imperative to decrease the number of people to feed.

It was decided to get rid of the old people. All the old women, the mothers of grown-up families, were taken away from their homes and their children, and herded out of the town, and when the huge gates were closed on the last of them, there were thousands scattered in the surrounding country, to go where they would—say, rather, where they could.

Contemporary historians do not tell us at what stage of the siege the Babylonians decided upon the ultimate horror that is the core of my tale, but we can safely presume that it must have occurred when the Persian army was already encamped around the walls of the hapless city. Rations had already been reduced to an absurd limit, when a rumour, spreading rather by thought than word, spread stark horror through the population.

It was said that in such circumstances, the only lives to be considered sacred were the lives of the soldiers. The ghost of famine sent reason rocking. From a thought to a whisper, from whisper to word, from word to decree.

An official order came: every house was to choose one woman for the manufacture of bread; all others were to be—strangled.

ANOTHER omission of the historian concerns the fate of the children. What is certain is that every home was the theatre of indescribable tragedy. Every family had to prepare their heart to bear the blow of this inhuman mutilation. Not only the tender bonds of domestic love, but the very future of the nation was considered of secondary importance so long as food could be economised.

Women of every class, young and beautiful, in the prime of their lives, or just blooming into womanhood, were compelled to say farewell to their dear ones, to their ambitions, their future, and hand over the right to live to those who could handle a bow.

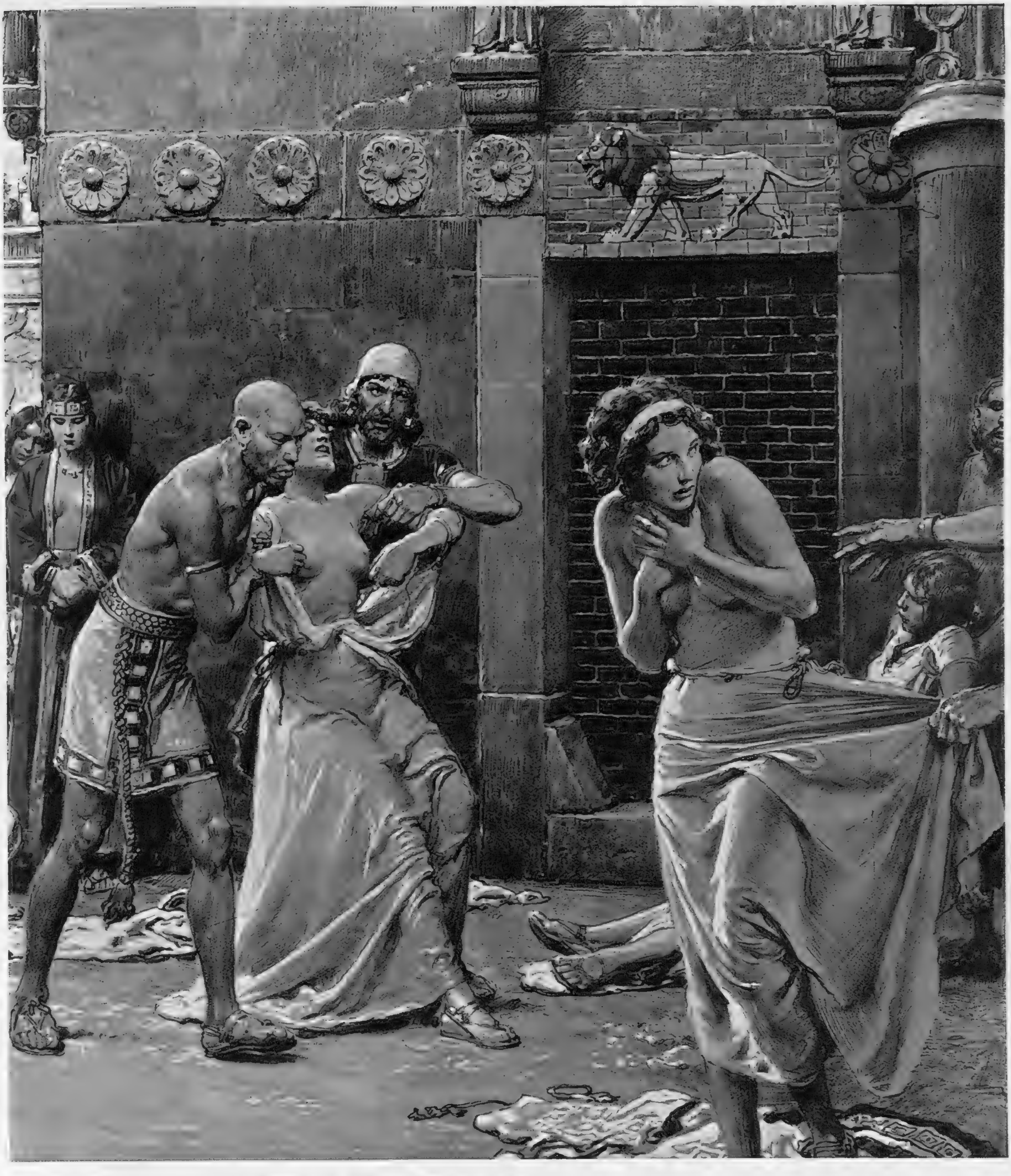
Special places were allotted for this infernal business, hundreds of suitable men recruited for the gruesome work. The world always can find suitable men for work of that sort: they rise like scum to the surface when the pot boils. Thousands of grave diggers were busy preparing the ground to engulf the beautiful creatures to whom God and Nature had promised life and happiness.

We can leave to our imagination the re-enactment of individual drama or compound tragedy. Of only one thing we can be certain: that reality, both in quantity and quality transcended our vision.

We can see with the mind's eye the endless procession of crying women thronging the streets converging towards the centres of execution. The natural and legitimate attempts at concealment, the persecution of the fugitives, the brutal force separating the survivors from the condemned, the queue of terrified girls in front of the fatal doors of the abattoirs, the intermittent opening and closing of the doors.

The contemporary historian has not left to posterity the number of the sacrificed innocents. Perhaps his reluctant pen refused to record the frightful figure.

On every side Babylon was surrounded. It was like an enormous fortification, a perfect square, each side fourteen miles long. For nineteen months the Persians tried every ruse and every means to break through—without success. Even the trick of Cyrus was put in action, but the promptness of the Babylonians prevented the besiegers from gaining any advantage. From the walls of the city bitter words and sarcastic jokes were hurled at the enemy. One of these was reported to the Emperor Darius. "Why sit ye there, Persians?" it ran. "Why do ye not go back to your homes? Till mules shall foal ye shall not take our city."

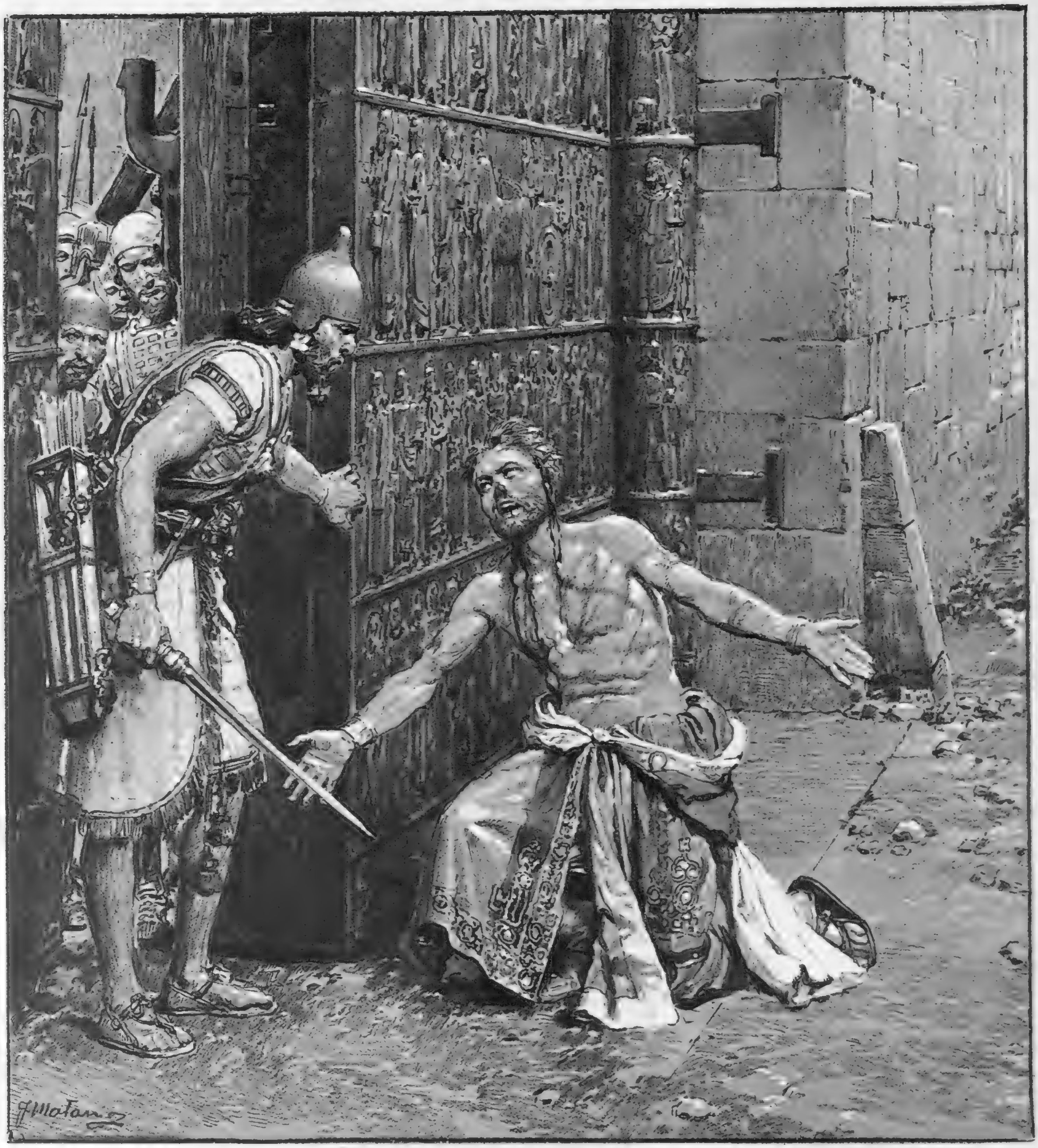


in the prime of their lives, or just blooming into womanhood, were compelled to ambitions, their future, and hand over the right to live to those who could handle a bow

SOME time later, it is said, one of the sumpter mules belonging to a Persian general called Zopyrus, gave birth to a foal. At first the general could not believe that such a thing could be possible, but when he saw the colt with his own eyes, he remembered the ironical prediction, and, as a man of a credulous age, he was deeply impressed. After pondering over the matter, he came to the conclusion that divine providence had acquainted him with the knowledge that Babylon was about to fall, and he was entrusted with the glorious task of conquest.

He went to Darius and asked him whether he really set great store upon the regaining of the city. Darius replied that not only did he attach great importance to it, but he deemed it an unforgivable stain on his honour should he not maintain intact the heritage of the empire.

The greed of Zopyrus for glory gained the upper hand over every other feeling. He adopted a plan that implied an act of self-inflicted cruelty that stands alone in the annals of history.



SOON the door was set ajar and he was questioned. He said that he was the general, Zopyrus, and was a deserter from the Persian Army

One day a man atrociously mutilated and covered with blood came before Darius. At first it was difficult to identify him. Then, as the name of Zopyrus was mentioned, the Emperor leapt from the throne and gave vent to his wrath. Who, he asked Zopyrus, had dared to disfigure him in that way? What had he done to be treated in such a brutal manner? The Emperor could hardly bear to look upon the ghastly sight, Zopyrus had no nose, no ears, his hair was absurdly shorn, his body bleeding from the scourge. He told the Emperor that he had done it with his own hands as the necessary preliminary to a great plan which should ensure the fall of Babylon.

Darius could not understand. He kept on scolding the wretched man. But Zopyrus revealed every point of his carefully prepared scheme. He aimed at entering Babylon as a deserter, and then gaining the confidence of the defenders to the point of being put in command of the army. Once he had the position well in hand, it was only a question of tantalising the Babylonians with the slaughter of some thousands of Persians.

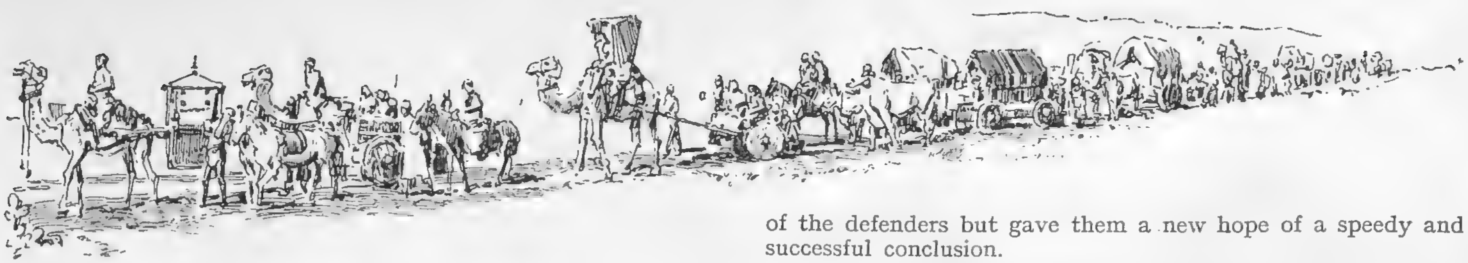
Darius was to choose some soldiers whose loss he would not miss. The plan agreed, the time was established for the task that everyone was to perform.

Zopyrus went to the wall alone. To perfection he acted the part of the fugitive. He approached one of the gates.

Soon the door was set ajar, and he was questioned. He said that he was the general, Zopyrus, and was a deserter from the Persian army. He showed his pitiful condition, and said that for having suggested to Darius that he should give up the siege, Darius had mutilated him in such a fashion.

Now his one ambition was to avenge the outrage which neither God nor man could remedy.

His high position, and the state to which he was reduced were held undeniable evidence. He was brought before



the magistrates where he asked to be given the chance of avenging himself by putting all his military experience at Babylon's disposal.

Ten days afterwards, according to plan, 1,000 men from the Persian ranks were assembled and brought up at the Semiramis Gate. They were armed only with swords—no shields, no bows. Unconscious of their fate, they obeyed their orders.

Zopyrus, who had already warned Babylon of such a movement, gained no little confidence when it was verified that he was telling the truth. The Babylonians made a sudden and overwhelmingly successful sortie. Like sheep the thousand soldiers were slaughtered to the last man.

After this first coup Zopyrus gained a great deal of trust. His next move was to say that if the Persians had not succeeded with the first attempt they would try with double forces at Nineveh Gate. Surely enough, some days later 2,000 soldiers advanced from the camp towards the Nineveh Gate.

NO need to say they met with the same fate, for the preparations under Zopyrus' orders within the walls had been carried out to perfection. In front of Nineveh's Gate two thousand dead bodies lay rotting under the scorching sun.

This second victory set no bounds to the trust of the Babylonians. Zopyrus was the hero of the day.

The stagnation of twenty months had dulled everybody's spirit, but these last events not only put new life in the army of the defenders but gave them a new hope of a speedy and successful conclusion.

Zopyrus, pretending to denounce the third part of the Persian plan of attack, said that within twenty days the Persians would try the Chaldean Gate with a force of 4,000 men. At the appointed time 4,000 more victims were deceived in the trap.

Not one escaped the annihilation mathematically calculated by Zopyrus.

This crushing victory gave the last stroke to his power. He was unanimously elected commander-in-chief with every faculty, including the keys of the gates.

The last part of the plan arranged with Darius was the general attack with all the strength simultaneously from all the four sides of Babylon. Zopyrus was to see that the gates should be open to them at the proper time.

The apparently unexpected attack somehow disorganised the defenders. Zopyrus, making pretence of saving the situation, opened the Cissian and the Belian Gate. It was only a question of minutes until a river, not the Euphrates, but Persians, invaded the city, overthrowing everything they met, and opening one by one all the gates of the town.

The grotesque and mutilated figure of Zopyrus was the first to receive the stately Darius as he entered the subdued city. The 7,000 victims coldly slaughtered had brought their fruitful result, annulling the other holocaust of the women sacrificed in vain.

Mass murder had defeated mass murder. Satan had cast out Satan.

The dead of such a huge conflagration were buried together with the chief culprits of the rebellion.

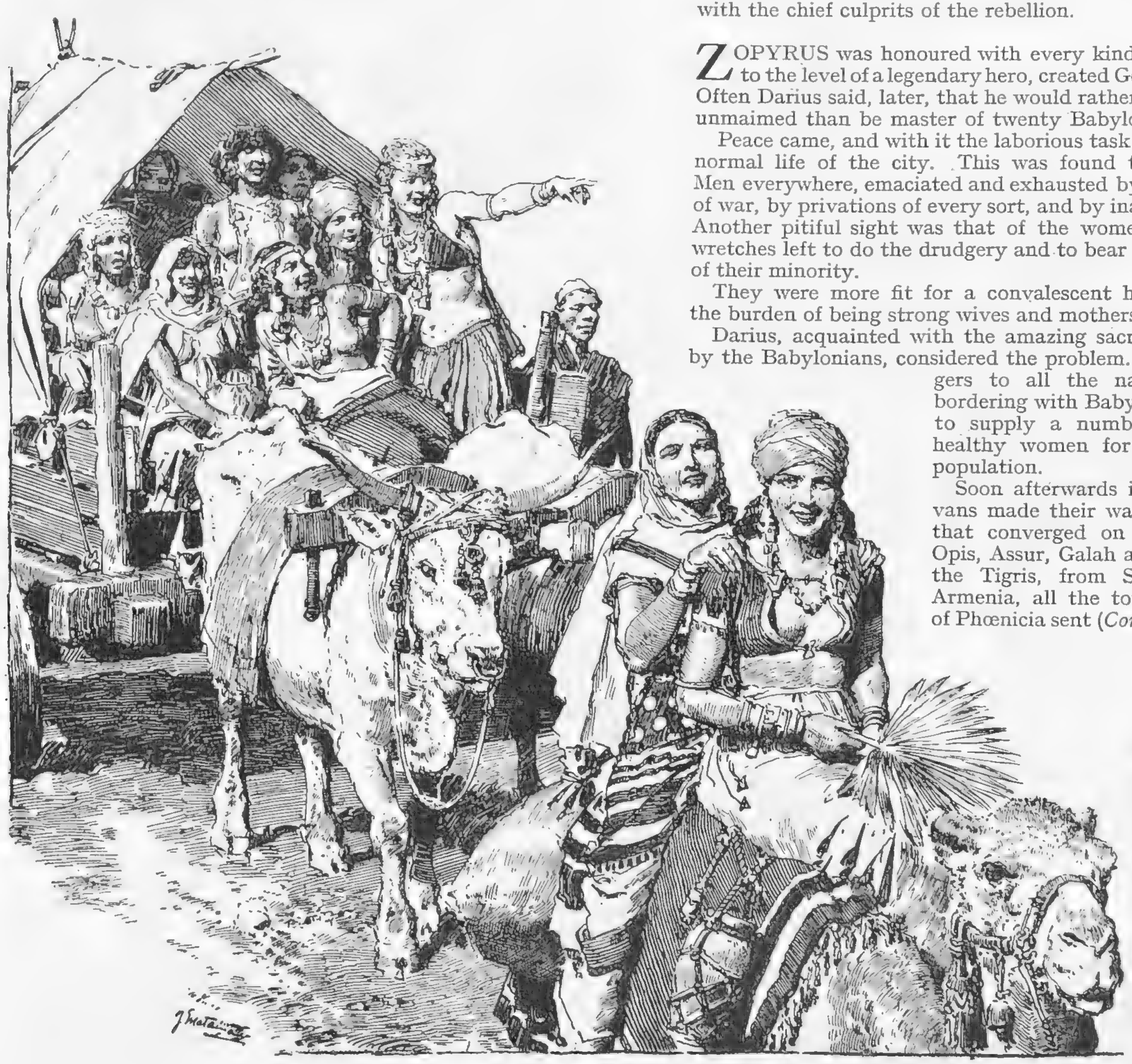
ZOPYRUS was honoured with every kind of privilege, raised to the level of a legendary hero, created Governor of Babylon. Often Darius said, later, that he would rather have had Zopyrus unmaimed than be master of twenty Babylons.

Peace came, and with it the laborious task of reorganising the normal life of the city. This was found to be full of men. Men everywhere, emaciated and exhausted by almost two years of war, by privations of every sort, and by inadequate nutrition. Another pitiful sight was that of the women survivors—poor wretches left to do the drudgery and to bear the frightful strain of their minority.

They were more fit for a convalescent home than to face the burden of being strong wives and mothers.

Darius, acquainted with the amazing sacrifice accomplished by the Babylonians, considered the problem. He sent messengers to all the nations and towns bordering with Babylon with a request to supply a number of young and healthy women for the work of repopulation.

Soon afterwards interminable caravans made their way along the roads that converged on Babylon. From Opis, Assur, Galah and other towns of the Tigris, from Susa right up to Armenia, all the towns on the shore of Phœnicia sent (*Continued on page* 98)



BIG carts with heavy and wobbling wheels were loaded with smiling girls and bundles of baggage. These brides-to-be wondered and speculated on their several destinies

A TATTOO expert, using an electric needle, tattooing a bracelet in the form of a snake on a woman's arm

Human *Picture* Galleries

Some Curious Facts relating to Tattooing and the Psychology of Tattooed Persons

THERE lies before me, on my desk, the photographic record of one of the strangest series of pictures ever collected together. It consists of an album, containing the portraits of men and women of all classes of society—members of the aristocracy and upper circles, middle-class folk of independent means, professional men of various callings, working people, and a very large proportion of criminals. All of them are more or less tattooed, and with such an astounding variety of designs that the collection has been well named, in letters of gold and on a curious parchment-looking cover, "Human Picture Galleries." The binding, let me add, is of human skin!

When first I dipped into this unique book, my thoughts went back to childhood days. For is it not a moment of supreme thrill when any child sees for the first time tattoo marks on the body of some old sailor or vagabond? We all remember the experience, what an indelible impression a brightly coloured snake twining round the torso, a ferocious-looking dragon, a ship, or a woman's figure on the arms left upon our infant minds, and how inwardly we resolved that when we came to man's estate we would go and do likewise. Luckily, however, wisdom often comes with the years. But just as it appeals to children, so, throughout the ages, tattooing has appealed to that which is childish in Man, and made him submit to a painful process for the purpose of creating a bizarre effect and arresting the eye with bright colours and elementary drawings. There we have a fragment of the psychology of the man or woman who resorts to his or her body being defiled by the needle and inks of the tattooer. When we delve into the mysteries of the human mind we find that the motives are indeed very varied and in some cases extremely weird. If we only knew the secrets of the everyday people we meet in the streets, the members of the aristocracy, and even some crowned heads of the world, we might be surprised to find how many of them have complicated or incriminating designs upon their bodies. My book of pictures is proof of that.

LET me first of all say something about the criminals whose portraits are before me. Dr. Edmond Locard, the famous French criminologist, has, in his book *Le Crime et les Criminels*, devoted a chapter to tattooing in its relation to the identification of malefactors by the police. If these wretched men and women but realised the sure hold that such distinguishing marks gave to the police over them, they would undoubtedly be more chary of disfiguring their bodies in this particular way. Actual experience has proved to Dr. Locard that the majority of habitual and determined criminals have at some time or other been tattooed.

The designs chosen by criminals are various, and often original in the extreme. In the case of degenerates they are not infrequently obscene and inartistic, but here is one case which is certainly worthy of special note. A man, sentenced to a long period of penal servitude, has filled in his leisure hours by having every available space of his body, including his face and the very soles of his feet, covered with pictures! Here is his complete history.

Ernest Louis Sch . . . , who was born on July 14, 1873, at Bard, was at seventeen years of age condemned to three months' imprisonment for assault and battery. Later, when a soldier, he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for an assault on one of his officers; and it was whilst undergoing this term of imprisonment that he came into relations with another prisoner who was a master of the art of tattooing. At this man's hands he underwent no fewer than one hundred most painful operations, including ten whilst his face was being tattooed. On each of his cheeks there was tattooed the figure of a nude woman, on his chin a pansy, stars on his nostrils, and the

EDMOND LOCARD, the head of the Lyons Laboratory for Criminal Research. Most of the illustrations accompanying this article are from his collection

By George Frederic Lees

inscription "Enfant du malheur"—"Child of Misfortune"—on his forehead. These pictures became so objectionable to him in later years that he had them entirely obliterated by means of a uniform shade of blue, tattooed over the whole of his face, including his ears. The picture gallery on the remainder of his body he left intact.

On Sch . . .'s breast and stomach are three women's heads, two crossed chains attached to pears and apples, two swallows carrying letters, an officer of hussars on horseback, a dagger which looks as though it had pierced his right nipple, a lion-tamer with lion and two tigers; the whole surrounded and ornamented with dozens of stars.

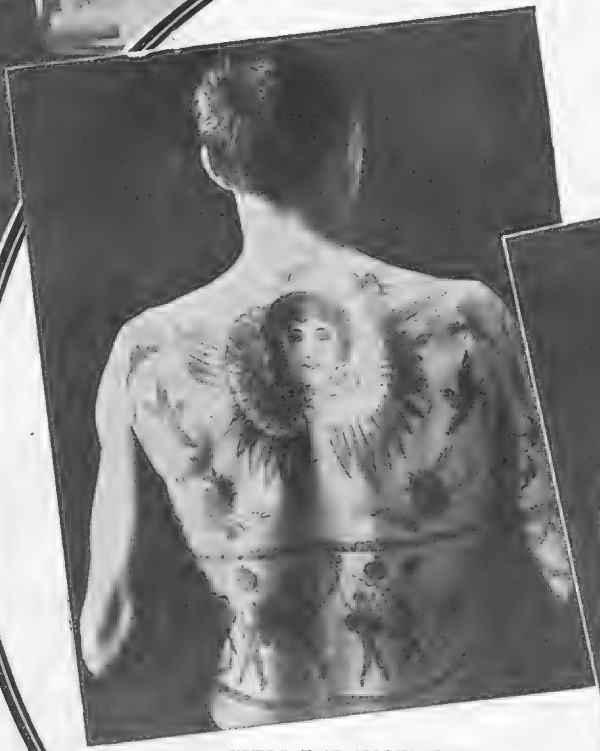
On the left arm are to be seen a large star on the shoulder, a sailing ship, a serpent, an olive branch, a bouquet and a man's bust. The fingers are tattooed with rings. The right arm bears a sun, a man's face, a gibbet from which a man is hanging, two pots of flowers, and an apache holding a knife.

On the neck, at the back, are human figures which are the pride of this strange individual, for by a skilful movement of his muscles he is able to set the said figures in action, like the marionette man with his puppets and wires. And down his back come a fantastic series of designs, representing tigers and pigs, men and women and clowns, ducks and chickens, birds and lizards, knives and death's-heads, etc., etc. Finally, on the sole of his right foot is the inscription, in French, "March or Die"; whilst on the sole of the left foot are the words "Armée d'Afrique."

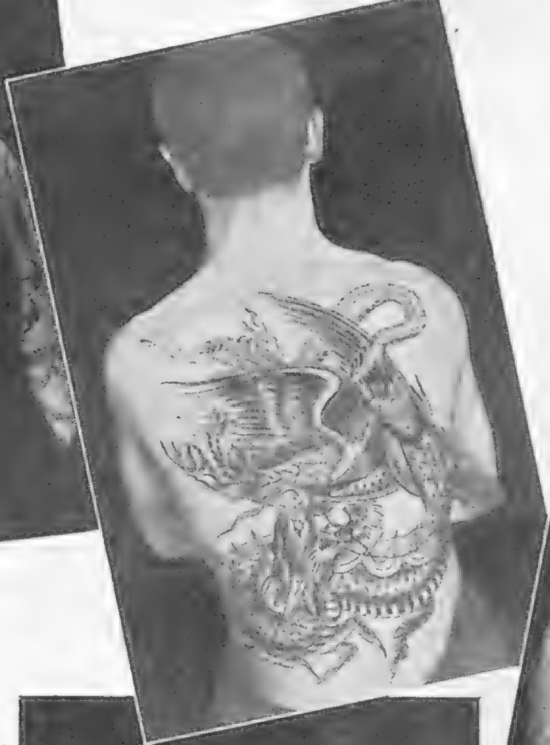
Many of these pictures are very well done, but they are less remarkable, in the opinion of Dr. Locard, than tattooings produced in prisons. Their finish and æsthetic value may be said to belong to the School of the African battalions.

Sheer boredom is perhaps the only justifiable excuse that one can make for having the tissues of the skin defiled by

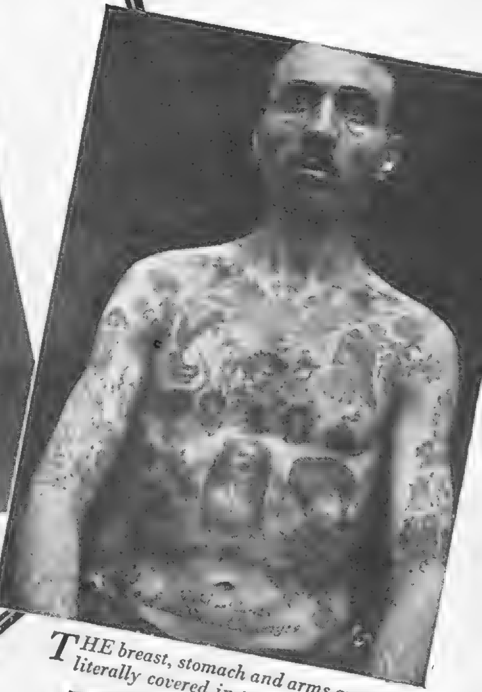
(*Continued on p.* 96)



A WELL-BALANCED design in which flying birds and a dancing scene, which is repeated right round the body, predominate

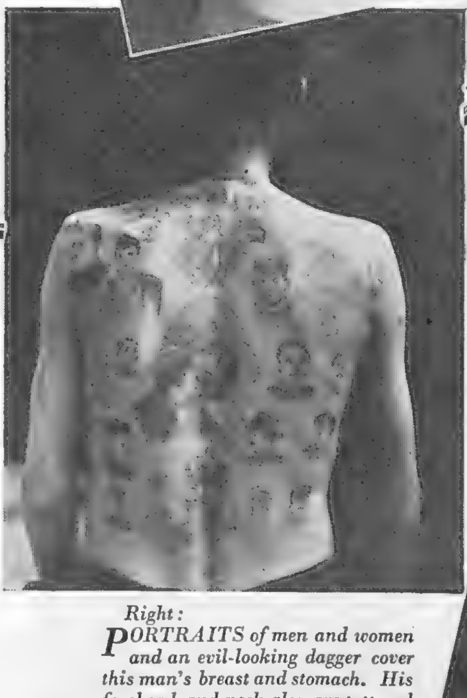


A FIGHT between snakes and an eagle is the subject of this design tattooed on a man's back

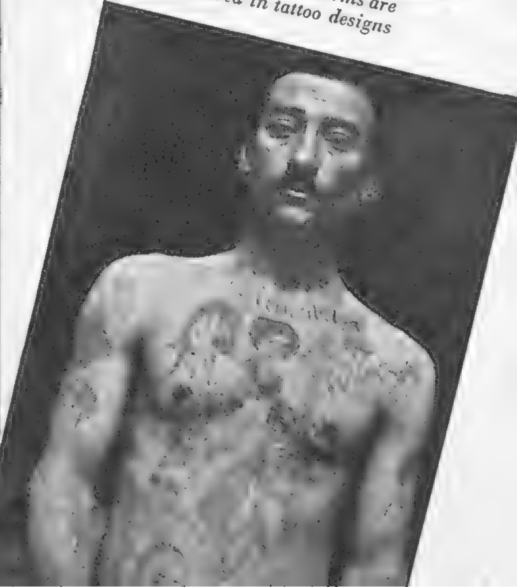


THE breast, stomach and arms are literally covered in tattoo designs

Right:
THE tattooed back of a French criminal. The design is made up chiefly of portraits



Right:
PORTRAITS of men and women and an evil-looking dagger cover this man's breast and stomach. His forehead and neck also are tattooed



BOOKS:

"I Remember, I Remember"

DOUGLAS GOLDRING, whose book "Odd Man Out," will make a peculiarly personal appeal to all intelligent men and women of middle age

SOMEWHERE in his autobiography, *Odd Man Out* (Chapman and Hall. 15s.), Mr. Douglas Goldring pauses to comment on the freedom with which his generation has spilt itself in this form of literature. Mr. Goldring, who is at the perfect age of forty-eight, explains the phenomenon by the changes through which he has lived, and the corresponding desire to varnish the old world before its colours have gone beyond recall. But, actually, does not the phenomenon belong rather to an era than to a generation? Authors of half Mr. Goldring's age are writing their lives. The difference between them and him is one of angle rather than of habit. These youngsters, in the fond belief that Freud has made them interesting, hasten to give us all sorts of surprising reasons for their housemaster's habit of wearing a black tie with white spots, and refuse to be deterred by the possibility that we may not have been in their house or even at their school. The explanation given by Mr. Goldring fits his own case. It does far too much honour to many of his rival autobiographers.

Up to a point, Mr. Goldring's experiences are a pretty close parallel to my own and to the lives, presumably, of a good many other people who are reviewing his book. This should ensure it sympathetic notices; but no wars are as savage as civil wars. Speaking for myself, I disagree with most of his impressions and estimates. His description of pre-war London quarrels frequently with my own memories of it; and when, amongst his hundreds of celebrated friends, he mentions someone I have been privileged to meet, he seems to me apt to overrate the humbugs and be blind to the genuine. But there is pleasure in argument, and I find his pages enjoyable as well as interesting. His sincerity and honesty are patent, and when one differs from him, one differs with respect. More than once, indeed, I was visited by that rare, difficult and painful thought "Can I be wrong?" His lively and independent mind is mirrored in every word he writes, so that even when he starts his family history in the days of the Domesday Book the reader will be well advised not to turn too

Four Novels

HELEN BEAUCLERK

"The Crooked Smile": *by Margery Lawrence*

(Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.)

THE author of *Madame Holle* has always been able to strike the note of terror. Her latest book, a story of modern Greece, is not written in that key, but she shows in more than one scene that she can still strike that note. It is an uncommon novel, in setting and in treatment, and it deserves to have been published in a larger volume, with pages of a less crowded appearance.

"Laugh at my Weeping": *by Sewell Stokes*

(Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)

THE old theme of the clown who longs to play Hamlet has been brought up to date in this story of a film comedian of sensibility and ambition. Mr. Stokes, who has the advantage of being familiar with the world he describes, takes us from London to Beverly Hills, and back again; he also takes us, with his hero, to the heights of success and unhappiness until, at the end, his little Cockney realises that, as the price of world-wide fame, he must be as he is expected, and not as he would like, to be.

NIS PETERSEN

"The Mountain and the Tree": *by Helen Beauclerk*

(Collins, 8s. 6d.)

IN this well-produced volume, with its dust cover designed by Edmund Dulac, are four love stories, the earliest set in prehistoric times, the latest in the first years of the third century A.D.—a period extending from before Paganism to the beginning of the Christian era. It is very difficult to create the historical illusion, and the "exquisiteness" of Miss Beauclerk's writing is not really conducive to any illusion. But her stories, if not moving, are always interesting, and the reading of them is time well spent.

"Spilt Milk": *by Nis Petersen*

(Lovat Dickson, 7s. 6d.)

MR. PETERSEN, a Dane and the author of *The Street of the Sandalmakers*, has achieved a *tour de force* with his new story, which deals with events in Ireland during the ten years ending 1933. He shows us the lives of comparatively humble people in this bitter decade, and if—which is doubtful—an English reader's opinion is worth anything, he has been wonderfully successful. A word must also be said for Mr. Claude Napier's admirable work as translator.

MARGERY LAWRENCE wearing a Greek gala dress which is made of hand-woven linen and embroidered almost solid with coloured flax. Her latest novel, "The Crooked Smile," is a story of modern Greece

By Arnold Palmer

many pages in a lump. *Odd Man Out* will make a peculiarly personal appeal to all intelligent men and women of middle age.

MR. HECTOR BOLITHO is twelve years younger than Mr. Goldring—twelve highly important years, since as a result he was only sixteen when the war broke out, and did not see London until he was twenty-four. *Older People* (Cobden-Sanderson. 10s. 6d.), therefore, is chiefly concerned with the impression made by post-war London and Londoners on a young New Zealander. The most imposing people he met were, naturally, senior to him; but it is not to this accident that his book owes its title. Like Mr. Goldring, he confesses to an ineradicable respect for his elders; and as the author of several biographies of supreme Victorians, he had every excuse to seek the society of men old enough to be his grandfather. Not all his heroes are decrepit. There is Sir William Jowitt, for example; and there is Signor Mussolini. Mr. Bolitho does not belong to that select but dwindling body of men who have never met the Duce.

The Duce and his desk at the end of the long room have often been described, and the only surprise in Mr. Bolitho's account of his interview comes at the end. "As I left Signor Mussolini's room my eye alighted upon a sight which pleased me. On the map-stand . . . there was an atlas, opened to a map of New Zealand." Why, one wonders, should that have pleased a New Zealander? Leaving the question unanswered, let us return to Mr. Bolitho's acquaintances and friends—Miss Marie Tempest, Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Reading, Mr. Maurice Baring, Sir H. McGowan, Lawrence of Arabia, the Marchese Marconi, Hussein, King of the Hejaz, Elgar and the rest. He has not known all his celebrities very intimately, and there are times when his pages seem to be wearing a little thin. It is then that his skill as a writer stands him in good stead, for he never loses the reader's attention. A pleasant, if not a particularly profitable, book to sample.

For every celebrity mentioned by Mr. Bolitho, Mr. Goldring provides three or four. But for each of Mr. Goldring's, Mr. Bertie Hollender can play at least a thousand. He has called his reminiscences *Before I Forget* (Grayson. 8s. 6d.), but there are no signs of his memory betraying him. Mr. Hollender must hold the world's record for friendships, and even have won the cup outright. In all grades of society, in all countries, his knack of forming rapid and intimate ties has functioned naturally and almost unconsciously; and by the end of his volume one has the conviction that if ever his plane has to descend in mid-ocean, in Central Africa, or at the Pole, a mermaid, a cannibal or a penguin will exclaim "Why, hullo, Bertie!" and that Mr. Hollender will reply, as he crawls out of the wreckage, "I heard rather a good one the other day. At least, it amused me. I was playing bridge with Georgie Duckworth, Ad Hitler and Harry Matisse . . . ."

BERTIE HOLLENDER, author of "Before I Forget," a book of memoirs by a man who must hold the world's record for friendships

According to his own account, Mr. Hollender has tried his hand at a great many professions without making an outstanding success of any one of them. Such a career is conducive to a wide circle of friends, but it is perhaps truer to say that his comparative failure, if such it be, is due to the fact that his real *métier* is companionship. Many highly prosperous men and women would willingly barter some of their possessions for a little of his humanity. For

(Continued on page 102)

FRANK HIRD

In Perspective

"Rochester":
by Professor V. De Sola Pinto
(Bodley Head, 8s. 6d.)

"H. M. Stanley":
by Frank Hird
(Stanley Paul, 18s.)

SIR H. M. STANLEY

JOHN WILMOT, 2nd Earl of Rochester, friend of Charles II, poet, satirist, sailor, libertine and death-bed convert, was one of those brilliant aristocrats whose worth is so much harder to estimate than that of humbler men. Every schoolboy knows (though he may not be able to attribute) Rochester's lines about his "King, whose word no man relys on: He never said a foolish thing," etc., and Charles's reply (described by Professor Pinto as "good-humoured," but surely one of the wittiest retorts ever made by man). Only a few scholars, however, have so far taken Rochester seriously. Professor Pinto, with access to three new sources of information, sets himself to rescue his personal as well as his literary reputation. The book is so interesting, so charmingly produced and so moderate in price that tardy justice may yet be done to a man regarded hitherto as no more than a picturesque and sinister figure in a raffish age.

THE sight of a great man waiting 250 years for a biographer is comparatively common. But few people, surely, would have guessed that, in these days, a gap of thirty-one years would divide the death of H. M. Stanley from the appearance of the first authorised biography. Stanley began life as John Rowlands or Rollant, a Welsh workhouse boy. Having been treated all his childhood with brutality or neglect, he ran away to sea at the age of 18, and was lucky enough to fall in with a kindly American in New Orleans, who adopted him and gave him his own name. In the Civil War he joined the Confederate Army, and it was at this time that he gained the idea that he was an American citizen. During his explorations in Africa, he always believed that he was an American, and appealed to American consulates when in difficulties. Actually, he was a British subject, a Welshman. His naturalisation adventures make a story in themselves, yet they form but a few small paragraphs in his crowded, spectacular life. It is a piece of good fortune that the task of biography should have been entrusted to Mr. Frank Hird, for he possesses, in addition to the usual requisites, the qualification needed above all others—the gift of narrative. He has had, of course, a magnificent subject; he has produced what does not always follow, a fine book.

You owe it to the rest of your body to take good care of your

Mouth Teeth and Gums . . .

Anna Lee, Gaumont British star, has dazzling, perfect teeth and hard, healthy gums. She keeps them that way by vigorous day and night brushing, after-meal brushing whenever possible, gum massage and regular use of a good mouth-wash

Health

WHEN you consider the multiplicity and variety of the ills that we are heir to, the possible pollution of air and food, the assaults on the nervous system, you wonder, not that there is so much illness about, but that there is so little.

The facts are that we all have in our own bodies beneficent and defensive bacilli which combat infection, and that during the process of civilisation science has discovered that every poison has its antidote.

The importance of mouth, teeth and gums, either as a "clearing house" or a receptor and distributor of infection, has been recognised by medical opinion and instilled into the consciousness and conscience of the public.

Children, as well as grown-up people, should, and the majority do, pay regular visits to the dentist so that any decay or unhealthy condition of the gums may be checked in their incipience.

The whole digestive system is dependent on healthy teeth and adequate mastication. Serious internal troubles, and even pneumonia, may be caused by any septic condition of the gums.

But even conscientious recourse to expert dental aid is not enough unless scrupulous care is taken to maintain the gums and teeth in a condition of absolute hygiene, health and cleanliness.

First, it is necessary to use a really good toothbrush for the twice daily ritual. Not only should the brush be of good bristle, but it should be of a size and shape which suit your mouth and will reach every crevice.

The stiffness of the bristles should be determined by the condition of your gums and teeth. Most good toothbrushes are made in three grades.

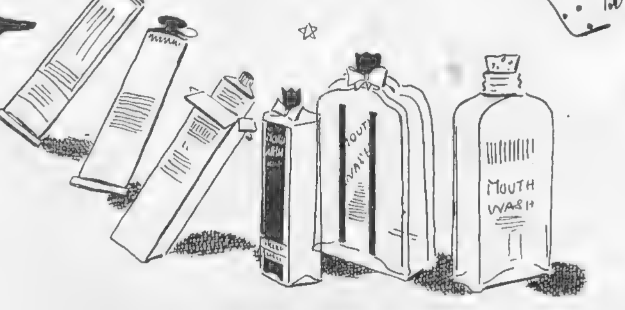
It is a good plan to have two brushes, one hard or medium for actual cleaning with the toothpaste, and a softer one for polishing.

The Tek toothbrush seems to answer all modern requirements. Its shape and the setting of the bristle make it possible thoroughly to clean, with its aid, every facet of every tooth. The method of brushing should be *up and down,* not across, so that any deposit between the teeth, inside and out, is removed and the teeth left ivory smooth and polished.

It is important to renew toothbrushes constantly. A shabby, bristle-shedding brush is inefficient, and may be a source of danger and a harbourer of microbes.

Care of the gums should include massage with the fingertips with an antiseptic mouthwash or one of the dental pastes specially designed to strengthen them, render them immune from germs such as those present in gencivitis or pyorrhæa, and check acidity.

There are so many really good scientific preparations on the market that it is difficult to choose between them, and selection may depend to some extent on personal preference, individual reaction and even flavour. (*Continued on page* 98)



FOUR beauties of to-day—(left to right), Lady Smiley, Lady Stanley of Alderley, the Countess of Warwick and Lady Marguerite Strickland—declare they owe their perfect skins to the regular use of Pond's two creams

If Holiday Good Looks Lasted . . .

But sunburn fades and drying autumn winds blow. So be a little extra kind to your skin just now

By Chrysis

NO matter what you decided in the early part of the year about the colour your skin is going to wear this summer, some sort of modification in your ideas took place during the summer holidays.

With rare exceptions, even those justifiably proud of their fairness are apt to feel a little out of it among their gloriously healthy looking, evenly tanned holiday companions.

And now that the art of tanning has progressed, it is possible for the most delicately complexioned blonde gradually to acquire a sun-touched glow, a subtle golden shade, without any catastrophic burning and reddening.

But whatever the shade or texture of your skin, a certain inevitable impoverishment due to the drying effect of exposure has to be guarded against by special care and attention.

The wise woman will have taken the precaution of using a good protective cream during the day, and a cleansing emollient and fading cream at night, so that any bad after-effects will have been minimised or prevented.

When the cold winds and early frosts arrive her skin will be soft and smooth, elastic and well nourished, with no danger of that roughness or harshness which may cause the first insidious little wrinkles, especially on rather dry and sensitive complexions.

If you haven't taken care, start taking care to-day.

The most efficacious after-the-holiday beauty treatment is so often the simplest.

All that is necessary is thoroughly to cleanse the skin whenever necessary with a good cold cream, removing all make-up and dust with a soft tissue.

At night another application of the cream should be patted into the skin, the length of this process being decided by the dryness or otherwise of the skin.

When convenient, a light film of the cream may be left on. It is well to cleanse the face and neck again in the morning. Before powdering, a protective and emollient cream should be used.

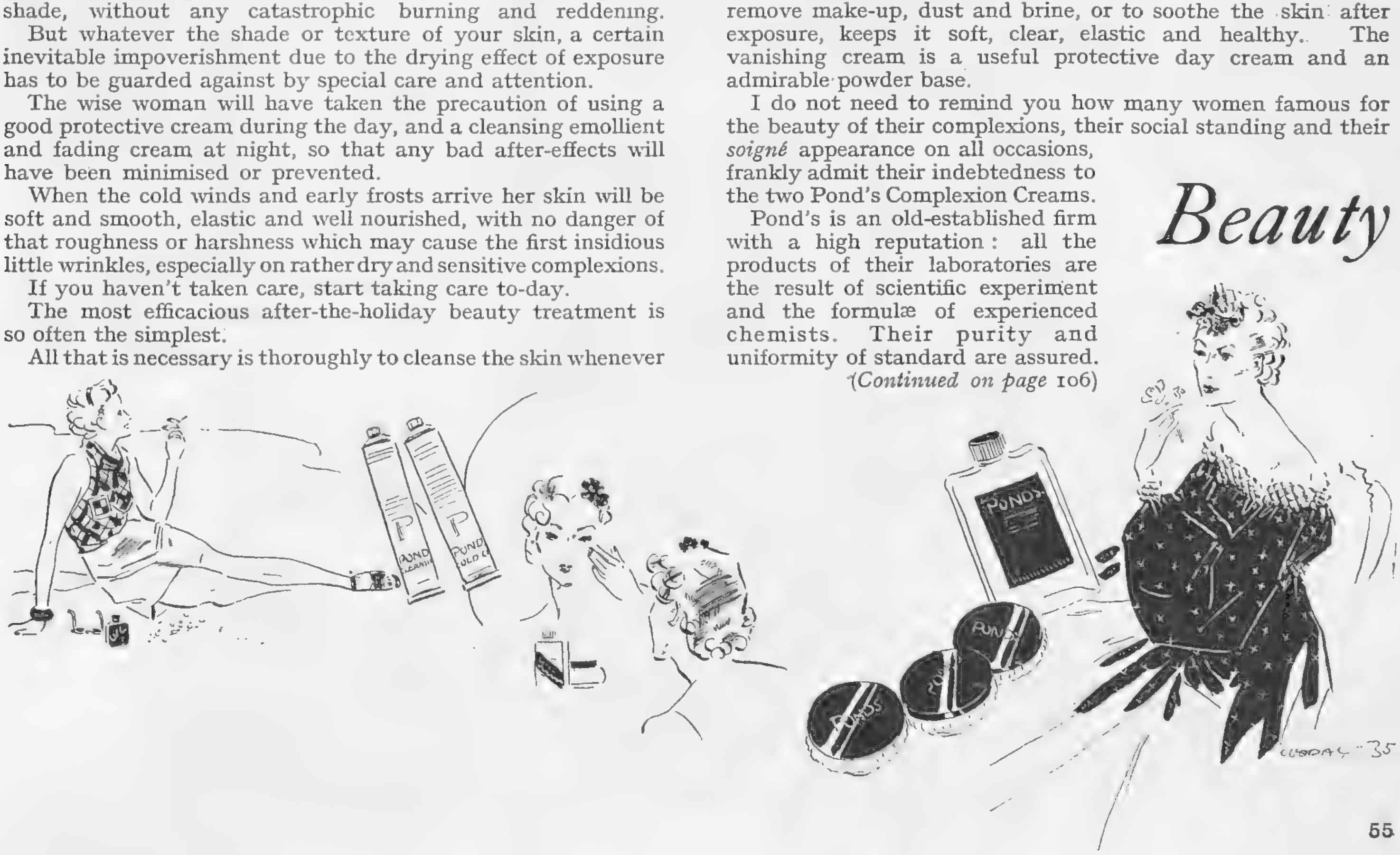
In this connection, it would be difficult to better the two Pond's Creams. The cold cream, used at night or whenever it is desired to remove make-up, dust and brine, or to soothe the skin after exposure, keeps it soft, clear, elastic and healthy. The vanishing cream is a useful protective day cream and an admirable powder base.

I do not need to remind you how many women famous for the beauty of their complexions, their social standing and their *soigné* appearance on all occasions, frankly admit their indebtedness to the two Pond's Complexion Creams.

Pond's is an old-established firm with a high reputation: all the products of their laboratories are the result of scientific experiment and the formulæ of experienced chemists. Their purity and uniformity of standard are assured.

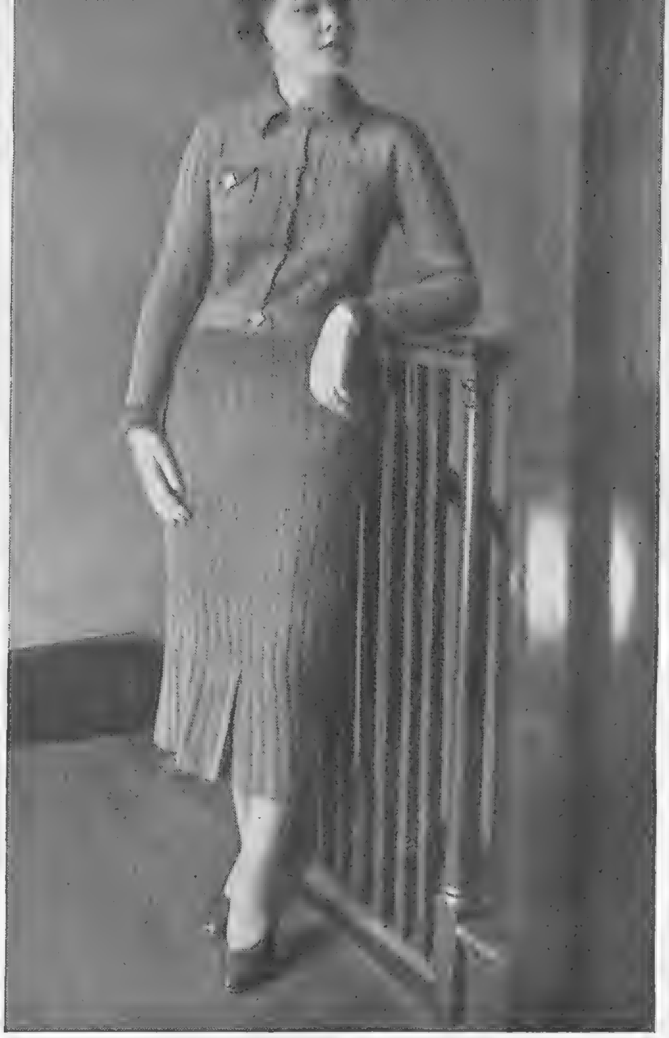
(*Continued on page 106*)

Beauty



Smart Jumper Blouse *and* Skirt

Designed by
"Bonella"



You will require:

- *16 oz. of main colour for skirt and trimmings, jumper collar, cuffs and pocket flaps, in 4-ply wool*
- *11 oz. of contrast colour for blouse*
- *1 pr. of Double Century knitting pins, No. 8*
- *1 pr. of Double Century knitting pins, No. 10*
- *8 buttons*

If you have ever knitted yourself a jumper, there seems to be no reason why you shouldn't knit a skirt, except laziness. And as for that, there is little more work to a skirt than there would be to knitting another jumper, especially when it is an easy though extremely effective pattern like this. (First row: Knit. Second row: K. 1, P. 4, K. 2, up to the last five stitches, then P. 4, K. 1.)

The skirt fits affectionately, and you'll find it won't lose its shape. There is an inverted pleat front and back for line and smartness (also easier to do than you imagine) and a tight rib at the waist. The bloused jumper is very smart, with its high neck, flapped pockets and tight waistband. The original was knitted in two colours, petunia and bright blue, an example of the violent colour contrasts which are going to be an autumn rage.

The Back of Jumper Blouse (*Contrast Wool*)

With No. 8 pins, cast on 108 sts. K. into back of first row. Continue in the following pattern.

1st row.—Knit.

2nd row.—K. 1, * P. 4, K. 2, repeat from * to last 5 sts., P. 4, K. 1.

These 2 rows complete one pattern. Continue in pattern until work measures 9½ in. from start.

Shape Armholes

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Continue on the remaining 84 sts. until armhole measures 7 in.

Shape Shoulders

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows, leaving 28 centre sts. to cast off for the back of neck.

Left Front

Cast on 63 sts. Work in pat. keeping 9 sts. at front edge in K. 1, P. 1 rib. Continue until work measures 9½ in.

Shape Armhole

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole-end rows. Continue on the remaining 51 sts. until armhole measures 5½ in.

Shape Neck

Cast off 13 sts. at neck edge. Continue on the remaining 38 sts. for 1½ in., decreasing one st. at every neck edge row, until 28 sts. remain.

Shape Shoulder

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole-end rows.

Right Front

Work as for left front, with border, armhole shapings, etc., on opposite side and making 5 buttonholes in ribbed border, starting the first on the 16th row by:—

Rib 2 sts., cast off 7 sts., work to end of row.

Next row. Work back, cast on 7 sts., rib 2 sts.

Make other 4 buttonholes 3½ in. apart.

Sleeves

With main coloured wool, and No. 10 pins, cast on 48 sts. Rib in K. 1, P. 1 for 3 in. Change to contrast wool and pat. Work for 1 in., then inc. one st. each end of next and every 8th row following, until 80 sts. and when sleeve measures 20 in. from start (including ribbing).

Shape Top

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row, until 16 sts. remain. Cast off.

Collar

With No. 10 pins and main coloured wool, cast on 109 sts. Rib 3 in. in K. 1, P. 1 rib increasing one st. each end of every 4th row. Cast off.

Pockets (*Two*).

With No. 8 pins and contrast coloured wool, cast on 24 sts. Work in pattern for 3½ in. Cast off.

Pocket Flaps

With main coloured wool and No. 10 pins, cast on 28 sts. Rib in K. 1, P. 1 5 rows, then dec. one st. each end of every alternate row, until 16 sts. remain.

Buttonhole

Rib 5 sts., cast off 6 sts., rib 5 sts.

Next row.—Rib 5 sts., cast on 6 sts., rib 5 sts. Continue dec. *every row*, until 2 sts. left. Cast off.

Belt

With contrast coloured wool and No. 10 pins, cast on 23 sts. Rib in K. 1, P. 1 for 27 in.

Buttonhole. Rib 7 sts., cast off 9 sts., rib. 7 sts., rib. ½ in.

Point End

Dec. one st. each end of every row until 2 sts. remain. Cast off.

Skirt (*Front*)

With main coloured wool and No. 8 pins, cast on 180 sts. K. into back of first row. Continue in pattern as for jumper blouse for 8 in.

Make Pleat

Work 60 sts., cast off 60 sts., work 60 sts. Bringing all the sts. tog. on to one pin. Work on the 120 sts. in pattern (leaving cast off 60 sts. to be sewn into inverted box pleat), decreasing one st. each end of next and every 12th row, until 110 sts. and when work measures 28 ins. (or length required) from start.

Change to No. 10 pins, rib in K. 1, P. 1 for 3 ins. Cast off.

Work back as front.

To Make Up Press With Warm Iron and Damp Cloth

Sew up all seams of jumper blouse. Sew in sleeves, sew on pockets and flaps. Sew on collar. Work buttonholes. Sew up side seams of skirt.

Fold, cast off sts. of skirt into an inverted pleat and stitch on to skirt, press flatly after having stitched it into position. Run elastic at each side of waist, draw up a few ins. to fit waist and stitch elastic securely.

Measurements (*Jumper Blouse*)

From top of shoulder to lower edge (including belt), 19 in. Across back and front underarms, 18 in. Sleeve underarm, 20 in., including cuff.

Tension: 6 sts. to one in.

Abbreviations

K. knit. P. purl. Sts. stitches. Tog. together. Beg. beginning. Inc. increase. Dec. decrease.

Knit into the back of all cast-on sts.

Fashions

By Jean Burnup

Editor, Woman's Department
"Britannia and Eve"

SHORTER skirts . . . classical, draped evening line skirts clearing the ground . . . Old Master colours for morning, noon and night wear . . . Black, more and more of it for afternoons . . . kilted skirts . . . thicker tweeds . . . new ways to skirt fullness . . . velvet sports blouses . . .

These, ladies, are the fashion headlines for Autumn, as revealed to the dress scouts by some of the British star designers, who had their shows over here a week or so before the big Paris collections began.

The idea was to catch the eye of the International dress buyers before they hop over the Channel for the August dress orgy.

* * *

Skirts creep up too insidiously for my liking. Thirteen inches from the ground, which is about two and a half inches shorter than you are now wearing, is good, so long as it stays there. Please designers, don't go higher.

Skirts themselves are easier to look at and walk in than last year's straight, skimpy, slitted ones.

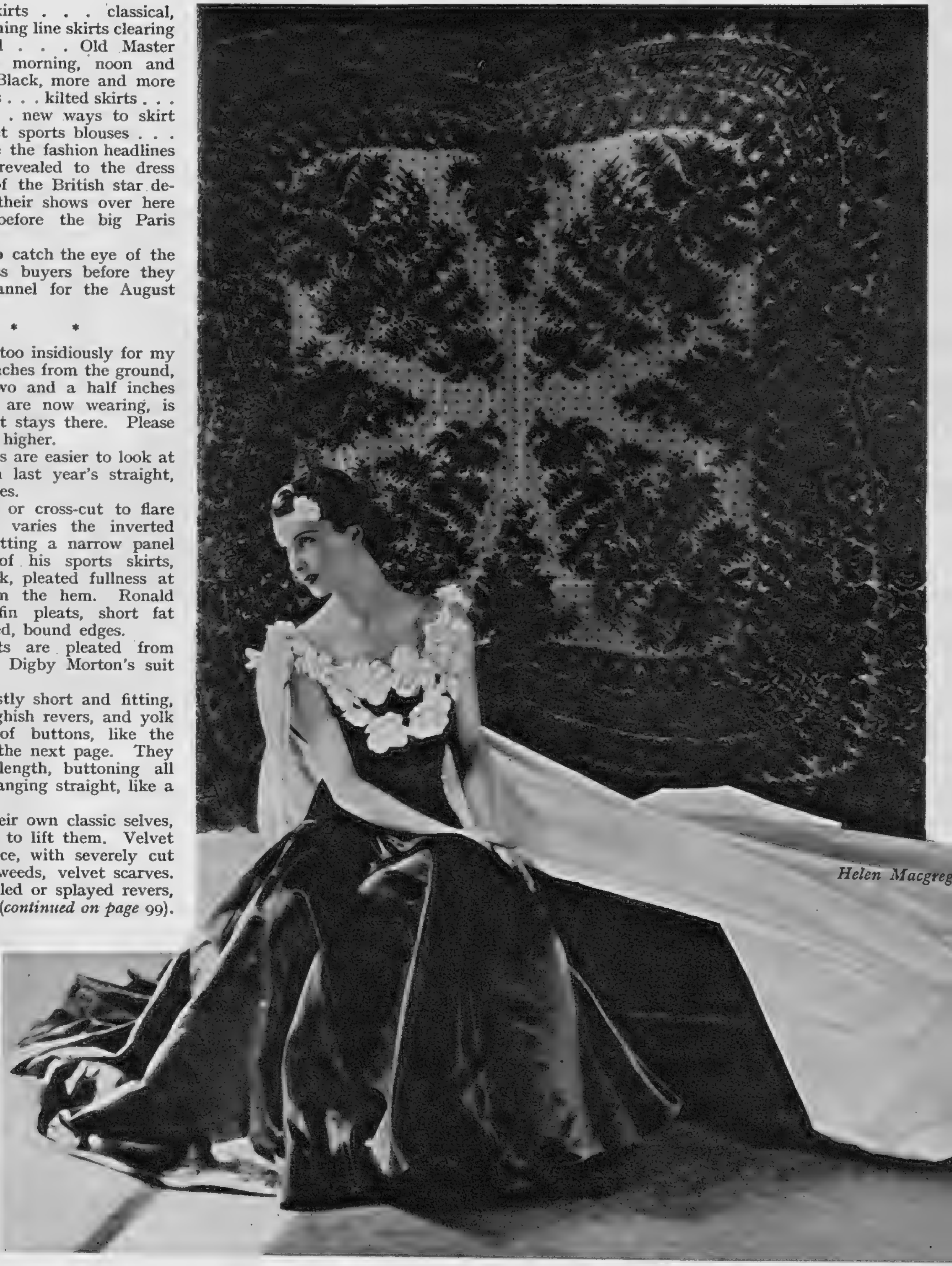
They are gored or cross-cut to flare slightly. Hartnell varies the inverted pleat idea by putting a narrow panel back and front of his sports skirts, breaking into sleek, pleated fullness at about a foot from the hem. Ronald Morrel does fish-fin pleats, short fat pleats with rounded, bound edges.

Sometimes skirts are pleated from waist to hem (see Digby Morton's suit on next page).

Jackets are mostly short and fitting, They can have highish revers, and yolk lines, and a lot of buttons, like the Burberry suit on the next page. They can be finger-tip length, buttoning all down the front, hanging straight, like a loose reefer jacket.

They can be their own classic selves, with little touches to lift them. Velvet blouses, for instance, with severely cut heavy blankety tweeds, velvet scarves. They can have rolled or splayed revers, velvet revers.

(*continued on page* 99).

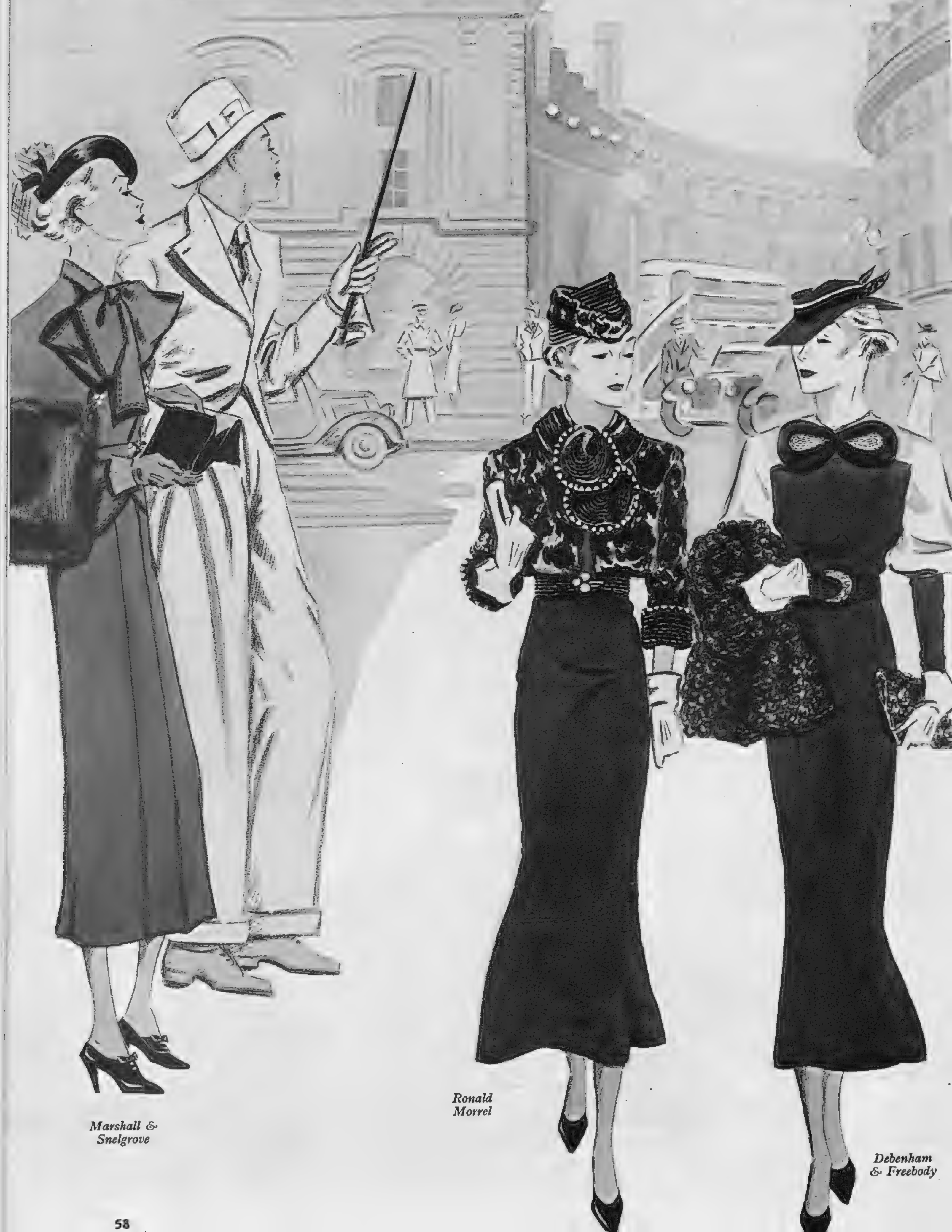


Vivien Leigh, whose performance in "The Mask of Virtue" made her an over-night theatrical sensation, posed for us in Hartnell's evening dress, "Dame Aux Camélias."

Stiff black duchesse satin, tight-fitting, by clever seaming, from shoulder to thigh, gradually billowing into rich, standing-out fullness. Camellias grow round the neck, shoulders, down the low-cut back. And, over all, a glorious floor-length white satin cape

Helen Macgreg

New Town Wear *is* Brisk *and* Elegant



Marshall & Snelgrove

Ronald Morrel

Debenham & Freebody

Hearty Country Clothes Stress *your* Femininity

On the facing page, at the extreme left is a perfect all-the-day-long town outfit. A blackberry woollen, long-sleeved dress and cape. The dress has a straight skirt, three-gored at front and back, with a bodice metal flicked every now and then. The cape ties with a large bow (large bows are an Autumn fancy) and has deep bands of self dyed squirrel at the fronts, giving elegance and form.

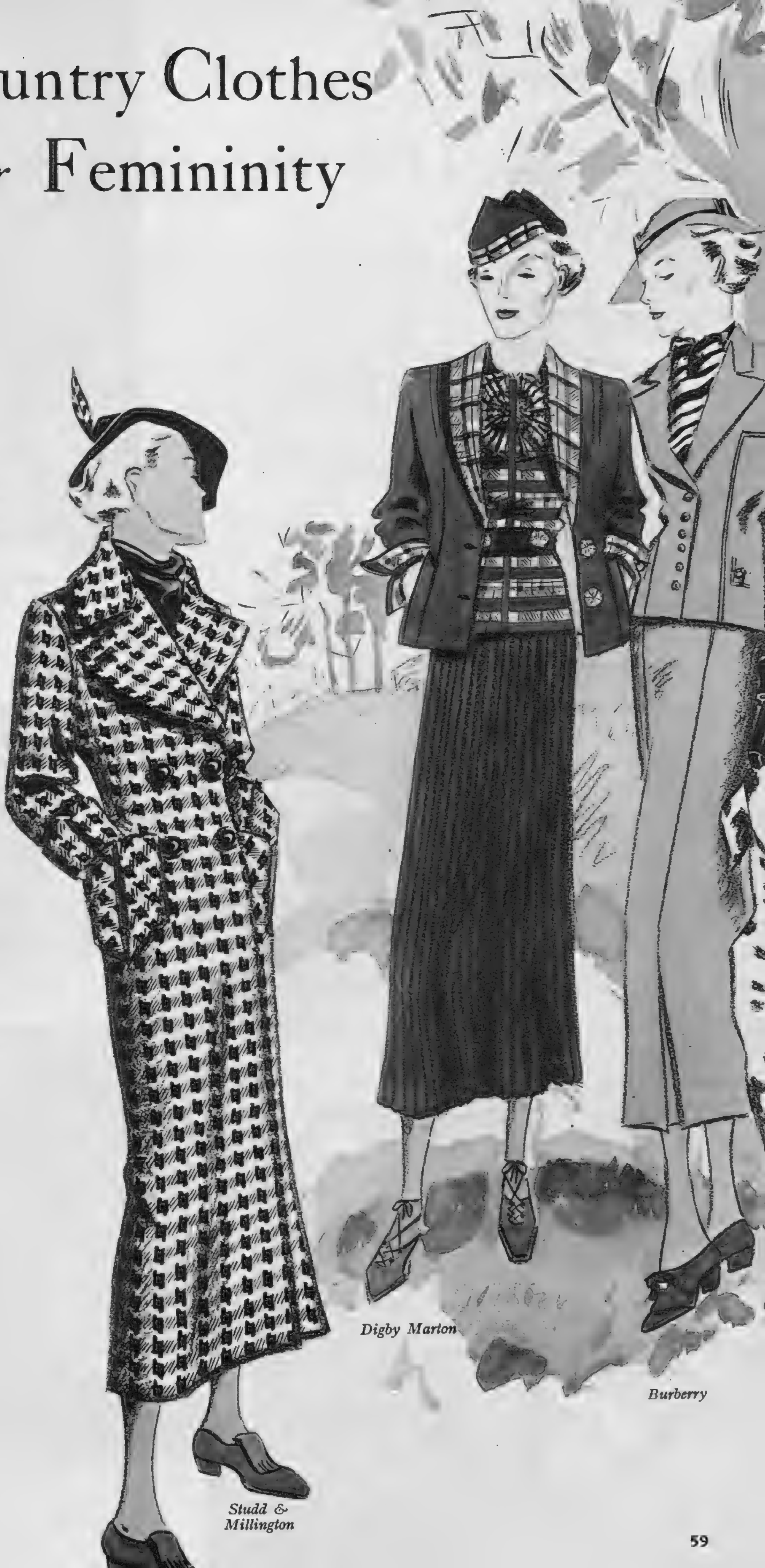
In the centre is a spirited, cheeky suit, lightheartedly called "Puss Puss" by its designer. It is a black woollen dress with a collarless, cuffless caracul bolero (try saying that quickly). Outside the bolero comes the fun of the dress, a black ciré collar and rounded cravat, cuffs, and belt. Cravat and cuff ends are trimmed with flat enamel clips. The skirt kicks slightly in the front, and has a most original rounded inverted pleat at the back.

When you wear the black Persian lamb hip-length cape over the black woollen dress, you pull the black and white stitched satin ears through slits at the cape's neck. We didn't draw it this way because we wanted you to see how good the dress is on its own, with its white satin yolk and elbow-length sleeves, detachable. The skirt flares lightly at the hem.

Now for this page. At the right you see an ideal country or travel coat, made in black and white dog-toothed check saxony coating. Deep revers, cuffs, and pockets. An inverted pleat goes down the centre back and ends in a deep slit. The coat hangs straight, tailored to perfection in the Studd and Millington manner, in this or any chosen material.

Next a gem of a tweed suit for a Highland or any other fling. The fitting jacket with plaid rolled revers and slit cuffs, is reversible, and matches the plaid jumper. Colours, plain navy with red, blue and yellow plaid. A pleated skirt (where 's the sporran ?)

Last, a useful grey classically cut tweed suit, with nice variations in fastenings and yolk and sleeve seamings. Four inverted pleats and waistband on the skirt. Wide revers and six buttons on the jacket.



It's *the* Little Things . .

FAR, far, more than your big clothes, your reputation for being well dressed depends on the small accompaniments to your dressing. You 'll see some of them photographed on this page, all smart, none expensive, and all obtainable from the London shops. Write to us if you want further details.

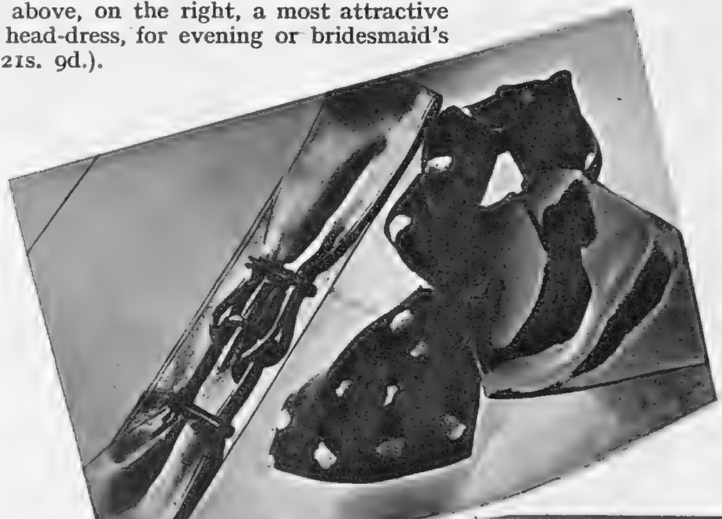
The quartette in the bottom right-hand corner consists of an embroidered powder case that zips open (7s. 6d.), a painted glass clip (5s. 6d.), a new cigarette case, barrel-shaped, in coloured lacquer (5s.), and a useful painted glass scent spray (4s. 11d.).

The soft leather toilet case above it contains two glass bottles and two glass jars, cosily packed, and takes up no room at all in your suit-case (4s. 11d.).

Below this column, a sheepskin belt (can be dyed any colour) with an interesting clasp (15s.). And a new woollen scarf, many with irregular off-white spots, lined navy crêpe de chine (7s. 6d.).

A leather outfitted hand-bag (bottom left-hand corner) has compartments for money, comb, powder, rouge, lipstick, cream, mascara, and etceteras. Good-sized mirror in the lid (29s. 6d.).

And above, on the right, a most attractive flower head-dress, for evening or bridesmaid's wear (21s. 9d.).



ENEALOGICAL CHART OF THE
William the Conqueror TO THAT OF
EN

I'll TELL You All I Know...

By *Mary Young*

IT is one of the smaller ironies of this life that if there are any long silky eyelashes going about in the family, they go to your freckled, footballing brother, who can get along very well without them.

As for you and me, and most of us, who have all longed, at some time or another, to "look up at him through our long lashes," or to have someone regard our "long lashes delicately shadowed on our cheeks," (where have I read these phrases before ?) well, we mostly have stubby, colourless ones which, thank heaven, we can mascarade, if I may coin a word.

All the same, there is no reason why we shouldn't encourage the ones we have to grow longer and silkier. After all, hair grows on most other places on us, often where we don't want it.

If you can remember to include it in your nightly beauty circuit, smear vaseline on them.

New blankets which will make bedroom history

And there is a dear little eyelash grower for daytime wear, which adds to the beauty of your eyes, and at the same time, sees about its business, which is that of growing eyelashes, keeping them soft and silky, preventing them from breaking.

You can get it in blue, black, brown or colourless. It gives your eyes a soft, lustrous look, especially if you put it on top of mascara, for it does away with mascara's slightly hardening effect. You can get it in shilling, and three-and-sixpenny sizes.

BUT what's the good of having long, lustrous lashes, skin like a peach, hair like satin, perfect manicure, make-up, and everything which goes to make a woman soignée, if under your new evening gown, draped in the new manner, but very figure revealing, your foundation is publicising the place where it leaves off, and the suspenders show their ugly outlines ?

Far better to stay home and read a good book. But, better still, to wear your new draped gown over a new and exciting pantie girdle just launched by a famous brassière and girdle house.

They have thought of everything to make your evenings comfortable. The garment is made of pure Lastex yarn. It is boneless, seamless, cunningly fashioned, and supports you as firmly as any corset. It clings like the ivy, holds you in where it should, but doesn't let you bulge out where you shouldn't.

It comes in two ways, thigh-length legs with baby suspenders, so flat you hardly know they are there, and almost knee-length, ending in a deep firm elastic band which keeps your stockings up without benefit of garters, or suspenders.

In both cases, you get a completely uninterrupted smooth line.

SOON it will be time to put the extra blankets on the beds.

Perhaps you will take them out of the cupboard, and find, despite moth balls, that moths have been around. Perhaps they will come back from the laundry, clean and fresh, but smaller than you knew them first. Perhaps you are buying new blankets, and want to put them straight on the bed, without the trouble or expense of preliminary washing; but how can you, when they have that unpleasant blanket smell ?

It is pretty likely that any or all of these things have come within your experience. But they need never do so any more. A new blanket has arrived which is about to make bedroom history.

First of all, it can't shrink. If it does, after the first wash, the manufacturers guarantee to replace or refund. Second of all, it is moth-proof, made that way by a secret process in the manufacture. Third of all, it starts life sweet-smelling right away.

Apart from these three quite astounding advantages, which might be enough to go on with, it is made from pure lamb's wool, a very close weave, so it will never get thin in the wash. (It sounds as if I like this blanket. You're quite right, I do.)

You can get them in white or many pretty colours. Prices range reasonably from seventeen-and-six to two pounds a pair, according to size and quality. If you want them satin bound, they cost a little more.

AND now for a little beauty talk. A little ? A lot, so much, that it will have to be crystallised in a line or two.

Necks. If your throat muscles are sagging, losing contours, there is an excellent throat lotion which stimulates and builds back to firmness.

Noses (Redness and Shine). An all-over red nose means faulty circulation or bad digestion. But redness around the sides can be magic-ed away by using a very good ointment that at the same time improves the surface and general texture of the skin.

If any of the subjects discussed on these pages are the answer to your own problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, London, and enclose a stamped envelope.

Mary Young

An electrical duster with a hundred uses

As for shininess, the people who make the ointment supply a boon of a foundation for those noses which, no matter what you use, never will hold powder.

Dry skins that have been made still drier and rougher by heat-wave suns—even if you never once sun-bathed, the hot air dries you—can be coaxed back to smoothness by an excellent old-fashioned cream. Use it nightly.

Some of the dry-skinned find it is a good all-purpose cream. They cleanse, wipe off, and pat on a thin film to stay on all night. This isn't for every one, though. Normal skins put it on, let it seep through while hot-bathing or getting ready for bed, then wipe off.

Sun-tan fading. For the in-between period when sun-tan goes greeny-yellow, a famous beautician makes a lotion and cream which contain mild bleaching as well as softening and beautifying ingredients. Using it, you will very soon get back to lily whiteness.

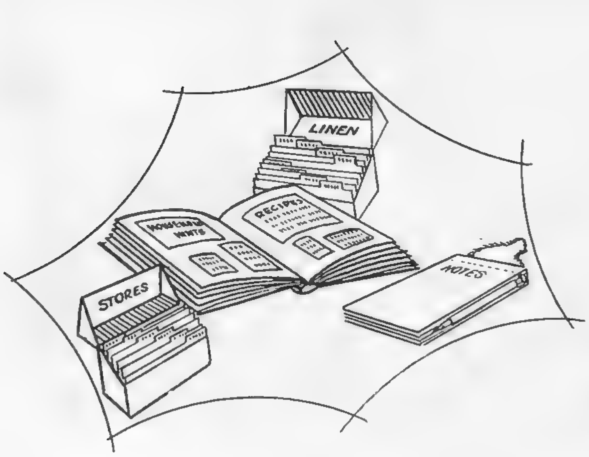
Eyes. From the same house comes a glorious lotion that soothes and cleanses your eyes when they are tired, or pink-rimmed after the wind. And a really wonderful nourishing cream to feed the delicate skin around the eyes and eyelids, and gradually melt away lines, wrinkles, and crepey-ness.

A good all-purpose cream for some dry skins

LET me introduce you to an electrical duster, which has about a hundred uses.

It is a baby vacuum cleaner, small, light, easy to use with one hand. You run it lightly over everything in the room—furniture, upholstery, bookshelves, curtains, pictures, walls, stair carpets (it's too small for large carpet surfaces).

And when you have freshened up your furniture as it is never freshened except when new curtains are hung, and loose covers are back from the cleaners, you can take it out into the garage and run it over the car upholstery, and in all those little cubby holes that get so dirtied up with goodness knows what.



This is *the* Way *to* Banish House Drudgery

THERE need be no drudgery in running a house to-day.

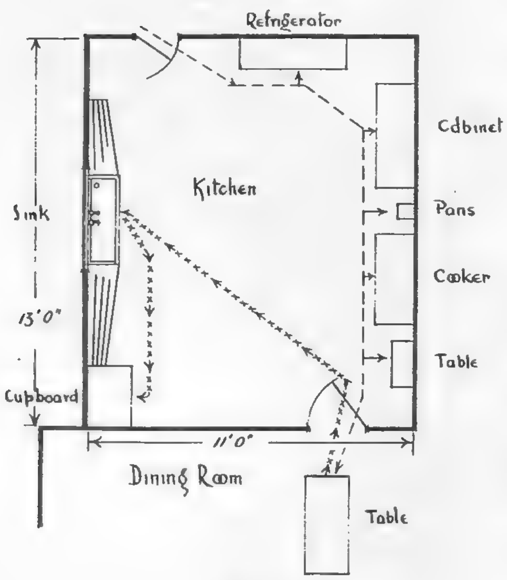
By making an effective plan of the routine of daily, weekly and even monthly duties, the home is made more comfortable, and the housewife is able to have time to herself.

Whether you have servants or do all the work yourself, the same principle applies. Use method, timing, and intelligent planning.

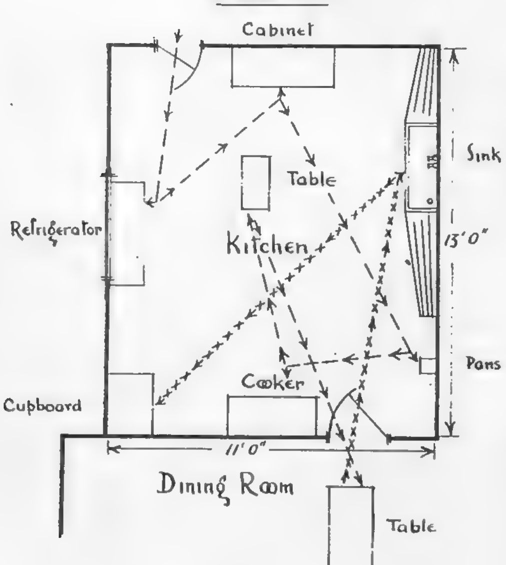
In considering housework, the daily duties are always with us. These are: 1. The planning, preparing and cooking of meals. 2. The laying, clearing and washing-up of meals. 3. Beds and bedrooms. 4. Daily care of the living rooms.

The kitchen is the nerve centre of the house, and if this is not well planned, the work of the housewife is increased out of all proportion to the result obtained. A glance at the two plans at the left will give an idea of the aim in planning.

A Good Plan



A Bad Plan



The line of dashes shows the direct route in preparing meals. The other line shows the direct route in clearing up after meals.

The good plan, by progressive arrangement of equipment, limits the steps in preparing food and avoids recrossing the floor. This may not sound important. But it is. The busy housewife would be surprised if she knew the mileage she covers each day.

If your kitchen is already planned, it may not be possible to effect a complete transformation, but gas and electric stoves and sometimes sinks may be moved, and the kitchen made more workable.

In this well-arranged small kitchen one whole wall is given to flush-to-the-wall cupboards, housing all china, cutlery, stores, cooking utensils. Facing the table and stove (out of the picture) is cleaning cupboard, sink, refrigerator. Note the extra light over the stove

In general, see that shelves are never lower than 1 foot, nor higher than 6 feet.

See that good lighting is available for stove, table, sink and cupboards.

You can waste much time and irritation by working in a bad light or in your own light.

Walls should be impervious to steam, light in colour and easily cleaned. The floor should be comfortable for standing on and easily kept clean.

The height of the tables, stove, sinks, etc., is a question manufacturers and workmen seldom consider.

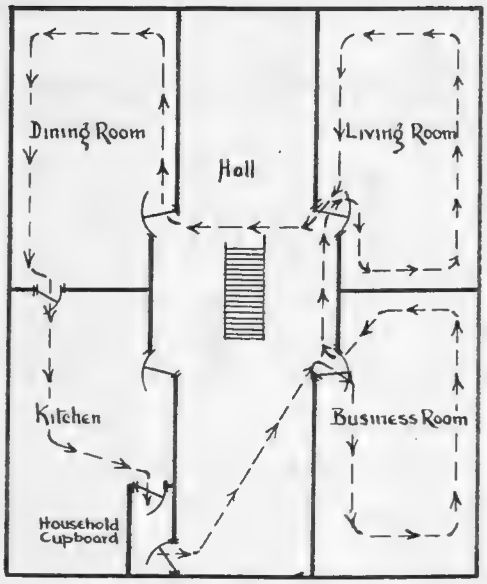
The table should be firm and of a height that does not encourage stooping, a stool or chair used whenever possible.

Sinks should not be too deep—a very common fault, and ovens should be on eye-level, if possible. Electrical and gas-driven appliances make effective servants when properly used. Even the hated job of removing ashes may be performed by a special container attached to the invaluable vacuum cleaner.

See that the apparatus for preparing the meals is grouped in progressive order. The refrigerator or larder, the cabinet, the stove and the serving-table, should follow in line to the dining-room door.

When the meal is finished the dirty dishes are piled on to a trolley table and wheeled right up to the sink, scraped into a refuse pail (covered) at sink.

Careful *planning*, timing, well-arranged equipment, a work circuit, *make* a comfortable, well-run home, *and* give *the housewife* time *to* spare.



The worker here collects everything required and works right round all the rooms, returning to the kitchen at the end with all the rubbish collected

Dish washing is a necessary evil, and as dish washers are expensive and sometimes not all that is required, rubber tubing to fit both the taps, with a strong spray attachment, will be found very satisfactory. If the water is really hot and the dishes well scraped beforehand, the dishes should then dry in a rack at the right-hand side. If given a slight polish before laying away, they should be spotless.

The silver placed in a wire basket to fit the basin, may be quickly plunged up and down in soapy water and then in clear, very hot water, and quickly dried.

The refuse in the pail should be kept dry and the contents burnt. Try lining the pail with those large brown paper bags that the grocer gives away so lavishly.

When filled, it is easily removed and burnt, and the pail, given frequent scaldings with boiling soda water or chloride of lime, keeps fresh.

Do not buy utensils in haphazard fashion.

Consider the size of the family and buy your pans accordingly. *All* of one kind looks so much better. Buy the best that can be afforded. Remember that pans with small side handles fit into the oven, and so the cooking of a whole meal may be done in the oven, especially if you have one of the new two-zone heating ovens with thermostat control, where the top is hot and the bottom slow.

Arrange all appliances near where they will be used, pan rack beside stove, dish cloths, mops and towels beside sink. A small rack for knives and spoons over the table is handier than a drawer.

Do not buy useless gadgets.

For the daily cleaning of rooms, map out a work circuit so that you progress right round the house from your starting point—the brush and household cupboard and finish up in the kitchen to burn refuse.

See that brushes and brooms are of the right height, and that you have the requisite kind for the jobs in hand. But again avoid buying all odd kinds. Remember that dust pans may be obtained with long handles to avoid bending.

Duty Plan for a Small Flat

MONDAY.—*Daily Duties. Prepare Laundry. Home Wash. Special clean of kitchen, refrigerator or larder.*

TUESDAY.—*Daily Duties. Pressing. Airing. Special clean of sitting-room.*

WEDNESDAY.—*Daily Duties. Special clean of dining-room and hall.*

THURSDAY.—*Daily Duties. Special clean of bedroom and bathroom.*

FRIDAY.—*Daily Duties. Clean all silver, brasses, vases, etc. Special fortnightly or monthly duty (lining cupboards, shaking clothes in wardrobes, etc.).*

SATURDAY.—*Daily Duties. Put away laundry.*

SUNDAY.—*Daily Duties.*

If you clean your rooms in haphazard order, frequently retracing steps to kitchen or cupboard for articles forgotten, you are going to waste a lot of time and energy.

As well as the daily duties, some special duty should be tackled each day, such as cleaning silver, windows, weekly big clean of various rooms, larder, refrigerator, lining out drawers.

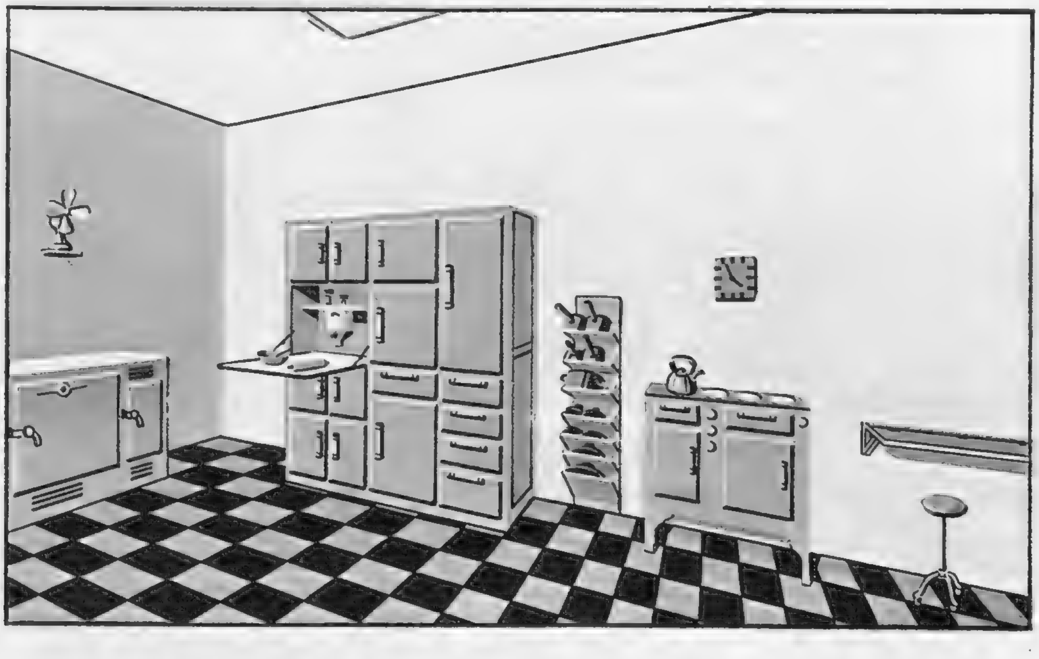
No two households can be planned alike, and it may take you some time and adjustment to find the perfect plan, but when found, write it out and hang it up on your cupboard door for reference.

Certain specialised duties should be allotted to certain seasons or months, such as the overhaul of bed and table linen, say the month before the white sales. Winter clothing and hangings overhauled before required. Time kept in hand for bottling and jam-making, or the other hundred-and-one jobs, which, if not planned for, descend suddenly and almost annihilates us.

Why not have a written plan of household work, a pad and pencil on the cupboard door, a scrap book of cuttings of useful household hints and recipes, a card index of linen and stores, giving date of purchase, price, and source and renewal? . . . It all tends to save overtaxing the memory. If these things are collected in one place, you have an immediate source of information whenever it is required.

A good and simple system of household account keeping is an essential to efficient management.

Keep all invoices with goods on a file in a cabinet and check all goods by it. E.C.

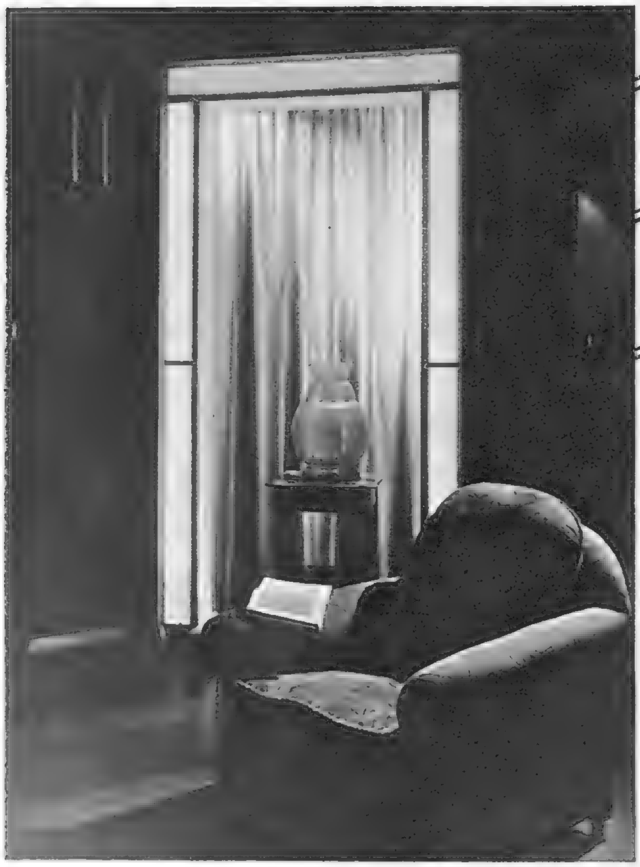


Even if you cannot effect a complete transformation of your kitchen, you can possibly change about the position of stove, refrigerator, cabinet, to fit into a logical working scheme. And always keep the centre of the floor clear

Architectural Lamps *for* *the* Home

A New Decorative Element in Lighting has arrived

By R. M. Lester



Above:

BOOK shelves lit by tubular lamps concealed behind the arch

Left:

A luminous doorway and colour lighting on a dull gold curtain

THE new architectural lamps, which are incorporated into the actual construction of a building, provide the householder with a fascinating and easily applied method of interior decoration.

These lamps can be installed to form continuous lines of light of indefinite length, in almost any shape, and, where desired, in varying colours.

They are eminently suitable for many domestic fittings, such as mirrors, bookshelves, window pelmets, even beneath the treads of the staircase.

They can be also used for emphasising such architectural features as door architraves and balconies.

If you want still more novelty, you can achieve decorative floral motives and other attractive designs with these architectural lamps.

The greatest technique is required to produce this new decorative element in lighting, but architects have not sacrificed the practical function for the æsthetic.

In fact, this type of lighting gives a better diffusion of light, a complete absence of glare, and a greater elimination of fire risk.

There are various methods of architectural lighting. The style known as "lay lights" is being used extensively.

The most effective method is lighting through obscured glass sky-lights. But it is essential that such skylights are designed with the light source placed so that the whole area of the glass is of uniform brightness.

The latest idea is to introduce glass of different textures into the construction of the panel, which gives most attractive results.

If, instead of projecting the light directly through the skylight, it is thrown on to a reflecting surface above, and then redirected down through the glass, a still greater uniformity of brightness may be obtained.

In many modern houses wall-panel lighting adds materially to the decorative scheme. Panels may be incorporated in the frieze, throwing the light on to the ceiling, and thus illuminating the room indirectly. Or decorative luminous panels may be built into the walls, only slightly increasing the illumination, but adding largely to the decorative effect.

False windows are often introduced as part of the architectural scheme. In such cases interesting results may be obtained by a form of coloured panel-lighting. A flame-sprayed lamp gives the window the appearance of a sunset glow.

Another very successful form of indirect lighting is cornice illumination, but this requires very careful treatment. The cornice must be sufficiently far down from the ceiling-level to prevent the ceiling itself being thrown into shadow. It is essential to have a very efficient reflecting equipment in conjunction with a large number of small lamps.

The type of reflector must depend on the relation between the width of the room and the height of the ceiling.

Very novel effects are given by luminous columns and beams, but their suitability is largely dependent on the nature of the interior. The lighting would be too ornate in this style for small houses.

Luminous lintels and jambs of doorways are other modern lighting ideas, and these may be applied either to the existing surfaces, or built into the fabric during construction.

All these new developments in lighting demand the greatest technique from both the architect and the engineer.

Therefore it is essential that the householder should decide on any special lighting construction at the outset, before the plans of the house are too fully advanced.

GAME is in Season

How to Hang, Buy, Prepare, Cook and Serve it

THE game season began with the king of game birds, grouse, on August 12, and we eat grouse until December 18. In the meantime there are partridges, pheasants, blackcock, wild duck, ptarmigan and other delicacies to vary our autumn and winter menus.

The following table shows when the various birds are in season :—

June–September: Venison and Buck.
October – December : Venison and Doe.
August 1 *– March* 1 *:* Hares.
August 12 *– December* 18 *:* Grouse.
August–March : Wild Duck, Snipe, Woodcock, Plovers.
September 1 *– February* 1 *:* Partridge.
October 1*–February* 1 . Pheasant.
October – December : Blackcock.
December – August : Ptarmigan.

In buying birds feathered, see that they are well shot—that is, breast uninjured, pinions tender, beak snapping easily. Plucked, the breast should be plump and the breastbone pliable. The hen is considered more tender than the cock.

All unplucked and uncleaned birds are improved by hanging in an airy place, the feet tied together. A small piece of charcoal in the beak helps to prevent odours.

The hanging causes chemical changes in the fibres, making the flesh more tender and developing flavour in the juices.

Birds are now less frequently served " high " than in our grandmothers' day. To the few who prefer their birds in this condition, hang until the breast plumage pulls out readily and the blood begins to drip from the beak.

The birds are hung unplucked and uncleaned.

When game is bought at a shop it will usually be hung ready for cooking. In hanging game certain points must be considered :—

(1) The larder must be dry and airy.
(2) Badly shot birds should not be hung.
(3) Old birds require to hang longer than young ones.
(4) Ascertain date when shot if possible.
(5) Consider taste of consumer.

Grouse and Partridge : Four to six days in clear, cold weather, two to three days if close and muggy.

Pheasant : Five to seven days will develop a finer flavour in the bird, but two to three days is enough if hanging conditions are not suitable.

Snipe, Woodcock, Plovers, etc. : One to two days.

Wild Duck and oily birds : Not more than one to two days, as they develop a strong flavour ; best cooked fresh.

Hares : May hang unpaunched three to four days.

Venison : Seven to eight days, lightly dusted with ginger and pepper and hung in muslin bags.

All game birds are prepared in the same way.

To Prepare

Pluck, starting at the wings and removing all " picks " ; singe over a small methylated spirit lamp or with a taper. Cut off the head and slit the skin of the neck down the back to the base of neck. Cut off the neck and remove crop and windpipe.

Put two fingers inside and loosen all the internals. Enlarge the vent opening and loosen from that end ; catch hold of the gizzard and pull out all the intestines. Cut the gizzard open between the two openings and empty out grit bag. Remove gall bladder from the liver.

Wash the giblets and reserve for stock for gravy or, if many birds are being prepared, for soup. Wipe out the inside with a damp cloth. Chop off the claws, scald the legs and remove the skin.

To Truss

Lay bird breast down, fold neck skin on back and hold down with the wings folded back. Turn over and push up the legs to round the breast with the neck of the bird towards you.

Push threaded trussing needle into right-hand wing joint, then through the top of the leg, through the body, out through the top of leg and wing, pull thread out and cross over on the back and tie tightly round the legs and " parson's nose."

Wipe again and wrap a piece of greased paper round the legs to prevent charring. A piece of fat bacon laid on the breast for the first part of cooking keeps bird moist. For grouse, a lump of seasoned butter placed inside keeps the bird juicy. A piece of rump steak gives flavour.

To Roast

For flavour, in front of the fire is best, though this method is seldom used now. A good red fire and a revolving " jack " or a Dutch oven for small birds. Roast the birds steadily, basting well. A few minutes before serving " froth " the breast by dredging with a little flour and basting. This somewhat improves the appearance.

By using a covered roasting tin, the birds are kept moist. Place the birds on a trivet or, for small birds, a slice of toast, put in some butter or good beef dripping, cover and close ventilator ; roast for the given time.

Basting is not necessary, but open the ventilator for about 15 minutes to allow birds to brown. A few minutes before serving, froth the breast by dredging with a little flour and basting. Remove cover and allow to brown. The piece of toast absorbs the juices of the birds and should be served under them.

In an Open Roasting Tin

As above, but baste very frequently to keep birds from being dry when cooked.

Pan Roasting

An excellent way to keep the birds moist ; make a little butter or good dripping smoking hot in a strong unlined iron stew-pan, brown the birds carefully all over, put on lid and cook steadily.

Time-table for Roasting Birds by any Method

Grouse : 35 to 40 minutes.
Pheasant : 30 to 40 minutes.
Partridge : 25 to 30 minutes.
Snipe : 20 minutes.
Woodcock : 20 minutes.

(*Continued on page* 95)

You can make room, attic, even a Good Health equipment and

Have a Sun Room

There is no reason that they should not play in the natural sunlight behind closed, but modern glazed windows. (Courtesy Vita Glass; Photograph by Shaw Wildman)

SUMMER holidays were good. Sunshine, fresh air, sea bathing, all contributed towards making you, and your family, fitter than at any other time of the year. You would be less than human did you not wish that life were one long holiday, not for laziness, but for good health.

Returning home, it is human also to wish that you could bring holiday conditions with you. To a certain extent you can.

For, quite frankly, most of us get about one-third the use and amusement we might out of the equipment of our homes; and so much less than we could from the free services and the free advice available from all sorts of sources.

* * *

Supposing you really could sit down and think the matter out—what are the health possibilities at medium cost in the medium-sized home ?

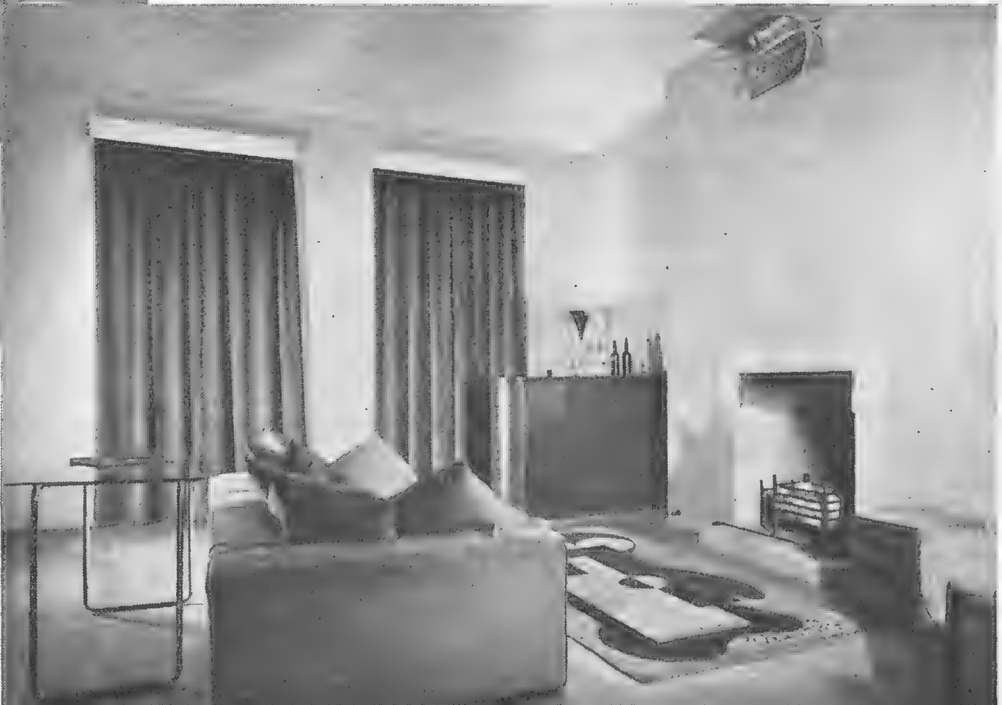
You have probably, as I have, a limited number of rooms in a small house, equipped with gas and also electric light points. You have possibly an unused attic or loft, but, even more certainly than this, you have a bathroom with many possibilities yet unrealised.

You may, of course, be one of those fortunate people taking or converting a new home, or even planning and building a new house ; in which case you have what comes to few of us more than about twice in a lifetime, a completely new start in health equipment.

But first let us explore the more usual case. You are home, feeling rather flat, though all of you look ridiculously well and nice ! *How can you make health-keeping easier—and better fun ?*

Take the bathroom first : it should be the communal health room of the small home. If it has not sufficient space in it, you can equip the bedroom best adapted. And here are some ideas, merely to make you think of possibilities, since every case has its own needs.

A basement, modernised; with an artificial sunlight effect from the camouflage window (Women Decorators)



The "sun tan room" in a famous house; the colouring and the ceiling fire contribute to the illusion (Arundell Clarke)

(Both Joan Woollcombe copyright)

your spare room, bath-
your bedroom, into
Room, with careful
a little ingenuity

T*his* W*inter*

You cannot expect the children nor yourself to take kindly to exercises and Spartan baths in an icy-cold bathroom. You have also been warned about the danger of electric heaters and damp hands.

There is a Ferranti fire that fixes on ceiling or on walls, is adjustable and has a fool-proof switch outside the bathroom. (The price is 32s. 6d. for the smallest model running at some 750 watts.)

Then why not continue your beneficial sea-bathing as much as possible? There are several preparations that give you salt-water baths—"Tidman's Sea Salt" among them.

Exercises are best done on some regular method: rather a minimum every day than spasmodic bursts of conscience now and then. A gramophone accompaniment is good, especially for children.

"They looked so brown when we got home . . ." you say of the children. So do not ignore the two possibilities of retaining that tan in varying degrees. First there is synthetic sunlight, produced by a really reliable sunlight lamp.

The General Electric Company produces an excellent bathroom or bedroom lamp of this type that is not a medicinal affair, but just potted sunshine.

A talk with the family doctor, or a careful attention to the instructions, will ensure that you do not use it to excess. The Hanovia Homesun people also produce an excellent lamp. You will find yourself dressing and your husband shaving to the tune of winter sunshine every morning.

Meanwhile do not ignore the chances of using every drop of the beneficial section of the light that enters your home: at present you probably do not get it.

Ordinary glass does not admit the ultra-violet energy which gives sunlight its beneficial value: and Vita Glass does.

No housekeeper worth her salt considers any reform of which she does not know the approximate cost. The cost of admitting sunshine to a new £1,500 house is, I am told, just about £3 14s. 6d.; or if glass of this type is bought by the square foot, it comes to 1s. 3d. a square foot in panes not exceeding 2 square feet. This is exclusive of fitting and so on, but is very moderate if you consider as a first step the equipping of the day nursery and the bathroom.

Do you experience that little shock of pleasure when you enter the bathroom that is engendered by bright, clean efficiency?

If you do not, I would suggest a "face-lift" to walls and ceiling with a really bright, hard-surfaced enamel paint.

My own prescription for my bathroom recently was a "petrifying liquid enamel," first an undercoating and then Pammel number 271 for the walls, with Pammel number 270 for the ceiling. This literally poured sunshine colour in two grades into the room.

The rest of the house—however small—has possibilities. If there is a spare extra room (even if you make this from the attic) you can make it into a winter sun room.

There are your wall fire, your sun lamp, various gadgets for exercise of the indoor type, and sun windows.

The ceiling of the famous sun room I illustrate was blue, the sofas and chairs were sand-coloured, and the whole effect was almost "Lido" in its cheerful sunshine and sea appearance.

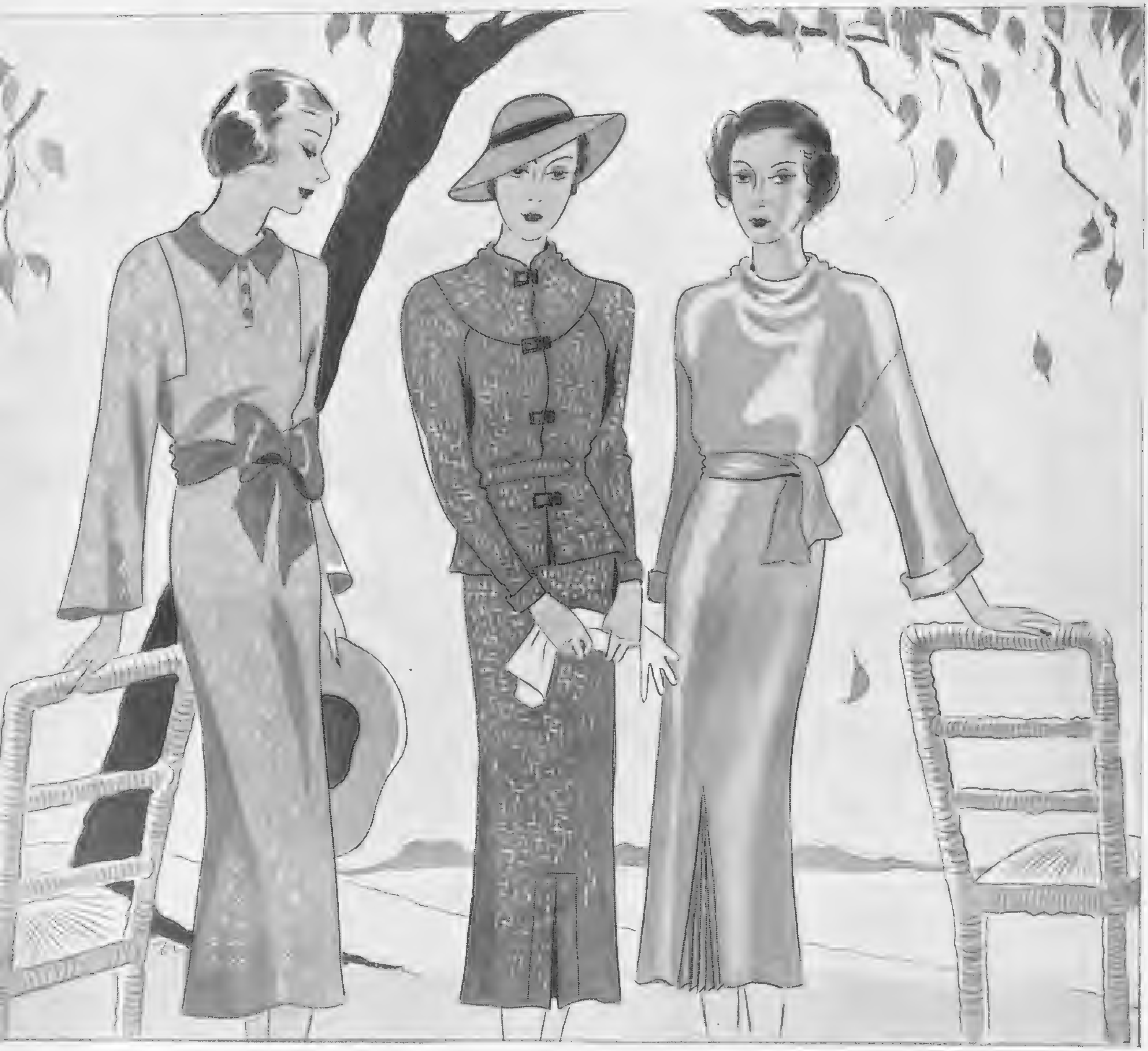
Then we come to those heroic people who are struggling with a difficult, or impossible, basement or flat with an area aspect.

(*Continued on page* 112)

A simple method of solving the problem of a bad outlook is a curtained opaque window with a good light behind it. This window glows pleasantly, whereas it has actually an extremely depressing outlook

Here you see the full possibilities of camouflage outside the basement window with a simple form of floodlighting. There are many backyard views that can be entirely transformed for winter and dark days by colour and light, even if it is only a coat of wall paint and a single floodlight (*Courtesy G.E.C.*)

Make Your New Autumn



500 501 502

THERE is a gracious feeling about this afternoon frock (500). It is made in a delightful new Celanese fabric, a little nubbly, uncrushable, excellent weight for autumn or winter frocks. The taffeta sash, collar, and lining that shows under the wrist, give a dressy air. It takes $4\frac{3}{4}$ yds. and $\frac{7}{8}$ yd. of taffeta. Pattern 1s.

Next (501) is an outfit that looks like a jumper and skirt if worn indoors, a suit outdoors Also in a smart new Celanese fabric, maroon flecked with white (available in other colours). Yoke on the cross so as to get slightly draped high neck. Inverted pleats front and back of the skirt. Material required 5 yds. Pattern 1s. 6d.

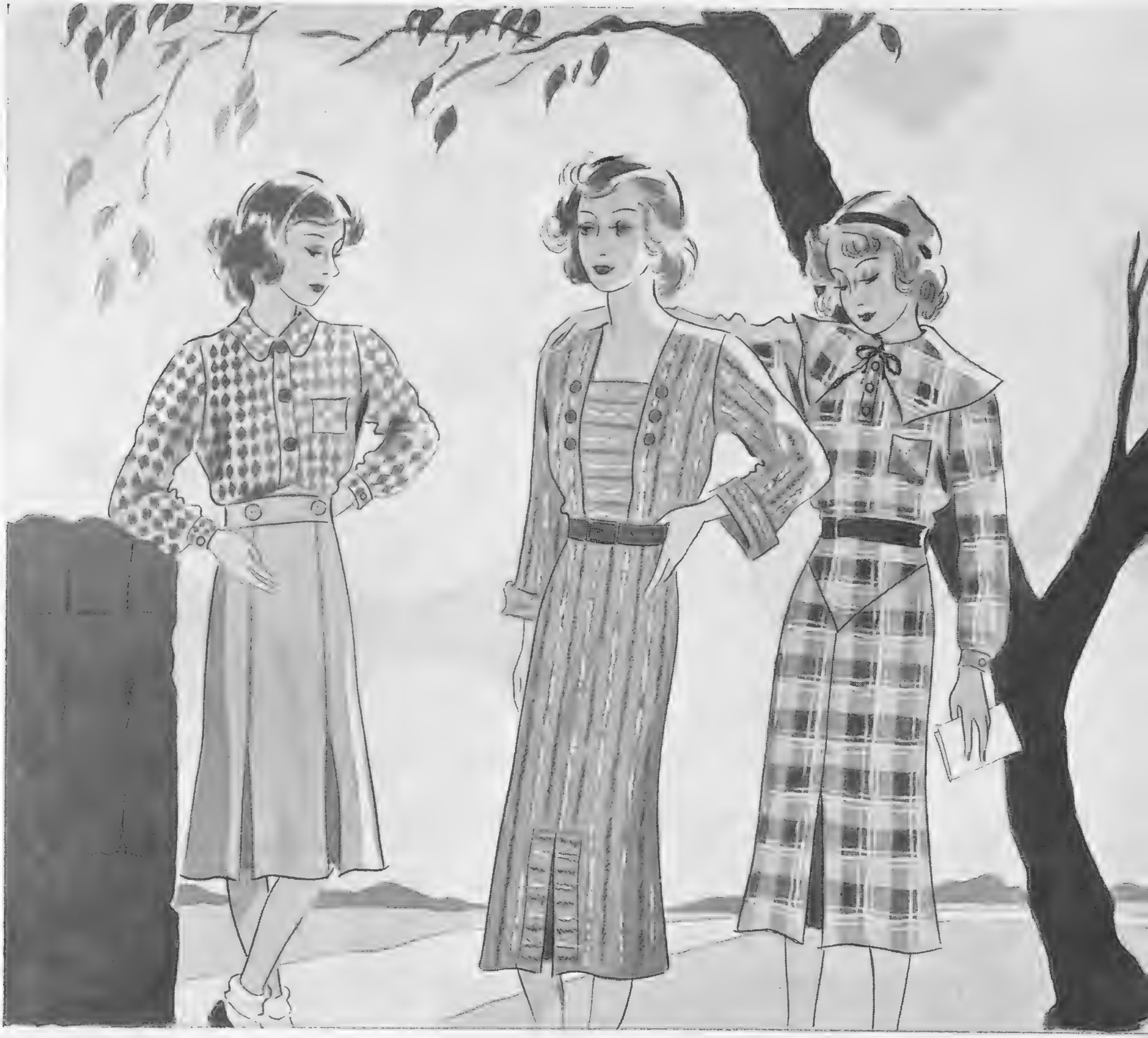
Celanese also makes the lovely satin faille suggested for (502) a simple afternoon frock with a high draped neck and a fan pleat front and back of the skirt. Among other lovely colours it comes in is a glorious deep sea-green. Material required $4\frac{7}{8}$ yds. Pattern 1s.

On the facing page a trio of practical and attractive frocks for the young girl. 503 is a shirt waist blouse, with a four-pleated skirt buttoning to it, front and back. The blouse, in one of the new Viyellas, is scarlet and white check, the skirt plain scarlet Viyella; taking $1\frac{3}{4}$ yds. for blouse and 2 yds. for skirt. (Ten to twelve years.) Pattern 1s.

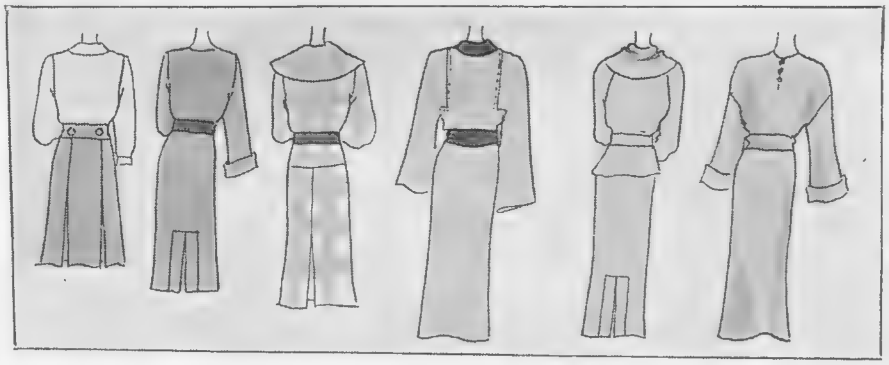
An attractive Viyella in a raised striped design makes the next frock (504) and relies for its effect and smartness on horizontal and vertical use of the stripes. $3\frac{1}{2}$ yds. Pattern 1s.

And last, a large over-check Viyella (505) making a pretty dress with a large pointed collar and pointed yoke to the skirt. $3\frac{1}{2}$ yds. Pattern 1s. (Thirteen years.)

Clothes With Our Patterns



How to Buy. The Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1s. each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1s. each, costumes, 2s. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post.



Something Tasty for Tea

Who cares if there's a nip in the air when there is the comfort of the first autumn fire and interesting sandwiches for tea?

SOON we shall be talking of "evenings drawing in," giving this annual *cliché*—and quite sincerely—all the honours of an entirely fresh and exciting topic.

"It will soon be time to turn on the lights," we will say; and "It's nice to see a fire."

Well, and so it is, all the more so if the first fire coincides with tea-time, for then every English home, whether it is a lordly country house, a cottage parlour, or a London studio flat, never looks so well as it does at five-thirty on an autumn evening.

The light is failing, and you are glad of the warmth of the first fire. There you are all gathered cosily and intimately round the tea-table, contentedly enjoying one of the best cigarettes of the day.

Lady Jekyll puts it this way: "The true spiritual home of the teapot is surely in a softly lighted room, between a deep armchair and a sofa cushioned with Asiatic charm, two cups only, and these of thinnest china, awaiting their fragrant infusion, while the clock points nearer to six than five, and a wood fire flickers sympathetically on the hearth."

I feel more in sympathy with Lady Jekyll's vision of tea-time than with that of our old friend Mrs. Beeton—bless her—who gives us in one of her "works" the following views: "The sandwiches, cakes, etc., provided for an 'At Home' tea, should always include an assortment which may be handled without injury to gloves."

You can laugh, if you like, at Mrs. Beeton and her gloves, but you could surely have learned a great deal had you been present at one of her tea-parties, though I doubt if all of the good things she (*Continued on page 114*)

SHELLEY CHINA, from Hamptons. 22-piece tea service in "Copenhagen" colouring, soft grey and beige graduated stripes on cream ground (stripes inside cup as well). Can be made in most shades to your order

PRINCE'S PLATE silver teapot, cream jug, sugar bowl, from Mappin & Webb

Get the Best out of Your Kitchen

This is a good time to overhaul utensils, replenish store-cupboards and plan weekly autumn menus

By A. H. Adair

MOST people find, on returning from the holidays, that they have not the courage or the desire to take up the daily routine. Instead of settling down again with pleasure among their own possessions and tackling familiar household problems, they waste a lot of time in complaint.

It is probably true that the kitchen and store cupboard are sadly in need of overhauling, but this is only natural, for you probably made do with things for the last few days before going away.

But now is the time to put the kitchen and store cupboard straight, so let us begin.

Is the stove in good working order? It is meant to give a hundred per cent. efficiency, and will do so if you take the trouble to see that nothing is working badly, and that it is really clean.

You should be able to rely absolutely on your stove. Nothing wastes so much time and temper as a temperamental oven.

Now for the utensils. The frying-pans, are, perhaps, a bit rusty, or at any rate things are inclined to catch in them. In the case of iron pans this is easily remedied. Put a little frying oil in the pan, bring it to the boil, and, having thrown the oil away, rub the pan round with salt. Wipe it carefully and keep it greased when not in use.

YORKSHIRE RELISH
CROSSE & BLACKWELL
MOCK TURTLE SOUP
EREBOS SALT
Libby
HEINZ CHICKEN SOUP
COLMAN'S MUSTARD
McDougalls
Skippers

GOOD, useful refills for your store-cupboard

Look over your collection of saucepans and kettles. If there are any holes, however small, have them mended. In the case of enamelled saucepans, see they are not too badly chipped.

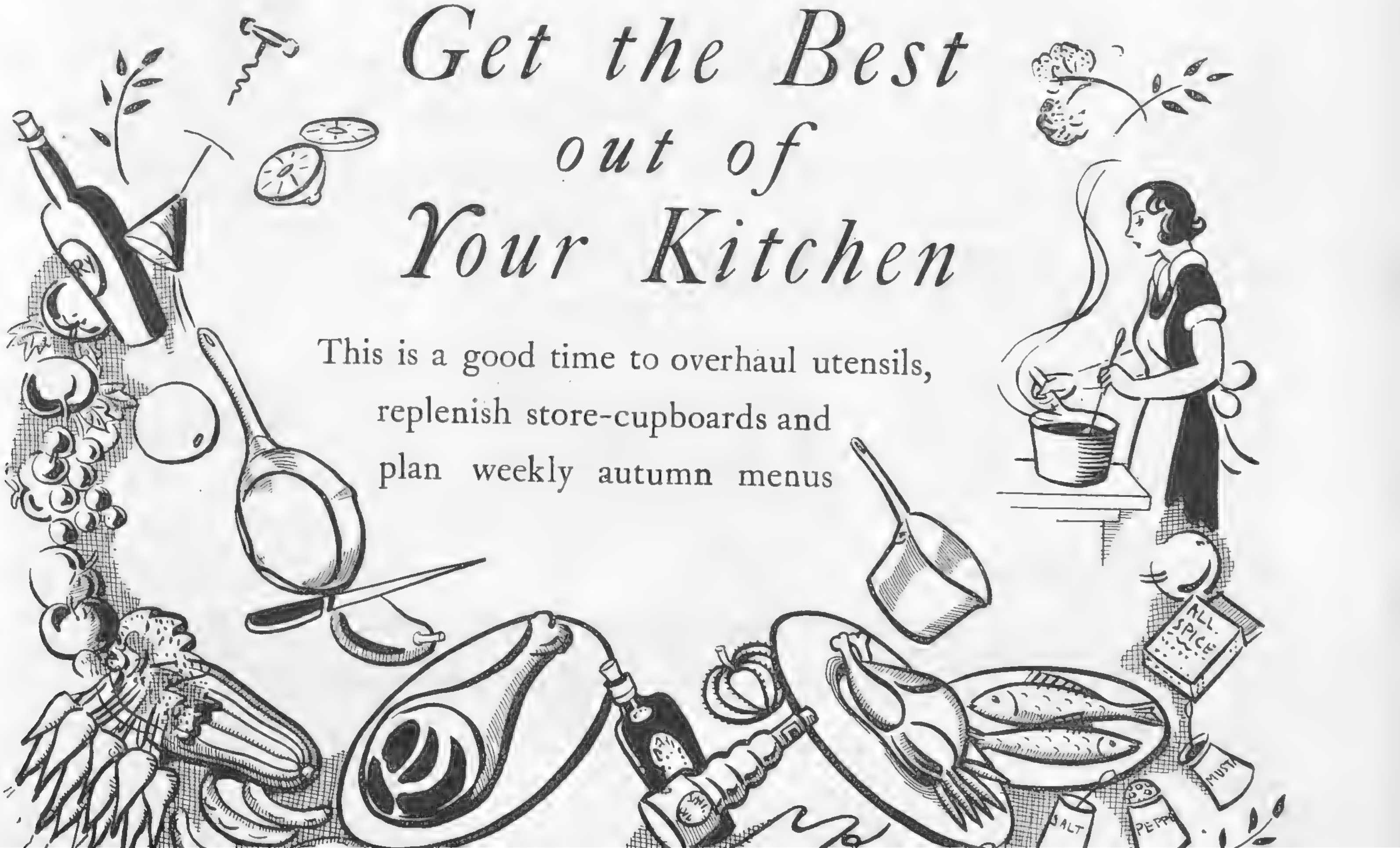
You might even go to the expense of one or two new saucepans. This will give you, more than anything, a fresh interest in your work, and also prevent a last-minute discovery that some particular utensil is quite useless just when you want it in a hurry.

Here is another most important item . . . the kitchen knife. Does it really cut? I am often astonished at the collection of knives in kitchens otherwise most lavishly equipped, and wonder how on earth the cook manages to cut anything with them.

Invest in three really sharp knives—small, medium and large, the last being most useful for chopping—of the pointed black-handled type used by chefs. They really will make your work so much easier for carving or cutting up raw meat and for peeling vegetables.

Now let us take a notebook and pencil and go through the store cupboard to see what is missing.

Salt, pepper, mustard, sugar, rice, flour. (*Continued on page* 114)



A New Feature, drawing your attention to Reputable Advertised Products, to whose merits we are glad to give Editorial Endorsement

We Confidently Recommend...

WHETHER you live in a cottage or a castle a constant supply of hot water is a daily necessity, and easy and economical water heating is of primary importance in every household.

Where floor space is valuable there is no more convenient appliance than an "Ascot" multi-point gas water heater for baths, basins and sinks. One heater serves the whole house.

A small modern kitchen equipped with a thermal storage gas heater which supplies hot water throughout the house

It can hang on the wall near the kitchen sink and will give an unlimited supply of hot water as soon as any hot water tap is turned on. The heater works without any attention, the turning off of a tap automatically stopping the main gas supply, leaving only a small pilot jet alight.

The Ascot Gas Water Heater Co. has recently published a most interesting and instructive book called *Gas, the National Fuel*. This publication, profusely illustrated with many beautiful plates, diagrams and plans, has been compiled with the collaboration of many well-known architects. The price is 27s. 6d.

Another type of gas water heater which maintains a constant supply of hot water with a minimum gas consumption is the "Sunhot" thermal storage heater, obtainable in many sizes with a storage capacity of from 12 to 40 gallons.

Water is heated and stored ready for use as required, the gas supply being automatically cut down by the "Regulo," directly the cylinder is full of hot water. This heater will heat water up to 80 gallons a day, and, since the water rises to the top of the cylinder as it heats, small quantities of very hot water for shaving, washing up, and so on, can be drawn before the whole contents of the cylinder are heated.

For central heating and indirect hot water supply, the new Ideal Gas Boiler is entirely satisfactory and will prove a great boon in any household where gas is available.

It has perfect automatic control, which ensures avoidance of overheating and waste.

Once the gas is lit and the thermostat set to the required temperature, there is no need to pay any further heed to the boiler. You can go out for the day and return, confident that your house will be warm and that there will be plenty of hot water for baths and household purposes.

When the water reaches the desired temperature (as set on the thermostat) the supply of gas is automatically cut down to the minimum required for keeping the self-pilot flames alight.

The whole subject of gas heating is, in our view, of such importance that we propose to return to it, and at greater length, in next month's issue.—
EDITOR

A New Sponge

FOR the toilet, for domestic purposes and for industrial purposes, such as general cleaning and motor-car work, the ideal sponge has now made its appearance. It is called "Spontex," is the outcome of years of research and experiment and embodies all the advantages of the natural sea sponge in addition to its own merits.

The latter are manifold. It is entirely free from sand and grit, and so cannot harm the most sensitive skin. It will not go slimy or smell. It is unaffected by soap, grease, petrol and dilute acids, and the price, size and quality remain constant, whereas only an expert can accurately determine the value of a natural sponge.

"Spontex" toilet and domestic sponges range in price from 9d. to 4s., while the industrial type are 3s., 4s. and 5s.

Nature's Way to Beauty

IT is no good lavishing endless care on your complexion and neglecting your system, for the only way to ensure perfect health of the skin is to pay equal attention to both.

The blood stream must be kept pure, otherwise spots and blemishes are sure to make their appearance.

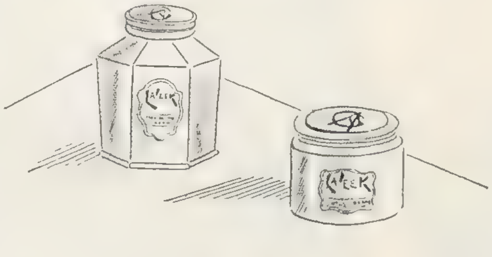
Those who cultivate the L.B.W. habit will find that this delicious beverage, made from the finest pearl barley and the juice of fresh lemons, flushes the kidneys and tones up the system in the most miraculous manner, purifying the blood, and quickly banishing unsightly blemishes.

Taken regularly, it helps natural slimming, and is highly recommended by the medical profession, who find it invaluable in all cases of kidney disorder.

Concentrated L.B.W. is ready for instant use and keeps fresh indefinitely. The price of a large bottle is 1s. 9d.

Complete Hair Treatment

THOSE people who suffer from dandruff and scalp disorders will welcome the appearance of "Foaminol," a four-in-one preparation which embodies all the properties of a stimulating hair tonic, a cleansing, soapless shampoo, a hair restorative and a scurf and dandruff eradicator.



This splendid liquid shampoo contains vegetable oils which correct hair brittleness and banish dandruff and scalp troubles like magic. Being entirely soapless and unaffected by hard water, no special rinse is needed beyond clear water.

In between proper shampoos the hair can be "dry" cleaned by sprinkling a little "Foaminol" on a clean brush and brushing the hair well. This removes oiliness and dust and helps to reset the waves. A bottle containing enough for four shampoos costs 1s. 3d., while a triple size bottle is 3s.

The Perfect Powder Base

WHATEVER the texture or nature of your skin, whether it be normal, dry or greasy, it is absolutely essential to use a good powder base if you wish your powder to adhere satisfactorily and to achieve a smooth matt appearance. This base should also be a protective one to safeguard the complexion from the ravages of wind and sun.

Adelaide Grey's Laleek Protective Cream, specially prepared for greasy skins, has already built up a widespread reputation for itself, one of its greatest advantages being the fact that when the face gets hot the grease does not ooze through, so that when re-powdering over the original base the powder still adheres smoothly and does not assume an unsightly pudding-like appearance.

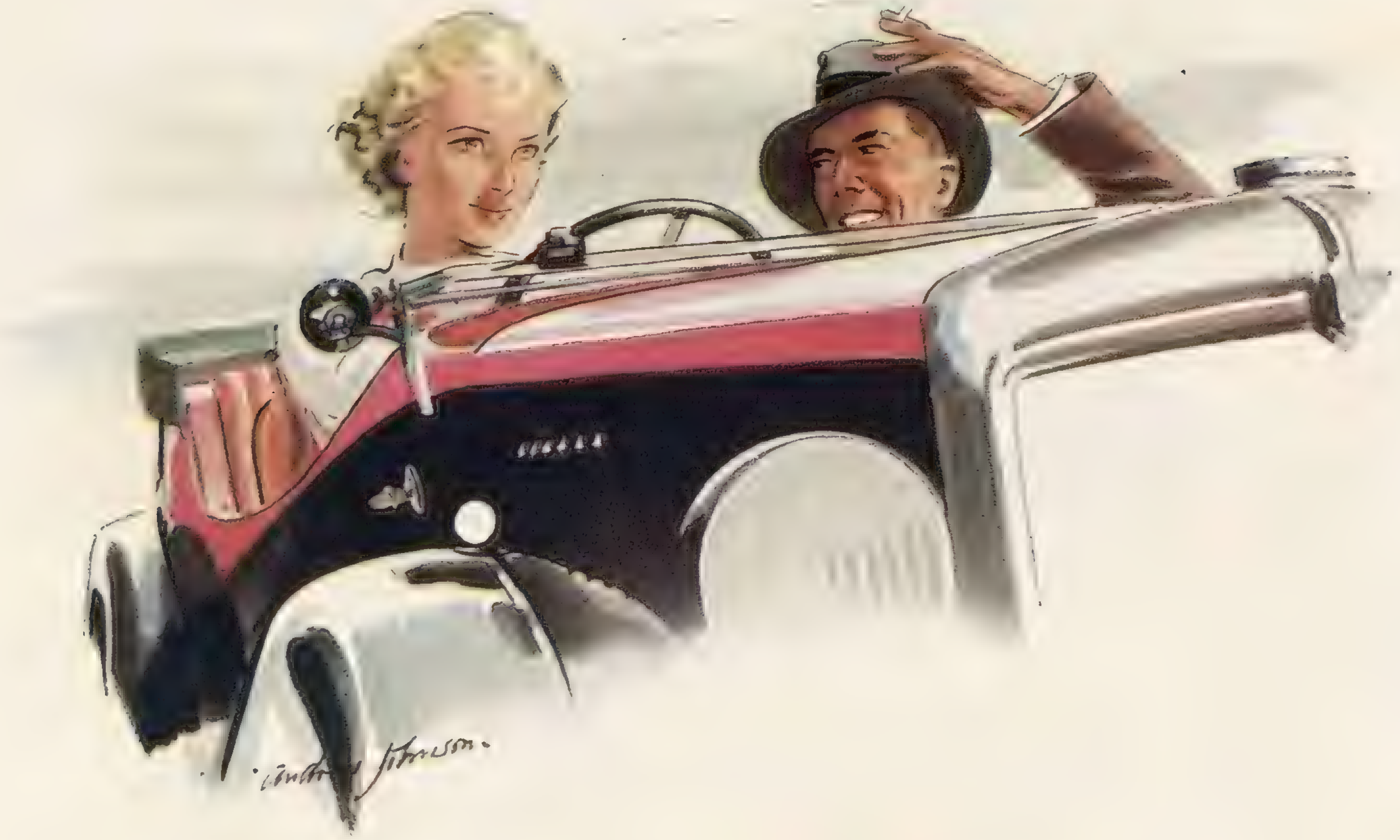
Now for those with dry and normal skins Laleek Lotus Cream has just made its bow and should achieve a similar popularity. Both creams are priced at 2s. 6d. each.

Your Problem?

WRINKLED stockings are always unsightly and dowdy in appearance, and it really is a problem to find some means of keeping them taut without an ugly bulge of suspenders showing through and spoiling the line of one's dress, particularly in the evening when undies and frocks resolve themselves into mere wisps of chiffon or silk.

The Nuvo Snappy Grip suspender is the answer to this problem. It is an absolutely flat sheath in which are two equally flat pieces of rubber which will grip the finest stockings without danger of laddering or tearing them.

A joy to drive with...



THE NEW ESSO PETROLS give you a new thrill in acceleration, more miles per gallon, and better climbing than ever. They are a revelation in anti-knock. Esso Ethyl, for example, gives knockless running in engines of the highest compression, and astonishing top-gear performance in all cars.

ESSO ETHYL . ESSO HIGH TEST . ESSO BENZOL MIXTURE

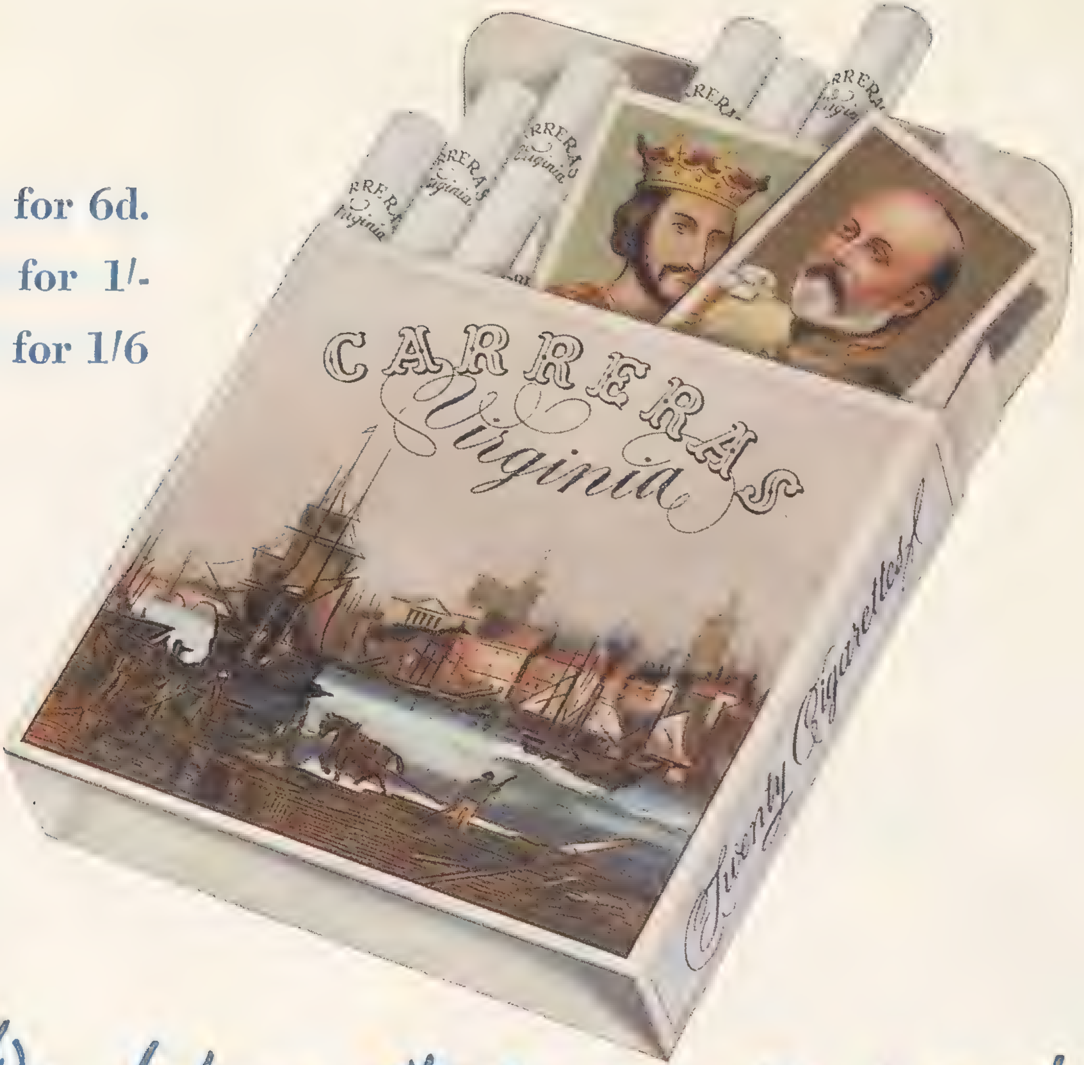
Esso

QUALITY PETROLS

For lubrication use Essolube motor oil

ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL COMPANY, LTD., WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1 *Established 1888*

10 for 6d.
20 for 1/-
30 for 1/6



We believe that our 150 years' experience of tobacco blending has put into Carreras Virginia something a little different that thousands of smokers will welcome You will decide for yourself — when you try them.

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As good as 150 years'
EXPERIENCE can make them

CARRERAS LTD. (*EST. 1788*) LONDON

Reform *in the* Motor Trade

What it will mean to the Private Owner

By The Earl of Cardigan

A DAIMLER car of altogether new type. The "Light Twenty," which has been designed especially as an owner-driver's car, represents an entirely new departure from the manufacturers of the first British motor car

BY the time this article is published we shall already be beginning to think about the Motor Show. (I, at least, shall be thinking of it very hard indeed. The Editor has issued his annual edict, to the effect that we must have a Special Supplement, on a bigger and better and brighter scale than ever—and this, being interpreted, means that I shall have to work at least three times as hard as is either customary or agreeable !)

The Motor Show, however, suggests the idea of buying cars, and in this connection some interesting news is going around. Briefly, the motor trade is going to reform itself. It is going to make a sort of New Year's resolution, putting an end to the price-cutting tactics by which at present one motor salesman attempts to steal customers from another.

Unlike the ordinary sort of New Year's resolution, this one, if once adopted, will be stringently enforced. Manufacturers, I hear, will not hesitate to cut off supplies from any trader who is found guilty of ignoring it.

THE present position of affairs can be best shown by taking a simple example. Mr. A. wishes to buy a car to the value of £300. Mr. A. also wishes to dispose of his old car, which in the open market is worth about £100.

This sounds rather like one of those problems which one used to do at school. How much in actual cash does Mr. A. have to pay ?

The obvious answer is £200—and, in fact, if Mr. A. were to go to a big distributor, where proper showrooms were maintained, with a good stock of cars, a staff of skilled men to demonstrate, and a further staff of trained mechanics to give after-sales service, he would no doubt be charged something like £200.

Here, however, is the snag. The big distributor makes a perfectly legitimate profit of about £40 on such a deal as this. Now, while Mr. A. is turning the project over in his mind, along comes the price-cutting dealer with what appears, at first sight, to be a much better offer. He will sell Mr. A. a new car, take the old one in exchange, and ask for only £170 in cash.

How is this offer made ? In effect, the price-cutter is giving away three-quarters of his legitimate profit. He is deliberately valuing the old car at £30 more than he knows it to be worth. His balance sheet works out as follows. Loss on re-sale of old car = £30. Profit on sale of new car = £40. Therefore net profit on whole transaction = £10.

Of course, making only £10, and in some cases only £5, per car sale, the price-cutting dealer can scarcely afford to maintain any premises at all. He has no stock of cars in hand for the customer to inspect ; he has no staff to assist the customer in his choice, and no service organisation to give assistance after the sale has been concluded. Indeed, once he has made sure of his £10 or £5, he takes no further interest in the matter whatsoever.

Up to date it has been left entirely to Mr. A. to choose the sort of dealer with whom he wishes to do business. He can either pay a fair price to a firm of good standing, and be courteously and helpfully treated, or he can pay a smaller amount to a price-cutting dealer, and put up with the complete lack of service facilities.

FOR the future, it has been decided (or so I understand) that Mr. A. will have to pay a fair price, and to accept for his old car approximately what the old car is worth. There will, I imagine, be a few complaints from members of the motoring public. There will be some who will say, " Why should I pay £200 now, when formerly, by bargaining, I could make the same deal for £170 ? If I wish to do my business ' on the cheap,' by what right am I to be prevented ? "

The answer, I take it, is that the motor trade has at last decided to fall into line with other trades. If I go into a shop to buy a shirt, I have to pay the proper price for that shirt. I may, if I choose, offer some of my old underwear in part exchange ; but I obviously may not, by putting an exorbitant value on the latter, pay less than the fixed, clearly marked price of the former.

THERE is another point to be considered. Has the motor trade genuinely been serving the best interests of the public in allowing, hitherto, cars to be bought and sold " on the cheap " ? There is a great body of opinion, and well-informed opinion, which answers definitely " No ! " A car, after all, is more important than most other purchases. It should be chosen more carefully ; details should perhaps be modified to suit individual taste : the sale itself should not be a transaction ended and completed, but rather the commencement of a vital and valuable association between client and dealer.

There is good sense in this argument. From my own knowledge of the trade, I do not believe that the big dealers will be content merely to sit back and enjoy any increase of business which comes their way as a result of forthcoming regulations. I believe that they will make it their business to be, if anything, more helpful than before. Legitimate competition will remain. The purchaser, as always, will " get his money's worth " ; for he will have to be wooed—not now by cut prices, but by genuine and willing service.

"Wakefield Patent Castrol proved as reliable as an Austin"

H Austin

"10,000 miles in a fortnight under ordinary road conditions, without an engine stop, is an exacting test and one calling for perfect lubrication of all reciprocating parts.

The Austin car which recently successfully completed such a test under R.A.C. observation proved on examination of the engine parts that practically no wear had taken place, and that lubrication had been most efficient and economical throughout the long run; in fact, the Wakefield PATENT Castrol used proved as reliable as an Austin." — *Sir Herbert Austin.*

REDUCES CYLINDER WEAR AND OIL CONSUMPTION

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A New Austin *Achievement*

The 18-h.p. model with Hayes Gearbox

By The Earl of Cardigan

SOMETIMES, as one studies the continual march of mechanical developments, one is inclined to ask, "Where will this end? To what goal is it leading us?"

In a particular sense, motorists might well have raised this query when, a few years ago, manufacturers began their massed attack on the old type of gearbox. All manner of new devices were introduced one after the other, designed finally to eliminate from gear-changing the time-honoured elements of skill and chance.

Myself, I ventured at the time, to prophesy what seemed to me, the only natural ending. This was to be the fully automatic gearbox, infinitely variable, making its own changes of ratio independently of the driver, and calling for no manual control.

The 18 h.p. Austin in Brief

Engine: Six cylinders with side valves; tax £13 10s.
Gearbox: Special Hayes type, giving automatic changes over infinitely variable ratios between 20·4 to 1 (lowest) and 2·9 to 1 (highest).
Performance: Acceleration continuous up to maximum around 70 m.p.h.
Springing: Comfortable, semi-elliptic.
Steering: Fair.
Brakes: Good and powerful.
Coachwork: Exceptionally roomy.
Price: Including Hayes gear, £368.

THE car appears to have a conventional gear lever; but actually this only serves the purpose of engaging the forward or reverse drive. It may thus be likened to the gear lever of a motor-boat.

THE real gear control lever is seen here under the driver's right hand. In ordinary driving it never needs to be touched, provided that it is correctly set in the first instance.

THERE is a really generous amount of space at the back, and the foot-rests are placed (this is very rare!) where they are genuinely restful to the feet. Note the handle by means of which the angle of the back seat may be varied.

To all intents and purposes, this is what the Austin company has now given us. The Hayes gearbox can be controlled by means of a small lever on the steering column; but it can equally well, when this lever has once been set to a convenient position, look after itself entirely. The automatic mechanism is so designed that it can deal with anything, from level main-road conditions to the fiercest test hill, quite independently of human aid.

Moreover, this revolutionary gearbox is highly efficient in its effect upon the car's performance. I do not hesitate to say that the acceleration between 5 and 50 m.p.h. is more rapid, when achieved by the automatic series of gradual gear changes, than it ever could be when dependent on the skill of a human agent, who would manipulate a lever to bring into play the four conventional ratios. Apart from the saving of trouble, there is a distinct gain in the practical results.

With this new Austin (we will assume that engine and transmission have been adequately warmed up) all the driver has to do, when starting from a standstill, is to declutch, move a gear lever (similar in action to that of a motor-boat) into the "forward" position, and let the clutch gently in again. The control on the steering column will previously have been given its ideal setting, two or three points below the position marked "high," and will require no other attention.

Having let in the clutch, the driver simply keeps his foot down on the accelerator. The car moves off in a very low gear. It gains speed, and simultaneously the gear ratio alters to something a little higher. It gathers more speed, and again the gear ratio goes up to an appropriate extent. This process, which is not jerky, but smooth and progressive, continues automatically until the car reaches its highest speed, with the highest practicable gear ratio engaged.

Now let the driver take the car on to a steep hill. A hairpin bend slows him down to, let us say, 15 m.p.h. Instantly the gearbox adopts, of its own accord, a ratio suitable to the new conditions. He may now accelerate again to 30 m.p.h., or, being blocked by traffic, he may drop to a mere 5 m.p.h. It makes no difference: in either case, the gear ratio is automatically altered so that the engine is always ready and able to respond to the accelerator with its full power.

There are many other attributes of the Hayes gear which might be

(*Continued on page 78*)

touched upon, and many technical features of it which deserve to be discussed; but considerations of space have rendered this impossible. All I have attempted (and I hope achieved) is to give a rough, general idea of what it is and how it operates.

Moreover, one must not, in singing the praises of this remarkable new gearbox, overlook the more orthodox, but no less vital, merits of the 18 h.p. Austin as a whole. This is a large car, and a luxurious car, selling at an extremely moderate price. The six-cylinder engine develops ample power with perfect smoothness, giving a maximum speed, in the region of 70 m.p.h., which is certainly in excess of the ordinary owner's requirements.

The springing is very comfortable, and the brakes are good. The steering is definite, but might with advantage be a little lighter, and be given more self-centring action. The driving position is thoroughly comfortable, while leaving an exceptional amount of leg-room for the back-seat passengers.

Indeed, it would be hard to find any car which caters more generously for those who sit behind. Apart from mere spaciousness, there are many luxurious etceteras, such as arm-rests, foot-rests and neatly folding tables. Also the angle of the back seat itself can be varied at will—an excellent scheme which enables a person of any build to enjoy ideal seating.

Altogether, with any sort of a gearbox, this Austin model would be sure of success. Fitted with the Hayes gear, it represents something quite out of the ordinary as regards refinement both of chassis and coachwork.

MISS MARJORIE CHARD and Mr. H. R. Presland in an Eccles Special Road Nymph. Mr. Presland took Miss Chard in his own aeroplane from Hatfield to Birmingham to enable her to obtain quick delivery of her caravan. Her car had been driven previously to the Eccles works so that Miss Chard could start immediately on her caravan holiday

For Blondes and Others

(*Continued from page* 23)

colour that is real maize; and allied with dead white it is extremely becoming, apart from its smartness.

One sports dress that was successful, in my collection, was made of thick maize crepe, with a wide scarf of white. Another combined maize with a very pale powder blue, designed to accentuate the colour of my eyes—that's a mixture any girl with fair hair and blue eyes could use, with safety. It would be good for evening, too, for anyone who likes the full billowy type of trailing frock, in tulle or chiffon. Personally, I detest such dresses; though in my films I am made to wear them. They never find a place among my private clothes, as I know they are utterly opposed to my real type. But many blondes can wear such things successfully.

I find royal blue a good colour, in rich materials, if I want to dash into some definite and rather strident shade, for a change. Pinks I never wear, nor reds; they seem to hit me right in the face. Orange is a very bad colour for a blonde; and green does not happen to appeal to me, though I admit it can look exquisite with fair hair and light eyes, as well as with the night-blue-black hair that goes with a very magnolia-pale skin.

In my house I have used white as much as possible; and my white, black and maize clothes fit the decorations of my rooms very well. A White House for a blonde may sound colourless; but it is nothing of the kind. Introduce notes of gold and black picture frames; put black cording round huge white cushions and tie graceful white curtains, of velvet or satin, with black cords. Then you have a room that is striking, without being bizarre.

In such a room a black dress is absolutely right; so is a white one, as it blends into the general picture and never strikes a note of discord. Haven't you watched a hostess in her own drawing-room, dozens of times, and found yourself wishing that she had not ruined a cleverly thought-out room by wearing a dress that was like a discordant crash of cymbals, out of tune?

If a blonde or brunette chooses white, black and gold as the chief colours in her drawing-room, and dresses mainly in shades of white, black and maize, she cannot go far wrong.

In my own house, I have introduced touches of a rich plum colour, in cushions and curtains, when some strong contrast has been necessary. Here, again, is a colour that is safe for beauty that may be of the dark or fair variety. I am told that in England venetian blinds, once so popular, are not in fashion; that seems a pity, to me, for they find a place in most Californian houses, and the fact that we choose *white* as their colour makes them exceedingly decorative. In the dull green that was their original colour I agree they are depressing; but try them in white—especially for a house in the country—and revel in the difference.

Though I find clothes interesting, I detest that process known

(*Continued on page* 80)

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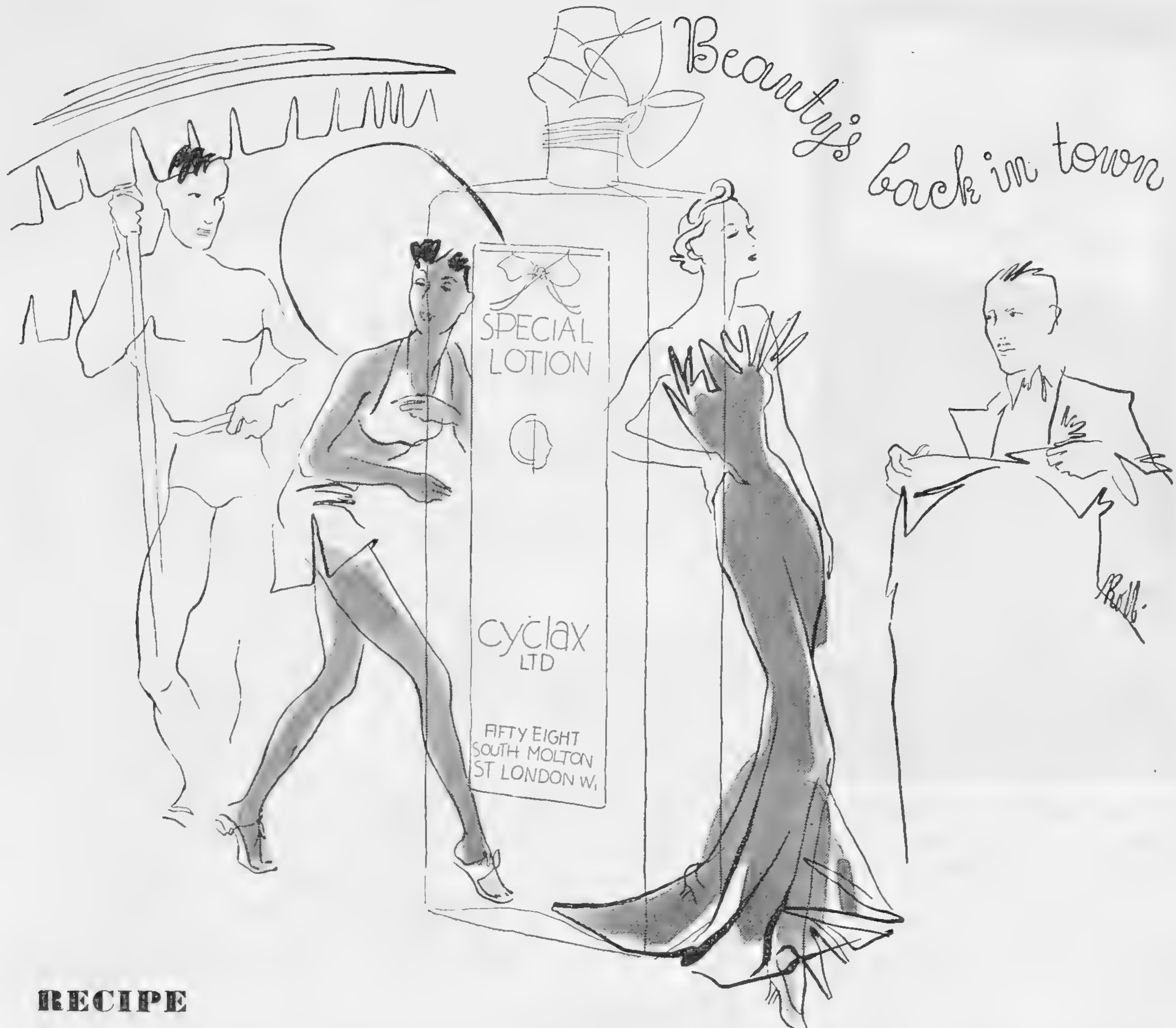

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as *shopping,* which must be endured, apparently, before clothes can be acquired. In avoiding shopping I have been successful, because my mother does it for me. She knows exactly what I like. She can look at a dress and say, "Jean would never wear that!" or can pick out a frock and order it to be sent home to me, confident that I shall adore wearing it. She chooses even my shoes and hats; our heads are the same size, and she knows my taste so well that she has never made a mistake, yet.

European women have often said, in my hearing—and with truth—that the tendency of Americans is to wear clothes that are over-trimmed and fussy. Bows and frills and furbelows abound on many American gowns, I admit; but they have no place in the frocks

I choose and wear in private life. Ever since I left school one fixed idea has been in my mind over clothes: "*Look for a frock with lack of trimming.*" Anybody who selects dresses with a keen eye for their lack of trimming and perfection of line and colour will never be anything but well dressed, even if she has only three or four frocks in a year.

But the girl who goes in for over-trimmed "muddly" clothes will never be well dressed at all, even though she is able to buy frocks by the dozen. Buy streamlined lingerie, aim at simplicity of design and perfection of colouring in your visible garments, and all will be well.

END

Why Not ?

(*Continued from page* 21)

was much too distressed to find words to reply.

"You've said it: 'But, Mr. Smith.' Mr. Smith, unfortunately, is finished." He pulled himself together with difficulty and achieved an almost professional intonation. "Mr. Smith is finished, and Messrs. Bilderbeck, Clutterbuck and Chipperfield are finished and, unfortunately, Mr. Lomax is finished. I have speculated with your money, and several other people's money. And I've lost it."

He drank. Mr. Lomax was incapable of replying.

"I've embezzled your money; do you grasp that fact? And I've embezzled other people's money, too. Don't gasp at me and shiver. It isn't the first time this sort of little tragedy has occurred."

"But you don't realise. You don't know. What am I going to do? Ronnie's going to Eton next half. How can I——?"

"It's just too bad, Mr. Lomax. Excuse me if I have a small drink. Sure you won't join me? You see, I've had bad news this afternoon, too."

He sat down with dignity, stared at Lomax, and a tear crept down his cheek.

"It increases your embarrassment, doesn't it, to see these maudlin tears?" He wiped them away.

Lomax felt he was being laughed at. He got up.

"IF this is a joke, Mr. Smith, I must say I consider it in the worst taste. Upon my soul, I'm driven to believe you are not quite yourself. But whether you are or not, you've made a very serious statement, and if that is to be taken as a fact I—I must go to the police."

He stood uncertainly.

"Sit down," said Mr. Smith. "I said 'Sit down.' I meant it. If I wanted to be arrested I'd have asked the police myself. I'm not going to be arrested, however."

Mr. Lomax sat down. "I suppose you've got some explanation."

"I certainly have." He paused, then went on: "Mr. Lomax, I am forty-five years of age. I intended to be a millionaire at forty-six. I was wrong. I believed that any intelligent man could make himself a millionaire if he had capital to play with. I was wrong. I had the intelligence, but I hadn't the luck."

He broke off.

"Excuse me a moment." He went into the outer office. Lomax could hear him moving about. He returned and carefully shut the door. "It's all right; they've gone. . . .

"I was saying that luck let me down. The unthinkable, the impossible happened, and happened again and again. I lost. I lost my own money. I lost yours. I lost other people's. I laid my hands upon everything that I could. I have kept you and several other people quiet with extra handsome payments—out of their own capital.

"But I realised, some time ago, that the play was over. I regret what has happened, sincerely. I hadn't meant to steal."

"But you stole my money—all I had—and you stole——"

"Now, don't excite yourself, and don't preach. Wait. I'm coming to a proposition. You may not be too much out of pocket, after all. You have been lucky, as it happens."

"Go on," said Lomax, swallowing.

"I decided to change my identity and disappear. I'm a nobody. I'm Mr. Smith; that's all. But I've got brains, and as Mr. Brown, with a little capital, I might have more luck (so I thought).

"I raised that capital—this firm has a good name. I raised ten thousand pounds. I got the money in bearer securities, in small notes, in foreign currencies. The form in which I have it is readily negotiable. I have it all here."

He produced a small leather case.

"I believe you were told I was out this afternoon for some cock-and-bull reason. My excellent staff did not know that I had intended this to be my last day with Bilderbeck, Clutterbuck, Chipperfield and Company. . . .

"Mr. Lomax, you were very lucky in coming to London to-day."

"I don't quite understand."

"No, I don't suppose you do. When a man is escaping from possible pursuit, he must take care not to get ill. I have been very unwell. I went this afternoon to a doctor.

"I'm rather tight, but I think, with your permission, I'll have another small drink. Well"—he drank again—"I've got a heart, I understand, that might last another year if I spent that year lying on my back. Now do you understand why you are lucky? You don't. Well, I'll explain further. A dying man, my dear Lomax, can't run away. I'm a dying man, and I don't propose to die in a prison hospital. I left that doctor and I came back here, intending to leave this money for all my little friends to squabble over. I intended to leave a brief note of apology and regret, and have a drink or two and—er—anticipate matters by a few months."

He took a small bottle out of his pocket and rolled a couple of tablets on to the desk.

"These I'd obtained a fortnight ago—just in case I was caught."

"But you can't mean——"

Mr. Smith was taking the money out of his case. He glanced through it, slipped an elastic band round the bundle and tossed it across the table.

"Take it," he said. "You may as well have it. It represents roughly the capital you have reason to believe I hold for you. You can take it and, if you do, the rest get nothing; that's all."

Mr. Lomax rose to his feet. "Smith!" he gasped, "what are you doing? What are you thinking?—Smith!"

Mr. Smith placed the two tablets in his mouth.

"Don't you worry," he mumbled. He finished his drink.

"Don't make a noise when you go out," he said.

Lomax rushed round the table and seized him. "Don't do it!" he shouted.

Smith began to laugh. "School bills," he chuckled. "School ——" He slumped down into his chair.

(*Continued on page* 82)

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For some minutes Mr. Lomax stood there. Then gingerly he took his hands away from that motionless figure. He looked at them as if he expected to see blood on his fingers. Then he made clumsy efforts to rouse the man. He called his name, shook him once or twice. Again he paused. He put his hand over Smith's heart. He opened his collar.

Mr. Smith was dead.

THERE was a telephone on the desk, but there was also a bundle which represented ten thousand pounds.

The Reverend Stephen Lomax poured himself out a stiff whisky and soda. He drank it. Then he carefully buttoned up that collar again and let the dead man's arms lie naturally across the table. He listened. He paused. He put the money in his pocket, picked up his hat and let himself out.

* * * * *

It was late when he got home. He was tired and hungry. His wife had gone to bed. He ate a few of the sandwiches and drank the coffee she had left him in a thermos flask. Wearily he climbed the stairs.

" Well, dear," said his wife sleepily, " did you get the fifty pounds ? "

" I had it out with Smith," said the Reverend Stephen. " He drinks, I fear. I had to tell him that I proposed to make a change in my business affairs, and—well—in the end he handed me all my money. I took it away with me. I've got it here."

" *All*, Stephen ? "

" Every penny, my dear. Indeed, it represents a distinct profit; but I felt it would be too hazardous to entrust our affairs to him any longer."

" Well, come to bed, and tell me all about it in the morning."

" Ronnie's future is safe, anyway," said Mr. Lomax at large as he turned out the light.

* * * * *

Everyone considered that his agitation at the inquest was very natural. He received a great deal of sympathy over the loss of his money—Mrs. Lomax, of course, said nothing. And Ronnie *did* get a scholarship, to his own father's surprise.

Mr. Lomax is still seeking for a plausible excuse to build a new church room without arousing undesirable gossip.

END

Boo-ed to Fortune

(*Continued from page* 35)

if you go at lunch time, all sorts of actors whose names you know, and all sorts of actors whose names you don't want to know. There are actresses at some of the tables and there are managers and, sprinkled here and there at other tables, you see people who do nothing but stare. They are " the public," people who, because they are not on the stage, enjoy, strange as it may seem, staring at people who are on the stage. So any restaurant which can attract a theatrical crowd—the Pansy had done it at the beginning by asking them to a free meal—can always fill up the other tables with the gaping crowd.

Paddy Ashton gaped. But he was not one of the crowd. He was seated with Wilkie Passover, and on his left I saw Minnie Hisbeen, at whom, every now and then, he darted a furtive glance, not daring to look openly, but waiting until her eyes were turned away. Well, Minnie was a bit long in the tooth, if you knew. But Paddy didn't know that.

Paddy, in that crowd, looked so ordinary that he looked remarkable. I walked over. . .

" Hullo, Wilkie," I said. " Got a new backer ? "

Wilkie looked up suddenly, winking a warning.

" Mr. Paddy Ashton is going into management," he said. " We've got a swell play for him. And Miss Minnie Hisbeen is going to play the lead."

" That'll be fine for somebody," I said.

I had seen Wilkie Passover's backers come and go. There had been a Greek of whom it was said that, during the war, he had made a fortune by inventing a movable lighthouse that he towed about on an indiarubber island around the Aegean Seas, causing wrecks, as Cornishmen did with flares in centuries gone by, and then collecting the salvage. He had come and gone, as had all the others. Soon after his departure, it was whispered he was a waiter in Sofia.

Then there was an Armenian who used to run horses in selling races, after putting as much as £10,000 on one of them, so that it started at odds on, and then getting so excited that, during a race, he would stand near the rails with his eyes covered, shouting, " I can't look ! I can't look ! "

Armenian atrocities are nothing to what Wilkie Passover did to that Armenian. If he lost his shirt on the racecourse, it was Wilkie Passover who stole the stud.

" And now," I thought, looking at Paddy Ashton, " it's your turn. . ."

Hearing his name I, of course, knew all about him, or all there was to know.

" Well, winning the Irish Sweep is one thing, Mr. Ashton," I said, " but backing a play is another. If you win the Sweep you at least get your money. Besides, no one can make a play bad enough for them . . ."

Wilkie Passover tried to drown the end of that in the loud laughter to which he gave vent. Wilkie could laugh anything off—even a success. But I noticed that the other man suddenly looked a little certain about something. . .

" Well, fools and their money," I quoted from the wisdom of all history, as I walked away. " It's no good advising them."

I left the Pansy Restaurant wondering what would be the end of that adventure—no, not wondering, quite certain.

But I did not know my Paddy Ashton. They make people differently up North, it seems. Paddy Ashton soon proved that he had a mind of his own.

Those of you who do not know the Wilkie Passovers of the world cannot guess at the means by which he had lived luxuriously for years. Sometimes he found a play and then found a mug. Sometimes he found the mug first. Anyway, without the mug, the play was no good. Then he put himself down for £200 a week as producer. He also put himself down at £100 a week as the manager. Then, during rehearsals, discovering that the play wanted altering, he would, for another £100 a week, become part author and " alter " it.

He got a commission on the scenery. He got a rake-off on the dresses. And, as an agent, he drew ten per cent. commission on all the salaries paid. So, whether the play made money or lost money, he was certain to make £400 a week while it ran, besides the graft that he collected incidentally. The longer it ran, the more he made. Usually, the longer it ran, the more his backer lost. But Wilkie made it, whatever happened.

Paddy Ashton soon began behaving as the prize mug. When I looked in at the theatre once he was talking about " the dress reversal."

" ' Dress rehearsal,' you mean," I said.

But he still said " dress reversal."

" We shall get a good Press deception," he remarked.

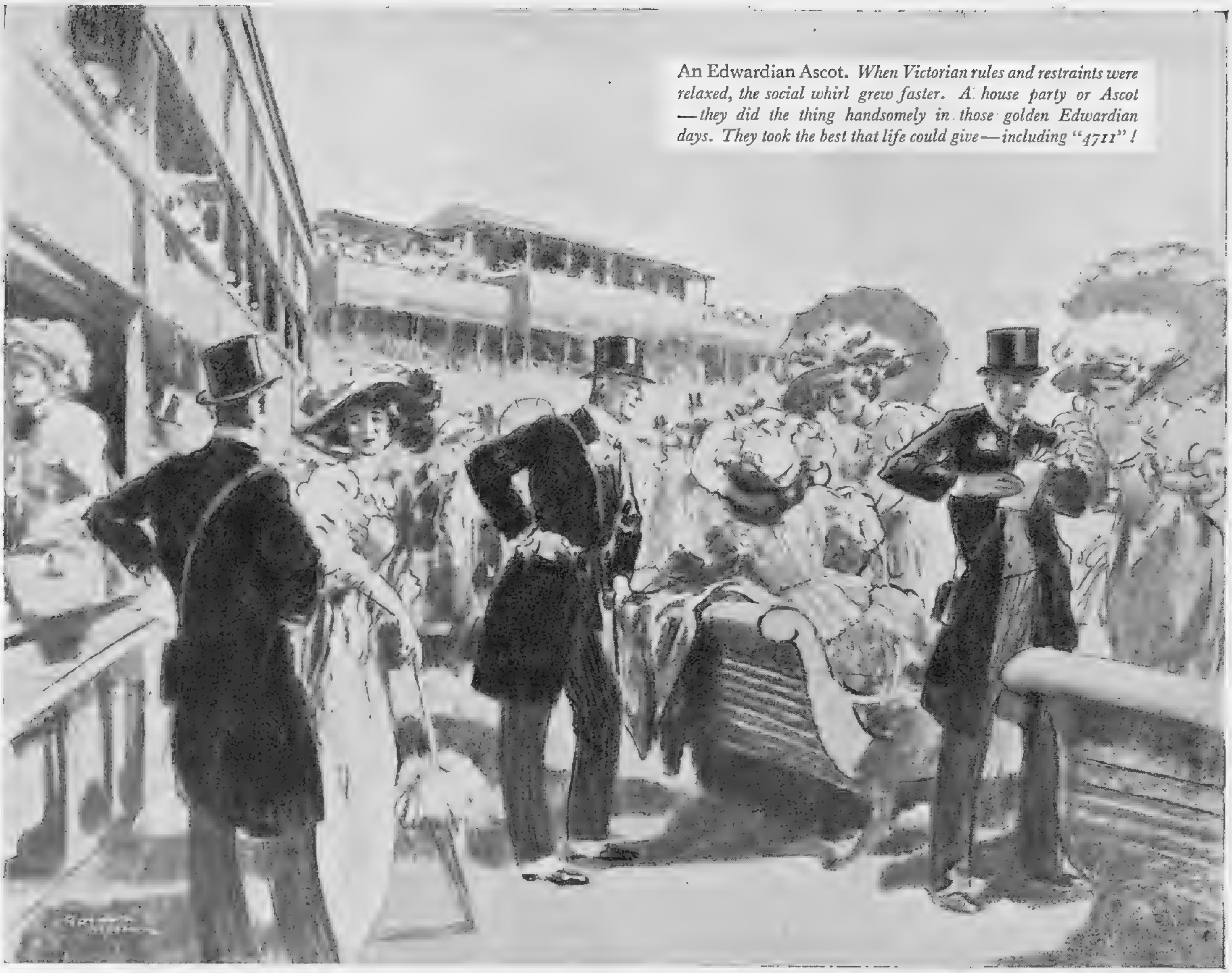
" ' Press reception,' you mean," I said.

Not even that correction seemed to worry him.

Meanwhile, there was a company gathered on the stage doing nothing, waiting for Wilkie Passover to begin.

" I want your advice," Paddy Ashton said to me. " Mr. Passover told me he had got a play that was a certain success. And now he wants to alter it. Now, if a play is sure to be a success, why should it be altered ? "

" You mustn't ask me," I said. " I shall come along and express my opinion on the first night. But, (*Continued on page* 84)



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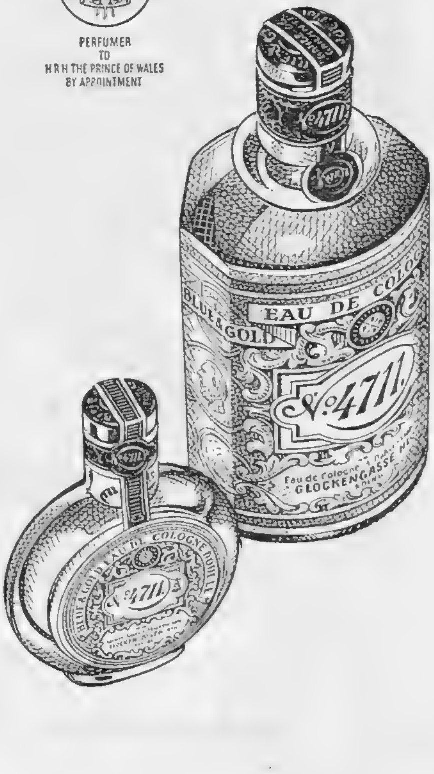

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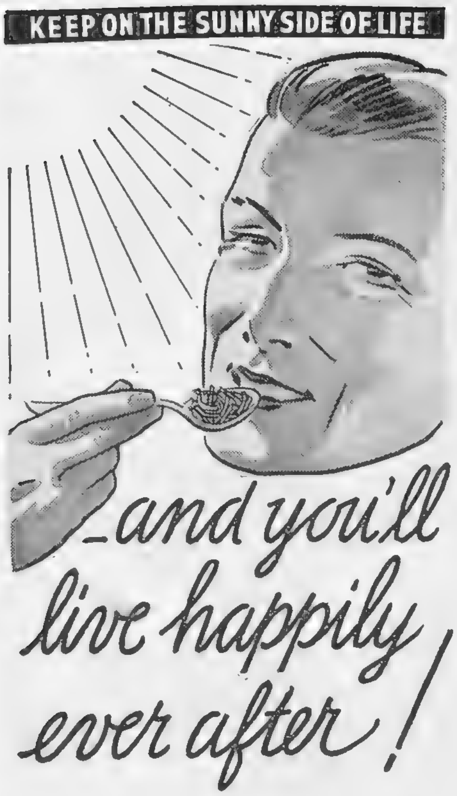
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if you ask me, the worse it is the more they like it."

"Well, I come from the North," said Paddy Ashton, "and up there we don't understand why a success should be altered. If it's a success, that's good enough, isn't it?"

"But, don't you see, Mr. Ashton," put in Wilkie Passover, "if we can strengthen the second act, which I think I can do . . ."

He didn't get any further.

"Now this is my show," said Ashton. "I've put the money up, and you've got a success. If it's going to be a success, it's going to be a success. I don't see why we should muck about with it." Passover shouted, but in vain. Paddy seemed to win. The rehearsal began.

Then, one day, Paddy Ashton came to see me. He had spent £17,000, he said. He could buy Passover out for £5,000. Then all the show would be his, free of everything. What should he do?

I advised him to stop the whole thing and get out.

"Go back to Barwen," I said. "You're better off there."

"No, I'm going to see this through," he replied. "But, I'm going to watch the money."

Then news went round Theatreland that the Hilarity was in for a prize flop. The public seldom hears a word. But, around Charing Cross Road, and the Strand, the whispers often go round. . . .

Well, the next time I saw Paddy Ashton, he was in the box office! It was the first night. A crowd was pouring into the Hilarity Theatre. People were standing about in evening dress.

There was the usual air of subdued excitement about the place. And there in the box office, in evening dress that did not seem to fit, stood Paddy Ashton.

"Aren't you coming in to see the show?" I said.

"No," he replied. "I stay where the money is. I like counting money."

"Come in and see it," I pressed. "After all, it's your show."

"No," replied Paddy Ashton. "I like counting the money. Besides, I'm going to take the money home."

Now you cannot imagine what "Silk Legs" was like. Halfway through the second act, the gallery started laughing. No, it was not the laughter of enjoyment. It was the laughter of derision. Everything went wrong. The music was so banal that, ten years before, it might have been a glorious success. The leading lady was so dreadful . . . the comedians were so dull . . . it was all so abysmally dire.

In fact, for the last hour, the gallery mocked and derided.

I opened the newspapers, the next morning, to see in the headings, "Disgraceful Scene at the Hilarity." "Gallery's Unruly Conduct." "Gallery Hooligans Misbehave Again." There were all sorts of lines like that. Bad behaviour in the stalls is usually tolerated by the critics. If the gallery rises and says just what it means—well, the poor gallery gets it in the neck.

"That show will be off on Saturday night," I said, and thought no more about it.

In the evening papers there were more attacks on the gallery, references to the "unfortunate artists," phrases like "unseemly behaviour."

"So that's the end of Mr. Paddy Ashton," I reflected. "I wonder how much that adventure will cost him."

Then, in a day or two, I went abroad somewhere. I toured the Continent for a month or so, immersed in foreign politics. I was busy with interviews. London seemed far away, for a month at least.

And then I returned, to find, outside the Hilarity Theatre, the largest queue I had ever seen. And, while it waited there, the queue was booing!

On the walls I read, in large type, "Come and Boo Our Play! Prize for the Loudest Boo."

I looked in at the door and there, in the box office, was Paddy Ashton!

"What on earth is going on, Mr. Ashton?" I asked.

"My boy, we've struck a winner," he said. "Would you believe it? They even boo me now, when they come to pay their money. I sit in this box office, all day, raking it in. And I come in at night, in evening dress, and take money until the curtain goes up. And I take it home every night. Look in and see it later on. You'll love it."

I looked in, that evening, half an hour after the curtain had gone up. Even before I got inside the door, I could hear the loudest boos I have ever heard. The whole house was standing up, booing everything.

"We've won to-night," said somebody.

"What does he mean?" I asked an attendant.

"Oh, he's the captain of North London," she said. "They are holding the North of London *v.* South of London contest to-night, seeing who can boo the loudest. There's a prize to-morrow for the noisiest London borough. We're starting excursion trains next week."

Yes, inside were 2,000 people, all standing up on their seats and booing like mad! On the stage, moving like automata, was the company. Apparently it was singing. But you could not hear a note. Now and then, obviously, the comedian said something supposed to be funny. But you could not hear a word. It was all drowned in one long boo.

I went outside. There, in the box office, was Paddy Ashton, counting up the takings.

"I knew we should have a success," he said. "When that manager wanted to alter it, I knew he was wrong. Why, we shall run for years! We've got a Birmingham *v.* Manchester contest next week. That's Thursday. Leeds and Sheffield come up to compete for the Yorkshire prize on Friday. There's no end to this show."

And, when he had told me, he gave vent to a loud boo!

"I owe it all to you," he said. "You know, you said something about it never being bad enough for them. So, when they all jeered on the first night, I knew we'd got something.

"On the second night, I told the staff to boo. That really started it.

"People like booing. They love it.

"Now, if business flops, I shall tell the company to start booing back."

Well, I give up Show Business. Wilkie Passover sold out his interest in "Silk Legs" for £1,000. And, if he had only known, it was so bad that it was his only winner.

END

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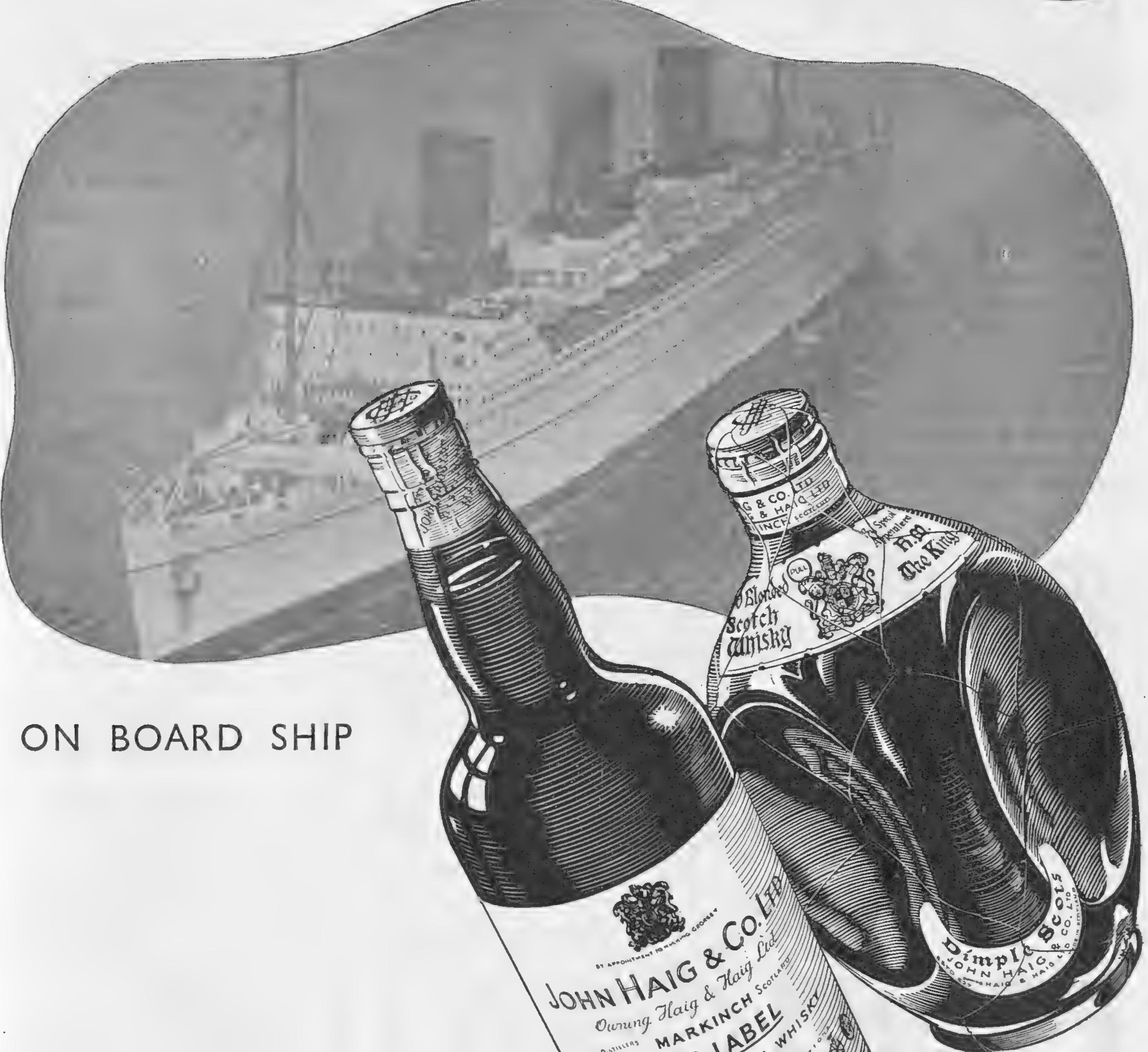
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The Ideal He

(*Continued from page* 33)

identity, and I hate to disappoint a woman. Tell me, who was it you took me for?"

"John Cardigan. I said so. My second cousin or something."

"Well, I'm not. If you'd glanced at the register you'd have seen I signed on as Peter Cardigan."

"Then why did you pretend——? But this—this is terrific! You're just like John—like he was, anyhow; I haven't seen him for ages. But if you're not John, why pretend you knew all about poor Aunt Kate's rheumatoid-arthritis? You——"

"Who's Elizabeth?" he countered with a grin.

"Elizabeth? What d'you mean?"

"I asked after her and you said she was so-so."

"Her! She's my sister."

"Your sister!" he ejaculated, then laughed and cried, "Such a lucky shot as all that? I can't believe it!"

"That's not my fault," she said, quietly. "She is my sister, Elizabeth is. A darling. She lives in Tooting Bec. Her husband's a dentist. But why—why did you pretend to be Cousin John?"

He was staring, frowning, at the high horizon of the sea and, instead of answering her, said abruptly:

"I heard old Wellockdale say just now that he was very glad to have met you and been able to do you a trifling service. Obviously you're a new acquaintance of theirs and not the intimate friend or relation you made me believe. Why did I have to be misled?"

"You misled yourself," she declared. "And you've misled me—dreadfully."

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Somebody," she answered, standing up, "who's going straight back to the hotel—and lunch."

"Not till you've answered my question," he declared.

"Well, then, I'm Zora Elliot. And I'm hungry. So, please, don't rag any more. Come on!"

"Is this the first time you've ever been cross-examined?" he asked and caught hold of the hem of her skirt.

"What d'you mean—cross-examined? That's what they do to witnesses, isn't it?"

"And prisoners."

"This prisoner," she cried, smiling and tweaking at her skirt, "reserves her defence and begs to be released."

"Answer first—unless you want to go back to the hotel alone."

"You—aren't coming?"

"Sit down," he said brusquely, tugged at her skirt and, when with a shrug of her shoulders she had obeyed, added, "Now then, tell me all about yourself."

"Why should I?"

"Because I like to know something of the people I like."

"The less you know of me the more you'll like me," she said.

"And," he went on, ignoring the remark that she had regretted as soon as made, "you need help."

"Who said so?"

"Your eyes. So—shoot! You can trust me. Who and what are you?"

Her moist eyes met his, searchingly, appraisingly, then she said as though forced to:

"Nothing and nobody. Till yesterday I was a companion . . . I resigned my post because——"

An innominate expression in his eyes checked her.

"I got the sack," she admitted sullenly.

"Companions often do," he observed, "but till now it's never made one of 'em claim me for a cousin."

He was smiling and his eyes now looked so friendly that she smiled, too, then said:

"Even companions can make mistakes, can't they? I thought I recognised you. I've not seen Johnnie Cardigan for years."

"He was Jimmy just now."

"He wasn't! He was John all along!"

"So when you tell a lie you stick to it!" he commented, laughing. "Don't flash those great eyes at me. It's useless. I mean to dig the truth out of you."

She stared, her lower lip trembled without aforethought, and she muttered despairingly:

"And then you'll leave me stranded here—penniless."

"You're much too attractive for that. Last night I couldn't get you out of my mind. I thought you were a rich little nit-wit and tried to despise you. It was quite futile. I'm questioning you because if I can be of use to you I'd be absolutely delighted. So be frank. Why did you speak to me?'

"Well," said she, turning her face away, "I thought you looked kind and straight and—nice, and I'm in such a dreadful hole."

"What did you think I could do for you?"

"Just be kind. And help."

"Hardly the conventional behaviour of an ordinary girl," he commented. "But then you don't look like an ordinary girl. The reverse. Why did you get the sack? Come clean, Sister, as the talkies put it, and I'll see what I can do."

"I don't want to see you trudging back to the hotel alone," she said.

"Whatever you've done I swear you won't see that," he said, and his fingers shut down on hers and seemed to squeeze the truth about Lady Parke-Kilham's ten pounds out of her . . .

"I thought I'd make that tenner into a hundred," she ended dismally.

"And the hag fired you for being optimistic?"

She nodded, then, meeting his compelling eyes, said flushing:

"Well, not only for that. Before I went to her, I was practically down and out and I hadn't any references, so I——"

"Phoney?" he broke in. "I see. No home?"

She shook her head and said:

"I've been on my own five years—since I was eighteen."

"So you're utterly at a loose end? Well, my bus ought to be along at any moment now—how would you like to buzz off in it with me?"

"Your car?" she exclaimed flushing, obviously wildly excited, a changeling. "Go with you? Where?"

"My bus," he repeated. "The next P.L.M. auto-car. I'm bound for New York, via Italy."

"Go to New York with you?"

"You've been a companion before, haven't you?"

Her shoulders sagged. All the light went out of her eyes. Her eyelids drooped and her chin went up.

"No, thanks," she said. "I've often gambled and often lost. Everything I ever had's gone. Except one thing. You'll laugh. It's a prejudice, but I'll keep it, thanks. Oh, smile! Don't mind me. Jeer away!"

"Did I smile? Admiringly, happily, then. Fool, I meant nothing like that. I propose a brother and sister travelling to New York and setting up in business together."

"In business?"

"And nothing else. A partnership. At the first sign of—designs on either side, the other partner, dear Sir or Madam, is hereby authorised to stick a knife in the offending party's chest or breast as the case may be. You see, my breathless one, I always try to repay a kindness, and you've done me a huge service."

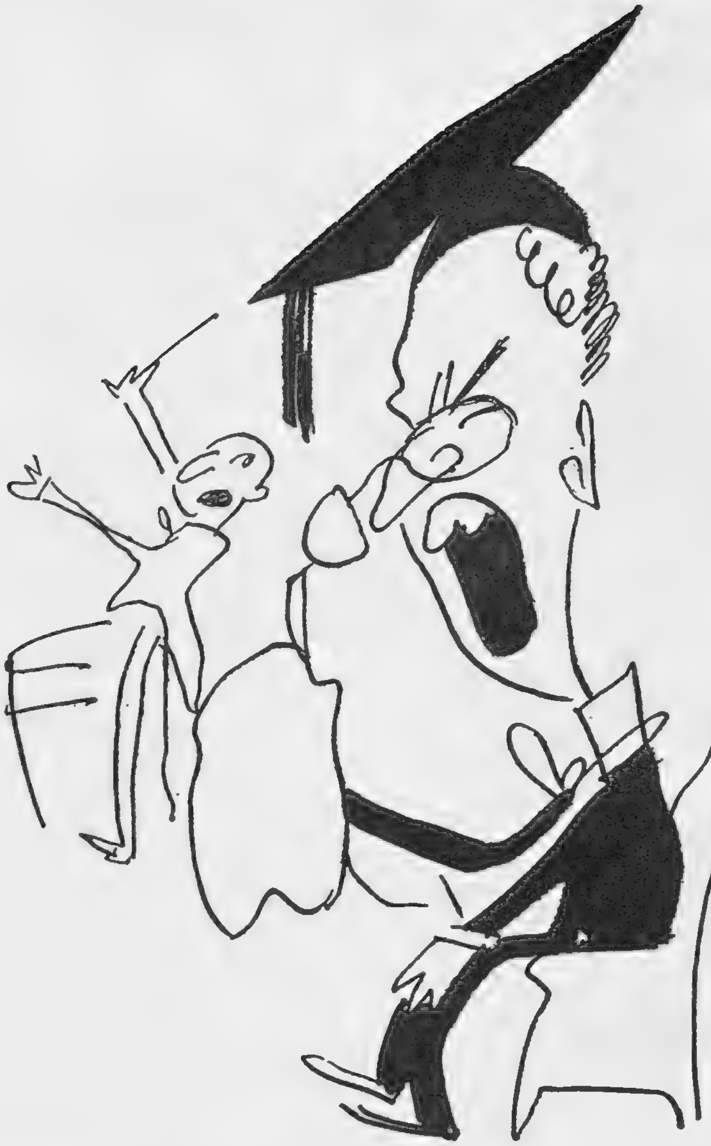
"Me? You? When? How? I don't follow one bit!"

"Little Godsend," he said gravely, "when you first spoke to me in the hotel garden I was sitting with two friends, wasn't I?"

"You were," she agreed.

"Liar!" he ejaculated laughing. "Friends! They were a brace of French detectives! They wouldn't believe my name was Peter Cardigan. Apparently they took me for one Teddy Danby,

(*Continued on page* 88)



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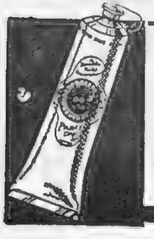

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a professional gambler. I simply couldn't convince them that they'd made a mistake, and I was virtually under arrest when you butted in."

" No ! "

" Yes, my dove, I most certainly was. When you fetched up and hailed me as Mr. Cardigan, they began to see that it was just possible that they'd made a mistake. Everybody who's anybody on the Riviera knows the Wellockdales. The tecs had seen you arrive with them, dine with them, play piffling card games with them, and took you—as I did—to be an intimate friend. No intimate friend of the august Mr. Wellockdale could possibly claim kinship or even acquaintanceship with the notorious—the infamous Teddy Danby. The tecs were frightfully flummoxed, but still a shade suspicious, so——"

" That's why they followed us ! I saw them ! Lurking ! I thought they suspected *me !* "

" Not they ! Lurking ! I should say so. They were within earshot when old Wellockdale told me to look after you till your father arrived. That put the lid on it. They knew then that I simply couldn't be the ghastly Teddy Danby. That's why they didn't see the least risk in letting you take me a little run in the Wellockdales' car before strolling back to lunch. Hello ! Here's the bus ! Is it good-bye or are you on ? "

" But surely you can easily prove you're you ? Why should you run away ? Why don't you—— ? "

" Very lovely, but not over bright," he commented, hailing the auto-car. " Can't you see the joke ? The cream of it's this : I *am* Teddy Danby."

APPARENTLY, however, either Sir or Madam was not quick enough to use that licensed knife, for, in the presence of a festive congregation, three months ago Zora and Teddy (now hostess and manager respectively of a perfectly respectable roadhouse in New Jersey) vowed openly to love and honour each other and, privately, to run plumb straight in future. Out of consideration for parental prejudices Zora, writing to her mother in Stoke Newington, said nothing about Teddy's career as a professional gambler. He had been a general dealer, she wrote, but it's to be feared that some of the pigeons who had played poker at the Danbys' luxurious suite in the Upper West Side apartment house privately considered Teddy Danby no general, but a field-marshal at it—dealing that is.

END

The Salmon

(*Continued from page* 39)

One evening, towards the end of winter, the salmon, moving idly over the river-bed, snapping up little crustaceans and things, heard a little splash from the bank which disturbed the water.

A dog-otter had dived ; the dive was so silent that only a fish could have detected it, but the salmon paused, all his senses alert. The otter came slowly down stream, his head turning from side to side. A trail of silver bubbles came from his coat at first, but they soon went.

The salmon swam to a deep part of the stream, where the bed opened into a little ravine ; he sank down into the green darkness.

A second splash rippled the surface for an instant as the otter's mate took to the water. At first she swam on the surface, her round head cutting two straight lines that stretched wide over the still water.

They went on down the river, and later there came the peculiar whistling cry that they make when they call one another. The salmon stayed where he was ; his mate had gone back to the sea already—he would not see her for a year—and he was thinking of leaving the river soon. He felt out of condition, and he longed for the salt water again.

The she-otter came swimming along the ravine, her large eyes gleaming in the half-light. The salmon shot away into midstream. The dog-otter turned like an eel and pursued the fish.

By his side came the other otter, her whole body moving like an eel ; she was swimming with all her speed.

At first the salmon went right away from them, but when he thought that he was safe they came upon him, and the hunt began again.

Up and down the river they went, and after a time the pace began to tell on the salmon, who had deteriorated in the fresh water. He tried dodging, and they cornered him in the shallows. The dog-otter dived down upon him, mouth open ; he avoided the teeth, but the blunt claws scored a mark down his side. The she-otter came at him from beneath, and he only escaped by leaping high out of the water. As he came down he made for the middle of the stream again, and they came close behind him. He doubled, butting hard into the dog-otter's stomach. The full weight of the salmon, moving very fast, quite winded the otter ; his breath flowed out in a silver chain behind him ; he rose to the surface to breathe.

The salmon turned again, but the she-otter was ready for him—her needle-sharp teeth tore into him, but he broke free, and fled downstream.

Twisting and turning they went with all their speed, but the salmon was no longer gaining ; he saw this, and leapt again. She was waiting for him as he struck the water again, and her teeth and claws tore the lower part of his tail to ribbons ; he snapped at one of her webbed feet, and wrenched it to and fro in his strong mouth. They broke away ; the water was red behind them.

His speed was much less, and the salmon knew that with half his tail out of action he could not go so fast as the otter.

She hung back, though, for her paw was nearly broken.

The river grew narrower, and it flowed more swiftly, so they were going very fast when the salmon felt the thunder of the weir. He put on all his speed in a last effort, and shot over the waterfall. His leap carried him over the worst part of the boiling pool below, which was fortunate, or he might have been pounded to death on the rocks in his exhausted state.

The otter could not make the leap, and she knew it. She ran along the bank and dived again below the waterfall, but the salmon was gone, and she soon gave up the chase, for the few minutes lost had been vital.

The fish kept on as fast as he could down the river until he was sure that he was safe ; then he came to rest beneath the shade of the undercut bank of a little island in midstream.

When his strength came back he went on again ; his tail hindered him somewhat, but he knew that it would heal—it had often been torn before in fights.

Near the mouth of the river he came on a series of nets, stretched almost right across. But he had not escaped from the otter just to fall into this obvious sort of trap ; so he nosed along until he came to a gap in the nets, and he passed through into the good sea again.

The water was more buoyant ; he felt much better. A little fish passed over his head, he chased it up to the surface and swallowed it.

A great sea-eagle saw him, and swooped, cutting down through the air like a plummet.

The salmon dived after a little, darting thing in the water, and that saved his life, for a fraction of a second later the great bird's claws cut the water where his back had been.

The salmon bore down to the grey bed of the sea, and he rested on it, feeling really safe at last.

There was a sudden flurry of mud, and the salmon was gone ; a basking shark, exactly the colour of the sea-bed, had engulfed him.

END

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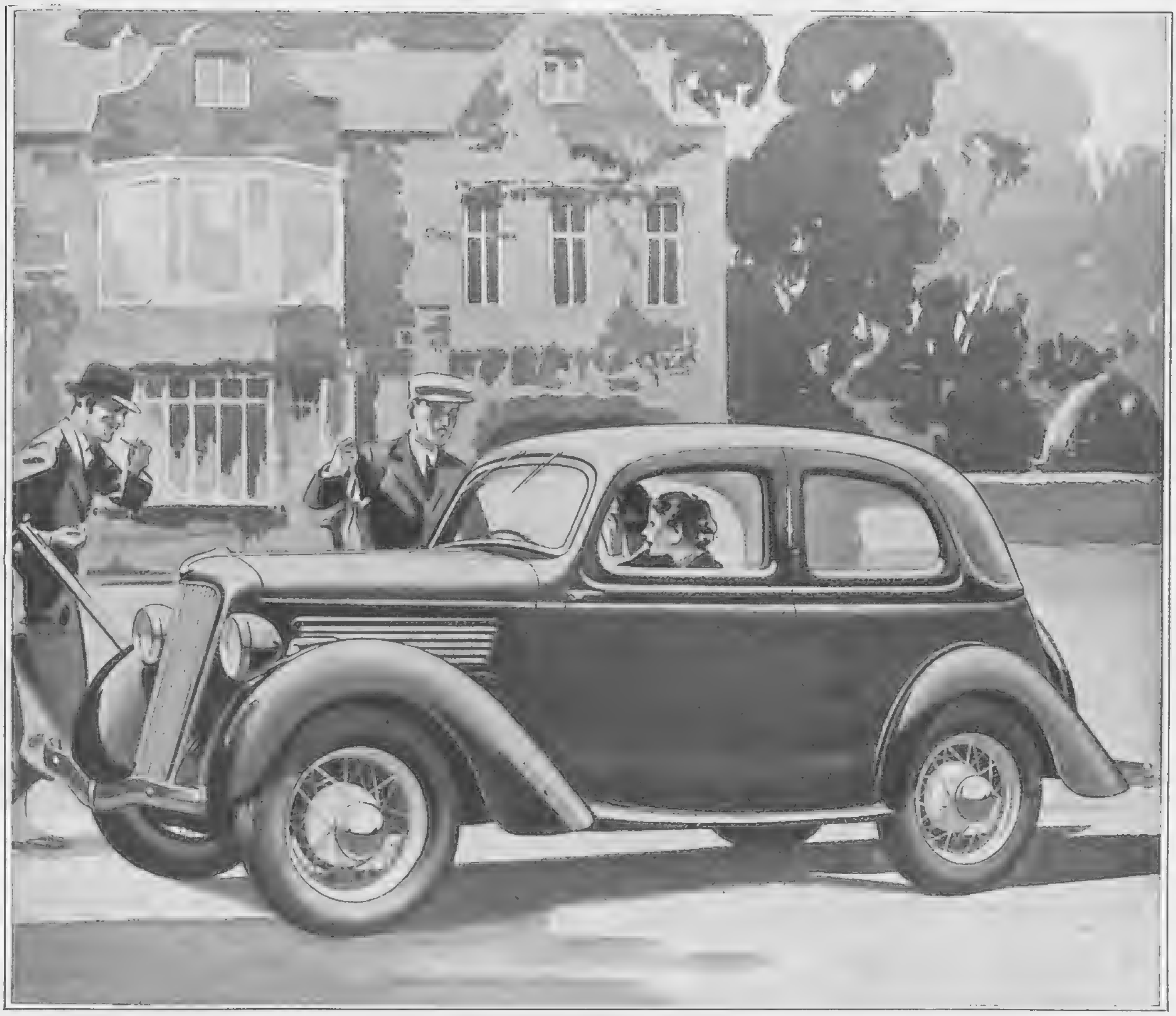

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Fun

(Continued from page 17)

which had no fun at all, as compared with contemporary standards, to countenance what seems to be the ruinous goings-on of masses of young people bent on extracting all available laughter from life; but there is no effectual way left, thank heaven, by which any Mr. and Mrs. Malaprop can diminish the increasing number of cheap cars, jolly road-houses, open-air swimming pools, dancing nights, golfing days, and all the other proper outlets for natural ebullience.

Natural fun depends nowadays, as it always did, largely on the body; and the normal modern body is resolutely getting what is due to it.

Well within my memory—and I am but in early middle age as yet—fun and liberty were considered the prerogative of only the upper and prosperous classes.

Except for certain joustings, organised and overlooked somewhat feudally by superior-minded patrons, those who were called the lower classes were not supposed to need exhilarating amusement. The men had Saturday cricket and some beanfeast twice or so yearly; but the women had nothing at all.

But now, when the enterprising tradesman's boy adventures from London back streets to the coast on his easy-payment motor-cycle on fine Sundays, his girl friend is on the carrier in her near-leather coat, with her well-tended complexion and her permanently waved hair; and the day and the world are theirs. The habit of play is not only levelling the classes, but, infinitely more completely and quickly, has levelled the sexes.

It is not women's suffrage which has achieved it; nor blackcoat jobs for silk-stockinged girls; nor any other of the innovations which are held to be so radical. It is just the common demand for play.

"Will you have longer hours and higher wages, or shorter hours and less wages?" asked an employer.

"Shorter hours," answered the employees.

Formerly this would have been held to herald the complete moral downfall of the nation. Now it merely points to a more rational philosophy.

"Will you leave before supper or after supper?" asked a modern mistress, engaging a daily maid. "Do you prefer food or freedom?"

"I will leave before supper," said the maid. "I'd rather have freedom."

If comparisons are odious, so are definitions.

Fun is not something to be arranged for you by other people; it is something you want passionately to get for yourself. Half the exultation is the getting of it.

When I was a young girl in the provinces, the difference between myself and the chic young lady of the metropolis was unbridgeable. To-day, thanks to speed, freedom, the large circulation of popular magazines and paper patterns for all, the village girl is as charmingly turned out as her sister of the cities. For Fun brings with it the urge to vanity, and lays its happy sophistication on all.

We've still a long way to go mentally. Even yet, driving our own cars, and seeing a charabanc load of merrymakers go by on their way to the coast, we murmur: "Trippers—spoiling everything!" Whereas the truth is that there are no trippers, and we are all inheritors of the earth. All of us—if we're young enough—want gala at moonlit swimming pools, and our games at spacious country clubs. We all want our week-end jaunt; our fast and easy locomotion. Mobility has brought us all our opportunity for experience and adventure. And if we don't want these things, or what they signify, it is no merit, but a demerit. It is just the demerit of negation, because we are either too old or too timid or too inhibited to dream, to desire and to attain.

Inhibitions are the curse of old countries. New countries don't know them. The inhibitions of new countries are only little childish rules—nursery fears—which they grow away from into the greater and greater freedom which will be theirs. New countries have no history; and so just as the breach between the present generation and the one before it is unprecedented in the sharpness and entirety of its cleavage, the breach between the mind of a new country and the mind of an old country is a gulf that can only be spanned by the new youth of both sides.

Why grandfather is cautious about the word "fun" is because his interpretation of it is a sorry one: Wild oats; drinking bouts; debts; gambling; horseplay; illicit amours, and all the other peculiar and prideful obsessions of his time. Wherefore grandmother feared it too.

What we mean now has, as an essential, Freedom! Freedom! and again Freedom! Little fun is found between four walls. It is on the open road, on the seas, up the mountains. So travel changes. Great ships are not floating mysteries on which embark only superior people in stiff tweeds, the travelling uniform of the better classes. Great ships are now homely hotels given over to sun-bathing, deck sports, dancing. The clerk, instead of going neatly—as in days-not-so-long-ago which I recall—to a boarding-house in X-on-Sea for his holidays, is on a pleasure cruise like his employer. He is showing the modern good sense of spending his money, as it was minted to be spent.

Cruising doesn't epitomise fun to me, but that is my loss. It is a revolution in popular pleasure—and pleasure should be popular. Out come the girls like flowers, in their bright cruising clothes—trousers, shorts, backless frocks, exciting beach suits—with curly heads and proudly tanned skins. There are the young men to match: how they all afford it don't ask. But they aren't carried over the seas for nothing, so we'll presume they pay their fares.

All over the earth our former tripper has come into his own.

Is fun an affair of money? Well, to a certain degree, it must be an affair of money. But given the necessary minimum—or even what seems to be below the necessary minimum—it goes deeper than that. It is a lovely affair of jolly rebellion and resolution. The desire for it springs from the same root as the passionate and proper desire for freedom. "There is no freedom!" wise men have affirmed to me. I have denied it. "There *is* freedom." For freedom is a mutable word, and so is fun. Men are, and always have been, better at it than women, as witness the fact that, in many a dormant taxicab upon a rank, a game of nap is in progress between such drivers as are waiting for fares; and there would be hardly a group of workmen, employed in decorating an unoccupied house, but would have their game of darts, however unpromising the opportunity, slily in the dinner-hour.

Men will play something, somehow—if not enough.

But now the idea dawns on their women too.

As soon as women begin to play, the proceedings become more ambitious. Variety is sought. Dress counts. The game becomes entertainment. It gathers social values. Complications ensue. An organisation grows . . . Fun began to gain national rank when the girls joined the boys.

There's more in this Fun than the mere outward expression.

Fun has a very beautiful soul.

At any one of London's many skating rinks you can see what is neither more nor less than a remarkable evolution and blossoming of the human spirit. Boys and girls and men and women—to whom this experience has only been possible because of the great and passionate demand for the birthright of pleasure—are translated into ecstatic beings of rhythm and music, speed and infinite flexibility. If you go to Switzerland or to the Tyrol, or to the slopes of Northern Italy, there are the lordly ones on skis performing their incredible-looking feats with ease and power. Who are the lordly ones? As often as not they are people with tuppence, spending it royally on big things—on mountains, blazing suns over ineffable snows, superb skylines high against the blue ether.

People cried out: "We want Fun!" and found it.

We British belong to a vast and gorgeous Empire which can cater for all our needs, carnal or æsthetic; and I suppose that, in a very short time now, we shall all awake to the fact. Then we shall swim and surf-ride off the beaches of South Africa and New Zealand and Australia. We shall sun-bathe, not on the Mediterranean shore or the shores of Spain or Florida. Tasmania and Jamaica will beckon us; incomparable Canada will call.

Many of us have thought of Canada but dimly, as still a country only for pioneers; not as a land of unequalled beauty as well as of opportunity; a land of unending delight. Canada is highly civilised. We haven't realised sufficiently that even on her lonely farms are the best modern domestic equipments; nor how Miss Canada, brought up on a prairie ranch, is as up-to-date looking and thinking a young lady as she of the towns. We've hardly realised that, as at home, the ubiquitous hairdresser, the multiple store, the mail-order, the magazines, the paper patterns, have thought of and catered for her. We've forgotten that a new country is young, and being young is gay and eager, imperiously demanding the best of life. So we haven't realised that Canada is, perhaps, the most magnificent playground in the world, both for rich and poor.

Go west. Go to Banff, Lake Louise, Emerald Lake. Snow Peak Avenue, between Lake Louise and Emerald Lake, is surely the loveliest journey in the world. You can drive, or you can travel on trains unsurpassed for comfort and equipment. In the Rockies the traveller may stay at the finest hotels, isolated in their gorgeous settings. Or at some bungalow camp he can find the camping holiday brought to its zenith.

Life is rapturous and carefree.

Riding, hiking, fishing, canoeing—the traveller can have it all. And the Canadian cousins take their outdoor pleasures in as civilised a fashion as we do. They don't rely on Nature, prodigal as she has been to the crowning jewel of our Empire. Far into what will seem to the newcomer to be the wilds he will find—if he wants them—golf courses as good as any he has ever played on, tennis courts as faultless as any ever laid down, and upon them—just the same as in the older countries—the lithe, slim modern girl in her shortest of white shorts, with her gunshot serve and her whirlwind volley and her untakeable backhander. On some hotel dance floor, after dinner, she will be dancing, sleek and gay, interesting, well coiffed, well gowned, partnered by the unexpected.

The unexpected? The King of Siam went through the Canadian Rockies awhile ago, and joined the order of the Trail Riders.

For all the best fun is the kind that the young people of to-day love most—to be found out of doors. They are recovering, and developing, the great simplicities. The closed room, the drawn blinds, the jaded hours, the fœtid indoor air—all that's old-fashioned. That was grandpa's fun. No wonder he shakes his head over it, and that grandma shakes her head too. No wonder they preach that pleasures pall.

The pleasures that the new countries are showing the old countries are the pleasures of the mountains and the rivers, the journeyings and the adventurings, life under the open skies, and that will never pall. I wish that I were very, very young to-day, rediscovering for myself these glories and these freedoms that are as old as the world, and which for too long a while were lost—or forbidden; it's all the same.

But there is time yet, and with the very young I will go and find them.

End

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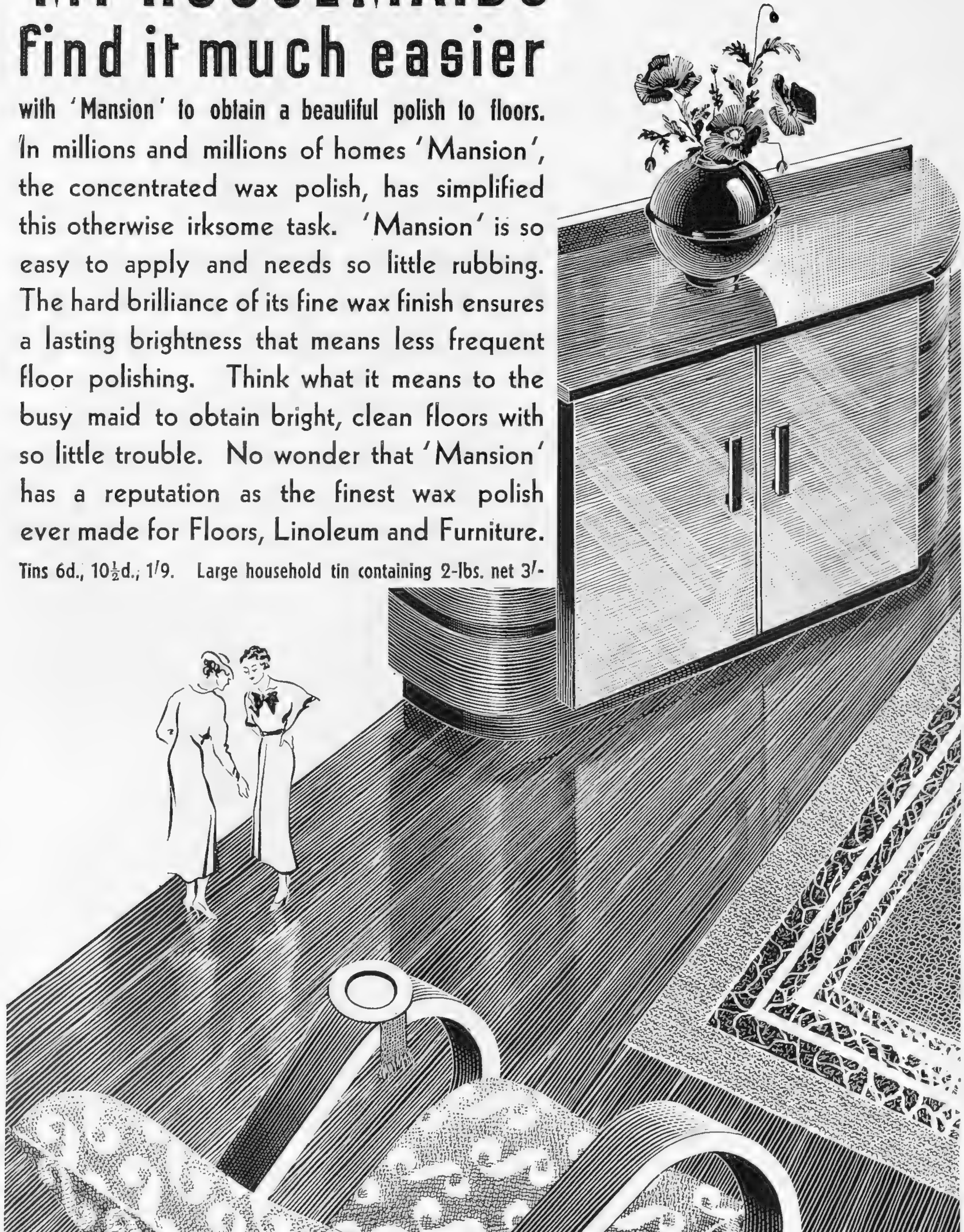


A Little Satisfaction

(Continued from page 27)

She sighed and slightly shook her head.

"Is there anything I can do?" I asked.

"No. No."

"But——."

"I will tell you." She sighed again. We sat down near the path overlooking one of the valleys where the oranges and lemons were in full bloom, and the frogs were croaking their love songs and the aromatic plants were at our feet.

"That man is a Russian," she said. "He is a horrible man. I won't say that he helped to kill my father, but he was one of them. He can apparently come and go when he wishes, so he must have friends in Russia. I don't know what he does. But he has fallen in love with my sister—the brute!" She clenched her fists as she spoke. "I—I——"

I ventured to touch her in sympathy. She sighed again.

"Yes, he dares. He wants to marry her."

"But here—he can do nothing here."

"No, not here. But he can do something in Russia."

"In Russia. . . But you are not in Russia now."

She shook her head.

"My brother is," she said quietly.

The devilry was clear.

"He is using the presence of your brother in Russia to force your sister to marry him?" I said.

"Yes."

It was certainly an agonising position.

"What a devil!" I muttered. In my sympathy I almost caught hold of her. I wanted to tell her there was one, who was not a Russian, who would give all he had to call her his wife, but I couldn't do it at that moment.

"I see your trouble," I said.

"It is terrible."

"She won't marry him, will she?"

"We have to keep playing with him; my sister dare not say so definitely, for he threatens to go back and send her my brother's tongue if she does."

She put her hands to her face, though she did not sob; she was too resolute, even though she suffered cruelly.

"Can't I do anything?" I asked.

She gently shook her head.

"What can anybody do? Our only hope is to get my brother out of Russia."

"Can't that be done?"

"We daren't go back. We should be absolutely in that villain's power if we did."

"No. Of course not. But"—and my opportunity had come—"I would do anything for you." I took her hand. "I love you." Even now I remember how my heart thumped. "Marry me!" I just blurted it out.

She looked at me with the most heavenly sweetness, and put her hand on mine.

"Thank you," she said simply. "But I cannot marry while this——"

"I adore you, Reena. Do you—can you care for me at all? Would you marry me if this were settled satisfactorily and you were free?"

She hesitated, and I had wit enough to seize the hesitation and her. She made no resistance when I took her in my arms. I felt in raptures as if all that glorious country was mine.

"Darling! Darling——." But I don't know what I said. I was in love and loved. I was alive and in love, and with the being I loved beside me.

"You are very sweet——" and she waited.

"John—plain John."

"John." It was music to hear her. She clipped it a little: "Jon." "But we must be wise. You have been good. A darling. But——" Here she held me at arm's length. "We are not engaged. Vera is before all."

"I think I could get to Russia," I said, "and if money will do anything——"

She shook her head.

"You couldn't do it. You can do nothing. You wouldn't find Paul; we are not quite sure where he is, and if this man suspected you it is certain you would never leave Russia alive. No. No. You are very sweet, very kind."

"I would do anything for you, Reena—anything, anything."

You can imagine my rapturous condition that night. Naturally, I thought somehow or other that miserable ruffian would be thwarted and Reena would be mine. I was ready to nod to everybody and tell them I was going to marry the most wonderful woman in the world. I went about singing "Reena . . . Reena . . . Reena Vassilovna."

But I began to see the obstacle that had been staring me in the face was there still, pushing its ugly countenance before me. For it was ugly. And the more I regarded it the uglier it became. That ruffian of a Bolshevik was standing between me and the woman I loved. The phrase may sound high and heroical, but it happened to be true—that's the worst of heroics sometimes.

And Vera . . . I could not be callous to her lot. That that man should marry her against her will was a thing unbearable. No wonder the face of the obstacle got uglier and uglier.

I wondered what I could do. Buy the man off? Impossible. That sort isn't bought. A man who could do what he had done, and threaten as he had, was of the ferocious type that is not won by money or kindness or weakness. He had no scruples. He had got Vera in his blood, and he would shed blood by the bucketful to get her, if it were necessary.

I began to realise the toughness of the matter in all its toughness. That hairy-faced monster with Vera . . . That villainous ogre standing between me and Reena. . . . My feelings were almost brutalised. But I happen to be of a sanguine disposition, and the fact that Reena loved me made my natural optimism bubble as it were—it would have burst into song or flowered if it could have done. Something must happen, I thought. The wretched Russian would see that his suit was hopeless and would go away to the land he was neglecting.

Of course I thought of Reena, and of course I walked on air. I almost flew. She was indescribable. I say "indescribable" because I was in that tingling mood when description is hopeless. I was in love.

It was the day after that I saw things were not keyed to my level. Reena had red eyes, and you can imagine what that meant to me.

"What is the matter, dear?" I asked.

She hesitated a moment and then said, "Let us go for a walk, John."

She seemed to hold my arm tighter, but she had little to say till we reached a quiet spot where thyme soothed us with its scent and we looked over a valley golden with lemons.

"That man?" I said, guessing the trouble.

She nodded.

"Worse?"

"Yes. He insists that Vera shall marry him."

"But he has surely been doing that all the time."

"Yes. But now he is . . awful. He says she must agree in two days and they must be married in a week." She clasped her hands together and looked over the land that had no business to shelter such cruelty.

What could I say? In certain circumstances one can fight. The odds may be great, but with one's back to the wall one can always go down game. But this gave nobody a chance to put up a struggle. Vera married to that man was unthinkable. The torture of the emotions, of all sentiment, of all one's thoughts was something one could not bear to think of. No wonder Reena was distressed. She felt it all. She knew what it would be if her sister married that man: she realised it, felt it. She shuddered as she thought of it. Some people seem to be able to enter into marriage as casually as stepping into a restaurant; but there are others to whom it is almost agony to mate unsympathetically.

Vera and Reena were refined, delicate; one talks of people being "highly strung": perhaps that is it.

I comforted Reena as well as I could. But I could say so little.

"Perhaps I can do something," I said.

"What?" She spoke almost hopelessly.

What? Exactly. What? . . . Talking to that man would be no use. He would grin at my words.

"I don't know, dear. But don't despair. The outlook is black, I know——"

"You see, if Vera says No, that man will go back to Russia and——" She covered her face with her hands.

"Your brother," I said.

"Do you know what he has threatened to do?"

"What?"

"Cut off my brother's ear and send it—and then another, and then a finger and another—Oh!"

I held her close. It was horrible. The man was one of those creatures we call primitive, half a savage, with tremendous desires and no scruples.

"He shan't," I said. "He shan't, if I have to follow him to Russia."

"Oh! John, dear, you can't. . . Oh! What must we do?"

"That man shan't win," I said. "Let me think it over. And don't distress yourself more than you can help, dear. Tell Vera it will all come right."

Reena sighed.

"If only my brother were not in Russia," she muttered.

"I'll get him out," I said impulsively. "I'll go there."

Reena pressed my arm.

"You are a dear, but that would be no use. The man insists on a marriage within a week."

I had a feeling of blackness—like being lost in a strange place in the dark. But I comforted Reena as best I could. One does that sort of thing naturally, and perhaps my sympathy soothed her a little. I told her again not to worry, that I would do something; there was still time. She mustn't despair—the kind of things any man in my position would have said and perhaps have said them better.

And when I left her I tried to think what I could do. Without drastic action I found myself in that hideous blind alley when I was desperate to discover a way out.

Then I remembered that at my hotel there was a Russian. He looked like one of the old school; a fine, upstanding man of nearly sixty, I should say, and well preserved. I had often looked at him and speculated on his history as one does—what was he in Russia? A great landowner perhaps. And now? . . . He was living in an hotel, but he seemed to take life carefully, almost monotonously. Perhaps he could help me. . . .

When I went in the lounge I looked round. There he was. I am a little impulsive and I went straight to him.

"May I introduce myself, monsieur?" I said.

He bowed.

When I told him my name he mentioned his. I didn't catch it at the time, but I know it now. I will not mention it, however, for obvious reasons. I told him I wanted help and related my story.

At first he had been politely sympathetic. Another man's love story is not always a thrilling affair, particularly if told boldly. But when I spoke of the Russian who wished to marry Vera the irises of my companion's eyes contracted and expanded. He was stirred. He pulled his well-trimmed beard and looked at me piercingly one moment and far beyond me the next.

"Well, monsieur," he said, "And what would you?"

"I was wondering, since you are a Russian, if you could give me any advice—tell me what to do—either how I could persuade or stop this man or get the brother of the ladies from Russia."

(Continued on page 94)

He nodded his head two or three times.

"Monsieur," he said. "I will see you after dinner," and he bowed a little formally and left me, but as if he were concerned with what I had told him."

The hotel was fairly crowded and I could not see where the Russian sat in the dining-room, but after dinner he came to me and bowed in his polite fashion.

"Monsieur," he said, as we walked in the garden, "I would like to meet this man."

"That would be easy," I replied. "He goes every day to the Nevski Tea Garden."

"The Nevski Tea Garden . . . Yes . . . I know it . . . The Nevski . . . H'm . . . I would like to meet him alone, where we could talk without molestation, and . . . er . . . h'm . . . I would like him not to be prepared."

I wondered how that could be managed. An idea came to me.

"Suppose," I said, "I asked him to walk with me on the hill beyond the Tea Garden, perhaps you could meet us."

"I know it. That hill . . . Yes . . . It would do very well. It is quiet. If we raised our voices it would not matter. Monsieur, I will do what I can . . . what I can. Will you make the arrangements ? And . . . please do not tell anybody."

I felt like leaping. But that was my rebound from the blind-alley mood. Reena was to be delivered. I ought to have been the one to do it, but this wasn't a novel or a film ; it was Life itself, and we are not all heroes—except, perhaps, to those who will insist on fancying we are. I promised to make all the arrangements.

Fortunately there was no trouble. I told my Russian friend, whom I might call M. X, that I would bring the creature from the tea garden along the hill. He—M. X—could meet us, as it were, accidentally, and greet me. I could then introduce him as one Russian to another.

I admit that when I went in the afternoon I was a little nervous : I was afraid my plot might fail. Suppose the man wouldn't walk with me ? And suppose, M. X was not able to do anything ?

But here are the facts.

I watched the bear in the garden, and when I had finished tea I went to him.

"Monsieur," I said, "I should very much like the favour of a few words with you."

He looked at me suspiciously. Fortunately he spoke French, but with an atrocious accent.

"*Que voulez-vous ?*" he said.

"It is too delicate a matter to talk here. Will you favour me with a little promenade ? It is of Mademoiselle Vera I would speak."

He glared at me. That he was suspicious was clear. I could see him almost saying to himself : "What have you to do with Mademoiselle Vera ? Who are you ? What do you want ?" But he had seen me there so often and had probably guessed I was in love with Reena. So he shrugged his shoulders and came with me.

I felt awkward. I had to take him to meet M. X, who would know how to dominate or plead with him, and yet I had to justify my request for the walk. Fortunately he began by saying, "You love Reena Vassilovna ?"

"Yes," I said. "She is beautiful."

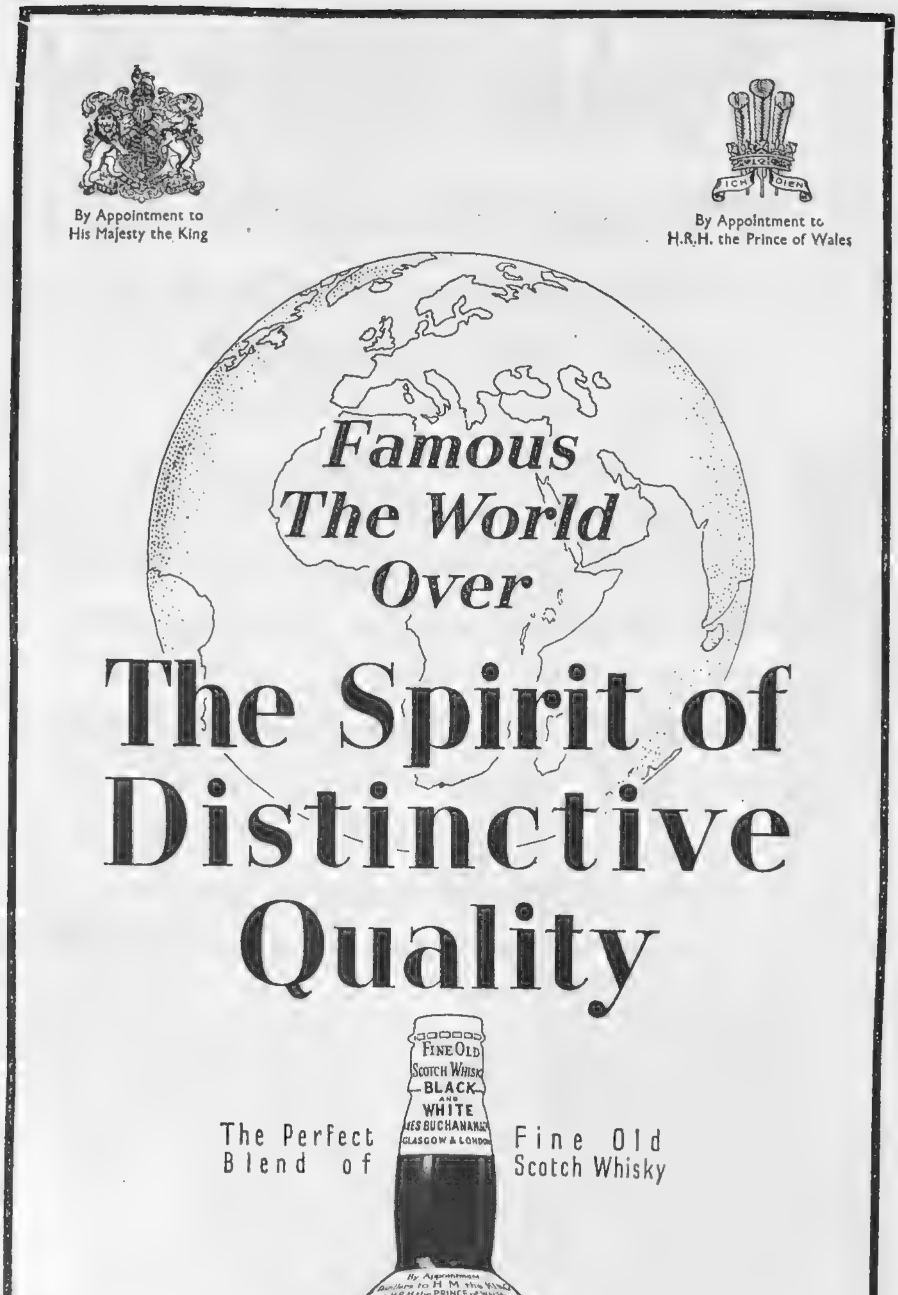
"She is."

"And are you in love with Mademoiselle Vera ?"

"Vera Vassilovna. . . ." He looked straight in front of him and then quite suddenly looked at me almost wildly. "Why do you ask that ?"

"Because, as you know, Monsieur, the love of a woman can be won, but not commanded." The moment I had uttered the words an idea came to me : persuade him that to bring her her brother would make such an impression on her that she might be willing instead of unwilling to marry him.

I struck that note. He was stubborn, almost dull. He let my words fall from him as though they were stones thrown at a rock. He grunted from time to time, but shook his head. Happily the theme kept me eager to talk.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Then suddenly we met M. X. I think I have already mentioned that there was a steep chasm on that walk: it was there we met M. X.

M. X took off his hat. I did the same.

"Oh! M. X," I said. "Here is a compatriot of yours."

"Ah!" M. X was most affable.

The other man—call him Y—was not quite so affable; he was of the breed that suffers from a complex that insists on suspicion.

But X was easy. He turned to me.

"I was looking for a compatriot," he said. "I want to say something that is all that there is of the most private."

"Certainly," I said.

"You will excuse?" M. X said to Y. And Y, being dank and dull, muttered a sort of acquiescence. "If you will wait a little up there, Monsieur . . ." said M. X to me.

"Certainly," I said and went on.

What would he do? Persuasion or what? . . . . After all, a Russian was the best person to tackle a Russian; they were speaking Russian before I was out of hearing distance.

I waited. What would happen? Would he really be able to win this man? I had just turned the bend in the path when I heard a cry.

I started. What was that? I came back a little and looked. M. X was coming towards me with almost a placid expression—almost placid. There was a certain measure of satisfaction in it. He was wiping his hands with his handkerchief.

"Where is he?" I gasped.

M. X looked at me.

"He will no longer trouble the lady," he said.

What had happened? I didn't dare to ask.

"He . . . fell," he said. "Please do me a favour. You will not tell anybody you came with that man or saw me. He was, I think, practically a stranger here and made few friends. His body will be found. He . . fell . . . Nobody will know anything. Monsieur, I thank you. You have given me the opportunity of a little satisfaction, which is something in these days."

. . . .

The body was found and it was considered an accident, and there was a strong suggestion there should be greater protection at that place.

What did he do? I don't know. Did the man fall or . . . You know as much as I. Monsieur X stayed in the hotel for a few days and then left. I have not seen him since.

I could not tell Reena about Monsieur X for fear she should think the worst, but the odd thing is that, though I protested I did absolutely nothing, I feel both Reena and Vera think me a sort of hero. And I know I am really happier than I deserve. And Reena is happy too.

END

Game is in Season

(*Continued from page* 65)

Dishing of Roasted Game

Pour off the fat from roasting tin, sprinkle in a pinch of salt, sizzle over a light and add a little stock from the giblets, boil up well, season and skim.

Have ready a slice of bread ¾ inch thick (if no toast was cooked under bird) and fry to a golden brown. Lay the bird or birds on the *croûte* and keep hot.

Have some potatoes peeled, cut in thin slices and then into matches, fry in just smoking fat to cook one minute, lift out, reheat the fat and refry the "potato matches" to crisp and brown. Sprinkle with salt and drain well.

Fried Breadcrumbs

Have a cupful of fresh white breadcrumbs. Fry in a frying pan in a small quantity of butter, stir well and fry to a golden brown, drain and dish on a small dish.

Prepare also a plainly dressed salad of lettuce, endive or watercress, and some bread sauce.

C. E.

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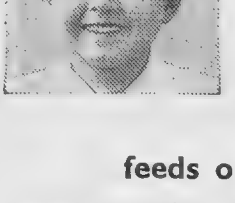

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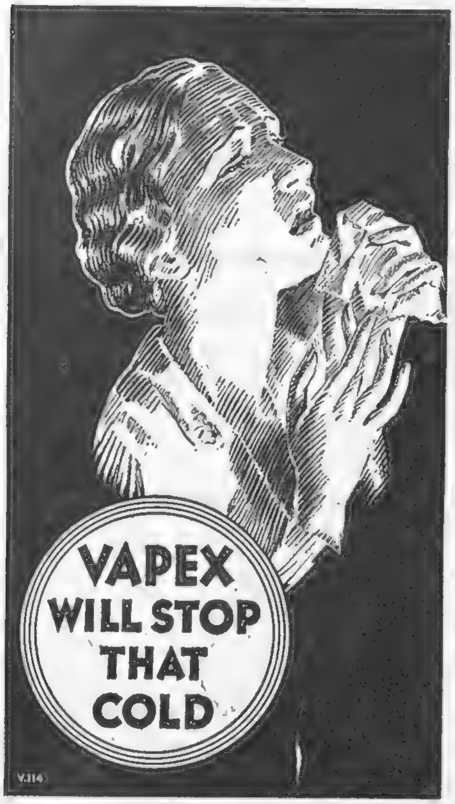
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Human Picture Galleries

(Continued from page 51)

tattoo marks. It is boredom that induces many soldiers and sailors to have recourse to this somewhat painful form of distraction during long periods of inactivity in a distant foreign station or as prisoners of war. Pictures of famous generals and ruling sovereigns are most popular in these cases, and thus we get the patriotic variety of tattoo marks which are in a class by themselves, and almost invariably stamp the subject as an ex-Service man.

THERE is an amusing story told about a titled lady who, at an entertainment for returned prisoners of war, was asked to admire the tattooing on one soldier's body. Travesties of King George and Queen Mary were in the place of honour on his chest (his arms and back fairly bristled with the crowned heads of Europe). But the crowning design was to come—and this the soldier dare not reveal.

"Saving your presence, m'lady," he said to his somewhat scandalised hearer, "I don't mind confessing that I've got the Kaiser, too, in my picture gallery. But he's in the right place—as a matter of fact, I'm sitting on him."

The story is typical. One can dimly understand that it must give a certain amount of satisfaction to an uneducated mind to pass long hours of inactivity in watching the growth of some form of permanent design upon his or her body. Unfortunately, however, the evil is as insidious as drink, as witness the evidence of a highly respectable civil engineer whose portrait figures in my album in some half-dozen poses.

Monsieur Blank confessed to me that, once having had a small portion of his body tattooed, the desire to continue gradually became irresistible in his particular case. "It is either one thing or the other: you either give it up and have the marks removed, or you go on until the whole of your body is covered with pictures. I take infinite delight—why I cannot say—in seeing myself covered with this intricate lacework of designs. Moreover, my wish is to perfect them by the addition of colours. I am now tattooed in blue only, but as I have just heard of a skilful operator who works with an electric apparatus, I am placing myself in his hands, with instructions to dip his needle into the most brilliant colours of his palette. By the bye, many of these designs on my body I have tattooed myself. . . . Is it very painful to be tattooed? Not very. After the first few minutes' smarting you don't feel it at all."

THE process of tattooing is simple: it consists in pricking the outer skin (or epidermis) and inserting some form of dye between it and the inner skin (or dermis). De-tattooing, however, is a far more complicated and painful matter. There is an Italian, living in Paris, who has discovered a homœopathic method of removing tattoo marks, a method which, though long and painful, has met with considerable success. His process consists in removing the epidermis and then effacing the dyes by means of bleaching and cleansing. To reduce the pain he applies local anæsthetics. But the operation is not a pleasant one, especially in view of the fact that it takes a fortnight to remove marks covering only two to three square inches.

The stories that a man of this strange trade has to tell are often amusing and pathetic. He has informed me that he is frequently visited by criminals who wish to have the record of their past removed; also by men—and women—who in a moment of infatuation have had the name of their beloved inscribed on their breast, only to regret it afterwards and wish to have the compromising name removed. The "beloved" has betrayed them; and as they are looking for another to take his or her place, the name of the "old flame" must be obliterated if peace of mind is to be theirs. My de-tattooing friend also tells me the sad story of a poor girl who, for some imagined treason to her lover, was forcibly seized and branded by his evil associates. The marks they left upon her were as numerous as they were horrible. Her first thought after this outrage was suicide, but she controlled herself and decided to hide her loathsome stigmata until she had saved enough money to have them removed. Until they had gone, marriage was an impossibility, and many advantageous offers had she refused before she got the cash together.

DR. LOCARD tells me that, in the course of his long experience at Lyons, he has seen representations of fine old Italian masterpieces worked upon the breasts of hardened criminals, besides inscriptions of the widest variety—some of them quite poetical or imaginative in their character.

Some inscriptions are often embarrassing when the man who bears them turns over a new leaf and changes his rôle in life. One man who wished to enter the Police Force was seriously handicapped by the fact that he had "Mort aux flics" ("Down with Bobbies") tattooed on his body. This reminds me of the historical fact that King Bernadotte of Sweden was once indiscreet enough to have "Death to Kings" tattooed indelibly on his arm. An unfortunate motto for one who eventually wore a crown! Amorous inscriptions—perhaps the commonest form of tattooing—are obviously very inconvenient when one changes one's mind; it does seem a trifle indelicate to retain on one's skin the name of a person who no longer reigns in the heart! One case is on record of a woman who had the names of thirty men engraved on her body!

Criminologists make special mention of the fact that tattoo marks representing some secret gang or society are extremely important in criminal investigation. These marks are, of necessity, very small and obscure, otherwise they would defeat their own object. They are not generally found in the usual places for tattooing, on the arms or chest, but are discreetly hidden away between, say, the thumb and the first finger, or under the eyebrows, or perhaps behind the ear. Now, however, that the science of criminal investigation has been brought to such a high pitch of perfection, secret societies realise the danger of this practice and it is distinctly on the decline.

AS tattooers are often charlatans or knaves, it is unwise to entrust one's body to their tender mercies. In the first place, the risk of blood-poisoning is considerable unless the needles used are properly sterilised. Again, suppose the operator is working on your back, you have no assurance that he is writing or drawing exactly what you have bargained for. A common form of practical joke among soldiers is to inscribe obscene horrors instead of tender love mottoes on those parts of your body you cannot see without the use of mirrors—and then it is frequently too late. In one case, depicted in my gallery of pictures, the words "Fiancé à la Veuve!"—which being interpreted means "Doomed to the Guillotine!"—were substituted for a patriotic emblem on the back of a poor soldier.

I trust that my readers will never be tempted to acquire the tattooing habit—an insidious and pernicious one. But if you feel that you *must*, for some strange psychological reason which only a Professor Freud could explain, defile the beauty of your skin, do it for yourself and see that your instruments are scrupulously clean. One thing, however, remember before you start. Once the needle has set its fatal mark upon you, keep out of the clutches of the police. Bear in mind that for ever afterwards you are and will remain until your last day—in more senses of the word than one—"a marked man"!

END

"Whenever I see hands in a stocking I think — 'Ah, Aristoc!'"

That's because Aristoc and the hand-in-the-stocking have come to stand for one and the same thing: a pure silk stocking of beauty, strength and quality that is truly the 'Aristocrat of Silk Stockings.'

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When the cares of the day give place to the easy informality of cocktails and chit-chat. This is one of those delightful occasions when the lovable fragrance of the Yardley Lavender harmonises so perfectly with the mood and moment. A charming Perfume, unassertive and delightful, with a freshness which inspires a sense of light-heartedness and well-being.

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Lavender Soap—*'The Luxury Soap of the World'*—2/6 a box of three tablets, Lavender Face Powder 1/9, Compact 2/6, Lipstick 3/-, Bath Salts 2/6 to 10/6, Talc 1/2 and 2/6, Lavendomeal (the new Bath Luxury) 3/- etc. *These prices do not apply in the I.F.S.*

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Nothing is more ageing than prematurely greyed hair, and until recently few things were more difficult to combat. The woman of taste disliked the idea of hair dyes because they were hard and artificial in effect, yet there was no other treatment available.

Now science has discovered a way to bring back the colour and gloss to faded hair by natural methods, that not only restores the colour, but tones up the scalp and promotes the growth of new hair — that re-creates naturally your hair's real colour and beauty from root to tip, no matter how long the greyness has existed.

You'll find the secret of how to look five, ten, fifteen years younger between the slim covers of the Boudoir Book

It will be sent free on request. Write to the Facktative Co. (Suite 87), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster London, S.W.1.

THE ONLY METHOD ENDORSED BY THE PRESS

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 49)

their daughters to the mammoth city. It was a great day for Babylon when the watchers on the walls sighted the first stream of carts on the dusty roads. Slowly they came, pulled by stoic oxen, always apparently insensitive to the torturing pressure of the yoke, and opposing the bovine philosophy of resignation to the goadings of the drivers. Big carts with heavy and wobbling wheels were loaded with smiling girls and bundles of baggage.

Every head craned to see the great city towering on the horizon. Costumes of every description and colour gave the appearance of bunches of living flowers or baskets of living fruit. Others, again, came in palanquins hanging between two camels. Still others were mounted on mules harnessed with picturesque trappings.

New people, new expressions, new faces; full of excitement for the great adventure, these brides-to-be wondered and speculated on their several destinies.

Fifty thousand of them entered through the wide-flung gates and made their way through a multitude of eager faces and stretching arms. Fifty thousand throbbing hearts and smiling lips acknowledged their welcome.

All Babylon, tired of suffering, tired of killing, tired of starving, reached out towards the future of happiness, life, love. It was an awakening from nightmare to superb reality. It was the irresistible eagerness to forget, to lose themselves in the delirium only a woman's face can inspire. It was redemption, a hymn of glory to life, the only reparation that could efface the sacrilege committed.

Harps surmounted by the bulls' heads, drums, sistrus, took the place of swords and arrows in the hands of the men; wreaths of flowers took the place of helmets.

Fifty thousand simultaneous marriages made of Babylon the greatest sanctuary of love that the world has ever known.

At last they were going towards—life.

END

Your Mouth, Teeth and Gums

(*Continued from page* 54)

Forhans has long been recognised, not only for its cleansing properties, but its valuable strengthening and antiseptic action on the gums.

Kolynos is an excellent mint-flavoured cream which leaves the mouth clean, cool and fresh.

Euthymol is another good toothpaste made by a famous firm on strictly scientific lines, which has a peculiarly cooling and refreshing after-taste.

Gibbs' new "S.R." toothpaste is specially recommended to be massaged into the gums as treatment for and prevention of inflamed or tender gums as well as a cleansing agent, while many people are ardent advocates of Pepsodent and its whitening and polishing qualities.

That horrible and embarrassing condition, halitosis, will never manifest itself when mouth and gums are healthy and well cared for and the digestion is consequently good. But there are undoubted advantages in the use of a good mouthwash or liquid dentifrice, in addition to the usual brushing with paste.

One of the most adequate and delightful to use is the famous Dr. Pierre's liquid dentifrice. It is a vegetable non-chemical preparation containing blended oils of cinnamon, mint, cloves and aniseed, and it is not only preservative, cleansing and antiseptic, but it penetrates between the teeth and leaves a delightful sense of fastidious freshness and fragrance.

END

Fashions

(*Continued from page* 57)

Stiebel has check or striped angora blouses to match the revers of his short jackets, some of which have stiffened hems jutting out at the back.

Digby Morton (can't keep this young man's name out when we write of suits and tweeds) lines his jackets with coloured plaids to match the blouse to the suit.

At Jaeger's you will see hefty-looking country clothes made of thick tweeds that are fine to touch and comfortably soft to wear.

Developing the best-selling summer idea of a casual coat in piqué or linen, they are making occasional coats in five-eighths length in great plaid tweeds. Scarf, hat, jumper and skirt pick up one of the colours.

And talking colours, every designer has gone Renaissance mad. And these glorious titian reds, vivid greens, deep venetian blues and henna browns are something to go mad about.

They look as interesting in thick tweeds as they look divine in soft evening fabrics.

Go and look at some Old Masters if you want ideas about 1935 colours and lines. You know you have always been saying you simply must get along to the National Gallery some time and brush up your art.

This is not to say that pinks and blues, pale yellows, ambers, mustards, navies, greys and the perennial beiges and browns of autumn are not still with us, because they are indeed. And other fun-in-colour mixtures, like ginger and olive-green, dull turquoise and orange.

FOR evenings, styles are Renaissance, too. Witness Stiebel's velvet gowns, square necked, gathered fulness of skirt with pale chiffon scarves caught at one shoulder to be draped round your head, neck or left hanging as a train. Or his dark velvet long-sleeved dresses, with jewelled belts and low square necks, front and back. Or Hartnell's lovely crimson lake evening cape, three-quarter length, severe, with a pointed collar just like the men wear over their doublet and hose in Shakespeare.

But if you are no Borgia-woman, if these styles and colours are not for you, go for light faded pinks, whites, deep sea greens, sunshiny yellows. And be draped, be classical.

When you are brushing up your art, you might take a look at how the Greek women dressed. That will tell you most of what you want to know about your new draped evening dress. Soft draped bodice, loose drapes from the waist, soft feminine drape-able materials. And just long enough to show your toes.

There are not many very full frocks; they are fading away into early 1934 obscurity. Fulness, when there, comes more logically.

Hartnell makes some characteristic dresses, very low cut front and back tight all down, then with fulness bursting exuberantly from the knees.

Sometimes he keeps them tight to the hem, then has a funny little drape low at the back. And if you are the type fitted to grandeur, copy his long black velvet evening coats, with sleeves ending in gloves.

Stiebel drapes women in bustles and basques, even in short to the knee crinolines, with pencil skirts slightly trained beneath. The idea is to disguise big hips and accent slimness.

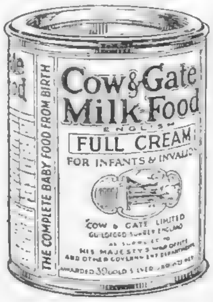
For town wear, black was never so good. And how right they are. There are many black suits for street wear, many black woollen dresses for all-day-long wear.

Ronald Morrel trims his dresses with many oddities, carved gunmetal, old brass and iron, intricately carved. Presumably he also uses intricate needlework, pipings, cordings, smockings, embroidery, braiding, throughout his collection, with good effect.

On the whole the International buyers could do far worse than take back some of these born-in-England fashions.

They are lovely. They are original. They are young looking, yet never mutton-dressed-up looking.

And they are all very wearable.



Golden Hours

How quickly they pass—those happy hours of early Motherhood—how pleasant their memory now! And how *wise* you were to feed your little one on something that made his Health and Happiness *so definite and indisputable*—something pure and wholesome—something he loved—It was Cow & Gate.

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"The Best Milk for Babies when Natural Feeding Fails"

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Have you tried LILIA—the soluble sanitary towels made by a firm famous for surgical dressings? If you would like samples of LILIA towels send a P.O. for 1/3—A really comfortable suspender belt and dainty protective knickers are included with the above for 3/6—to Miss Dorothy Downing, Dept. S.18, Sashena Ltd., Lilia Works, Bartholomew Road, London, N.W.5.

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Lady's Costume, Plain Frock or Long Coat - - - - 7/-
Evening Gown - - From 7/6

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Send P.C. for Booklet "A Woman in Search of Chic," with Autumn Colour Guide and see the possibilities.

CLARK'S DYEWORKS OF **RETFORD**

Boom . . . ?

(*Continued from page 29*)

Everywhere the slump produced political explosions and changes. Britain called a political truce and balanced her budget. The United States staged a political revolution, and unbalanced her budget. Germany went Nazi. France clung desperately to gold. Australia abandoned gold even as a currency basis. Thirty nations imposed exchange restrictions, making it difficult or impossible for creditors to get their money or investors their dividends. The old *laissez-faire* doctrine disappeared in the *mêlée* and in its place came a strange new doctrine of regulation and control—control even of such free-for-all commodities as oil, cotton, copper, tin, tea, coffee, sugar, wheat and rubber.

Now, in the sixth year of the slump, we know that our civilisation has been salvaged. World unemployment is down by 30 per cent. The great financial strongholds, which once seemed to be tottering, again present a picture of impregnable strength. World trade is at last improving slowly in value and volume. World commodity production is back to the 1928 level, and, taking the 1928 index figure at 100, world industrial production, which had fallen to 70·9 in the summer of 1932, was up to 102·3 at the end of 1934, and has risen since then despite the lag in the United States, the world's largest economic organism. We have learnt a lot about money, and about human nature in relation to money. We have learnt a lot about the technique of intergovernmental deals in the economic realm. We have sweated off a lot of fat.

Now the forces of expansion are piling up behind the dam. Glance at the high lights. £2,000,000,000 lying in British banks on deposit—an all-time record. American banks with huge surplus funds and an excess of reserves aggregating £500,000,000 waiting to finance production that promises a profit. Total deposits of 135 mutual savings banks in New York State alone up to £1,037,000,000. £1,800,000,000 of gold stocked in American bank vaults, £1,000,000,000 stocked in French vaults, and £700,000,000 hoarded by individuals and companies—two-thirds of it in London vaults. Gold production being stepped up all over the world as currency depreciation increases the profit margin of gold recovery from the sands and the rocks—a 1934 output of 27,350,000 ounces, 8,000,000 ounces up on 1928, and 2,000,000 ounces up on 1933, and 60 per cent. of that total coming from British Empire deposits. And everywhere a lightening of debt burdens, a scaling down of money and loan rates, so that we have been moved from a 5 to a 3 per cent. world. Everywhere, large-scale reorganisations and readjustments, international controls and agreements, a stupendous advance in scientific knowledge and industrial technique, inventions being patented in Britain, America and Germany at a record rate. . . .

Britain is the high light of this first-phase recovery picture. Although Mr. Chamberlain reckons her only 80 per cent. recovered, her industrial output in 1934 was 1½ per cent. up on that of 1929, the peak year, and is up again this year. Expansion in the home market explains that, and in particular the rise of building activity to record levels. In the year ended March 31st, 1935, 327,517 houses were built. What construction at this level means may be gauged by a glance at the high lights of the commodities required to build the 1934 output of houses. Six thousand million bricks were needed; thirty-three million square feet of glass; a hundred million floor tiles; three million doors; two million grates and ranges; a million cisterns; seven million yards of drain pipes; twenty-five million feet of cast iron pipes. Add to these, furniture and hangings, gas, water and electric fittings, meters and plumbing accessories, and the like, and throw in gardens and roadways and a few other things, and you have a rough picture of a major recovery mechanism in action.

Viewed in terms of employment, we find 10,361,000 insured workers in jobs, the highest figure ever recorded. True, 2,000,110 are jobless, but half of these are over 35, and a large portion of them must be considered casualties of the machine age rather than of the slump. Also, three-fourths are more accurately described as *under-* than *un-*employed, for they did a substantial amount of work during 1934, and are doing more now. As the Labour Minister lately pointed out, only about 400,000 of the listed two millions are totally unemployed.

Viewed in terms of finance, we find that since the British balanced their budget and ended political instability, capital has steadily regained its confidence and extended its range of adventure. In the turning-point year of 1931 new capital issues aggregated £36 millions. The next year, they doubled. In 1933, they were up another £10 millions. The year 1934 saw the total at £105 millions. And the first half of 1935 saw 6,759 new companies incorporated (56 connected with aviation). This is 187 above the corresponding 1934 figure. The total capital was £73,184,886, which makes it look as if 1935 would see new capital issues topping the £140 million mark.

As for production, one has only to tour the main centres to see how Britain is stepping out. You find steel cities booming; new tinplate mills planned; artificial silk plants working to capacity and new factories rising; the new I.C.I. oil-from-coal plant starting its 45,000,000 gallons a year production and bringing a new cheerfulness to depressed Stockton-on-Tees, hit by shipbuilding yard rationalisation; the great Belfast shipyards, silent and deserted in 1932, once again busy and clangorous, and the linen mills working overtime, with raw material in such demand that flax prices have jumped 75 per cent.

Of all the ships building in the world to-day, 1,282,531 tons, 43·7 per cent., are being built in British yards. Motor car exports are still rising (they are double the 1929 figure—our only main line export to show an advance on that peak export year), and motor owners in the island increased by 120,000 last year, and will show a further increase in 1935. Britain is using 25 per cent. more copper than in 1929, and national oil fuel consumption—one of the main indexes of home market activity—was 1,230,000,000 gallons for 1934, a high record, but one which 1935 will break. Greater efficiency in power and heat production helps to keep coal down; but 800,000 miners dug 280,000,000 tons of coal last year, which is 14,000,000 tons up on 1933; and output is higher again this year.

In short, it looks as if the British, after their long spell of adversity consequent upon the war and the terrific American competitive drive (for a while it looked as if Uncle Sam would replace John Bull as the great world trader, shipper, banker and financier; but that phase has passed), had pulled back, and now, with conserved resources, added experience, and the renewed confidence of the world in British institutions and character to help, were all set to play the leading part in the new world. This is all the more remarkable when you consider that the nation's total deadweight of debt is eleven times what it was before the war, while expenditure and taxation have quadrupled.

But we live in a world which remains, despite the rise of policies of economic nationalism, obstinately interdependent. The policies of British leaders in the greatest shake-up in economic history have been wise, far-seeing and constructive. Nevertheless, half the secret of British recovery must be sought in the larger realm of world recovery. The world economic tide is rising slowly again, bringing Britain more trade and a substantially larger income from shipping and banking services, commissions and dividends on our £4,000,000,000 of foreign investments.

Countries as different as Egypt and Portugal, Austria and Mexico, Denmark, Norway, Estonia and the enormous sub-continent of India, Australia and the Latin-American lands, all show an (*Continued on page 102*)

"PYORRHŒA?

"WHAT ABOUT YOU, MOTHER? You're over 40."

"Well, darling — I never try to deceive myself about my age! But Pyorrhœa — that *is* something I might quite easily have deceived myself about, if I hadn't found out how to prevent it."

"You mean by using Forhan's?"

"Exactly! And that's why I want you to use it, too. It's easier and a great deal pleasanter to prevent Pyorrhœa than it is to cure it. It's when you're young that Pyorrhœa can so easily start its deadly work without your knowing, and gradually develop for years until the first visible symptoms appear—tender red gums which bleed at a touch."

"But, Mother—how *horrid!*"

"It may be horrid, but it's true! And Forhan's for the Gums can guard you against such things. My dentist told me that neglected gums became flabby and unhealthy. Modern conditions and unsuitable diet, he said, made the gum tissues lose their natural resistance to disease. That's how Pyorrhœa starts — no matter how brilliant and white you keep your teeth. He told me I must massage my gums regularly with Forhan's for the Gums, because besides keeping teeth beautifully white it keeps the gums firm and healthy and prevents Pyorrhœa."

not me!"

PYORRHŒA?
NOT ME!

Forhan's for the gums

● WHEN NEXT YOU SEE FORHAN'S DISPLAYED—BUY THEN AND THERE

FORHAN'S LIMITED, ALDWYCH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

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ENERGY—
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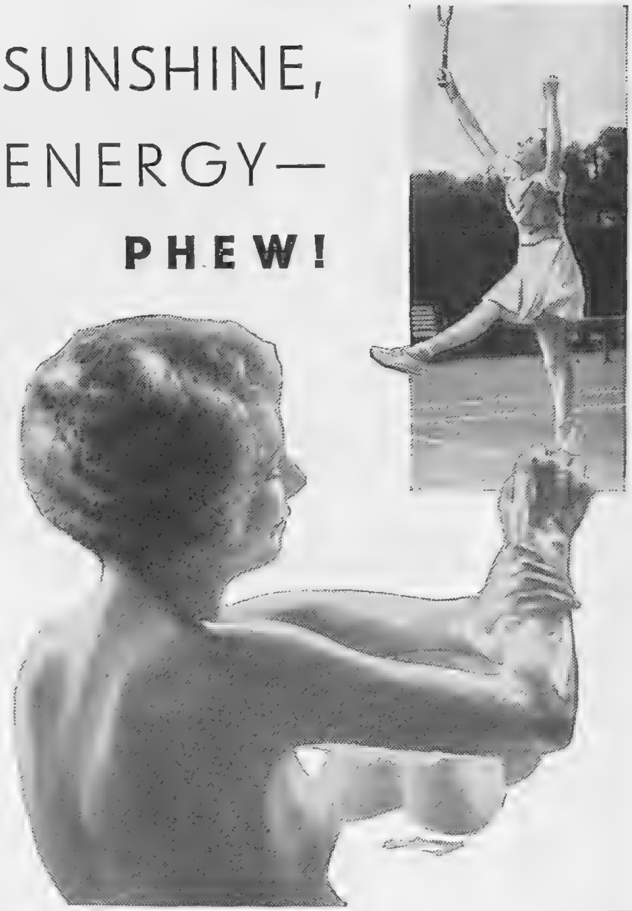

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Wright's
COAL TAR SOAP

THE **SAFE** *SOAP*

"There's Cream custard to-day Daddy"

FOSTER CLARK'S

Cream CUSTARD

Buy this delicious, creamy Custard to-day — there are 1½d. packets (2 pints), 4½d. packets (6 separate pints), and 10½d. Family tin, and *there is no better quality whatever price you pay*

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FAMOUS SCHOOLS SERIES
HARROW SCHOOL

improvement in 1934 over 1933, and a substantial betterment in 1933 over 1932. The same observation applies to the North American area. They bump over the cogs there with their recovery plans and politics, but they had a much longer fall there than we did, having soared higher. Business and profits do not take long to recover in that area, given higher price levels and a restoration of political order. The productivity of 1929 may not be regained in anything like the near future; but a recovery up to the British ratio would make a tremendous difference, and the effect would be felt beneficially throughout the world, and especially the British Empire area. The damped down tin mines and rubber plantations wait on American recovery. The great low cost Rhodesian copper mines will not wax prosperous until American recovery steps up copper consumption in that biggest of all consuming areas and raises the world price of copper, which cannot rise to remunerative levels until American heavy industry gets more active, and building and construction take an upturn there.

Where do we go from here? We have found that the British domestic market is capable of an infinitely larger expansion than any deemed possible two years ago, or probable a year ago. Development here is far from being over. Our motorisation is increasing fast, and we need a great new double-track highway system to take care of it and reduce current casualties of 7,000 dead and 200,000 wounded every year. Only 1,500 miles of our 50,000 miles of railway track are electrified: there is an immense amount of modernisation to be done on the railways. Although building is running at a record level, we are still between 4,000,000 and 7,000,000 houses short of what is needed merely to keep pace with decay processes and remedy overcrowding (one in 20 people in Britain still live more than three to a room), and we could build 400,000 new dwellings a year for the next ten years without doing more than keep pace with the housing problem. We are only at the beginning of air and airport development.

Eventually it seems that this national market expansion, which is a world phenomenon—like the phenomenon of cutting down overbuilt sections of national industry—will key into a revival of international trade. Nations will share in that trade on a more equitable basis than in the old world. Overgrown industries in almost every country are being forced to readjust themselves to the economic realities of the changing world (the high light in our island is the rationalisation of the shipyards, and the Government plan to eliminate 10,000,000 redundant spindles in the Lancashire cotton piece goods industry). A working equilibrium will eventually be reached without the great breakdowns or political upheavals which were at one time feared. The next step along the road to the expansion era is the solution of the problem of assuring the stability of money, if not in terms of gold, at least in terms of its purchasing power over commodities. Once confidence in currencies is restored, and all fear of further competitive depreciation is removed, the barriers which impede the flow of international trade will come down very quickly, gold will come out of hoard, and the world price level, still 20 per cent. below the 1928 level, will rise.

Japanese imperialistic aspirations in north Asia will not impede the flow of capital to develop the semi-capitalistic and underdeveloped lands. If the peoples of the East gradually begin to manufacture within their own frontiers more of the things that they need, they will enrich, not ruin, the more highly industrialised peoples. For they will have to import more—machines, tools, raw materials, goods and commodities and services in which the highly technicalised countries specialise. The amazing rise of Japan as an industrial State has brought her into the markets of the West as a big buyer of cotton, wool, nickel, copper, scrap, steel, machinery, rubber and a long list of other things. Her competition in rayon has not prevented the great rayon plants of Europe, Britain and America from working at a profit and increasing production an average 25 per cent. during the last year.

There should be plenty of room for everybody in the next expansion era. Trade between the developed countries aggregates £20 per head annually to-day. The per capita figure for the group of semi-industrialised countries containing a thousand million people is 4s. Japan has expanded her foreign trade from 500 million to 4,500 million yen during the last thirty years, and that expansion has helped the world to grow. If the export and import trade of the backward countries could be notched up only 10 per cent., the mines, factories, ships and plantations of the highly industrialised nations and their colonies would derive immense benefit.

In the end I do not doubt that the great economic empires will be able to organise participation in the free markets of the world and in each other's markets. There will be a bigger share for every nation, and Britain's control of a fourth of the earth and a fourth of its inhabitants, plus her resources in capital, character and technique, should assure her a share which will bring her a new prolonged era of prosperity.

Books

(Continued from page 53)

he has more than ease of manner. No man could have formed so many genuine contacts who was not prepared to spend freely his personality and his sympathy.

People pour through his pages (even I am there, just a peep; you, of course, figure constantly) as they have poured through his life, and it is possible to count on the fingers of one hand the occasions when his comment is unkind or even malicious. It is this atmosphere of sympathy and generosity that distinguishes the book and will perhaps bring the author belated sweets of success. For it would not be difficult to find more stylish memoirs, and it would be downright easy to find a volume with fewer printers' errors.

Among the scores of stories of cricketers, actors, boxers, artists, business men and head-waiters, I choose this one of Max Darewski. "He kept very late hours and had a secretary, a friend of his, who used to come round and wake him in the mornings and keep him company while he dressed. . . . He was always very good and generous to anybody who needed something. One morning the secretary, who naturally was well acquainted with his habits, said 'Max, you must get up now, there is a rehearsal at 12.30.' 'What time is it?' murmured Max, without opening his eyes. 'Twelve o'clock,' said the secretary. Max, who had his tea beside him, dipped a finger into it and said 'You are a liar, it is only 11.30.'"

I know an amateur golfer who has so pronounced a pause at the top of his swing that his friends call it the Two Minutes' Silence. By now he knows of his fault. But other golfers with less brutal friends will find a deal of straightforward and sensible advice (and less contradictory than that furnished by the average bored opponent) in a volume called *So That's What I Do!* (Methuen. 10s. 6d.). It consists of a number of tabulated photographs, collected, annotated, and in some cases posed by Miss Enid Wilson and Mr. Robert A. Lewis. With this publication, which costs only as much as one or two lessons from a professional, you can put yourself through a sort of golfing clinic, thereby regaining full use of all your clubs and feeling ten strokes younger. The notes are short and simple, and at the end of the book are some encouraging photographs of the champions, showing that Major Hezlet drops his right shoulder, Syd Brews' hands come through before his clubhead, and Ernest Whitcombe doesn't keep his head down.

END

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The Second Industrial Revolution

(*Continued from page 15.*)

nor would they know how to explain the amazing commodities their heirs spend eight hours of six days of every week producing!

Manufacturers' Mile, on the Great West Road, for instance. Potato crisps (yes, and there's a story in that!), fire extinguishers, motor cars, tooth paste, swimming-suits, gyroscopes, scent and motor tyres . . . and each industry housed in a planned palace.

There is a story in the foundation of nearly every one of these factories: every road house that serves you, and most of the garages you see—certainly all the aerodromes you pass—each of these has a story that makes commercial history incredibly romantic.

Firestone tyres were among the first to take their chance on this motor highway of the future. Five acres was their stake, and it needed some stupendous gardening to begin with! One hundred and twenty tons of soil shifted to level it: the whole massive factory built and finished on the "straight line" principle of production in—*twenty-two weeks.*

THEN after building and equipping came the problem of the "human factor" . . . *some 1,200 operatives needed for this one factory alone.* After the first steps the staff manager approached the Ministry of Labour and the Ministry indicated the fine material in the distressed areas. Men and women, they arrived—some of them (the staff manager tells me)—almost in rags. I saw them at work. Sturdy, well-fed, independent men and women; essentially of that incomparable quality of the "British working man." In the garaging yards behind the factory you may see their little motor cars, their motor cycles and the cycles; farther along the Road, by taking a side turning, you may come to the new estates that house a number of them, and may begin to realise why the Municipal Borough of Heston and Isleworth has grown from the urban district. . . .

There are romances all along the road; men starting, as did one famous manufacturer, with some £10,000 of (*borrowed*) capital, to think in terms of £25,000,000 to £30,000,000 to-day. To figure out planned production to the last screw and to the last detail of the Home Office regulations for the safety and health of the workers . . . to see his tremendous power plant run (literally) by two men—and a spanner.

I stood and watched them at it; and watching, contrasted all this with what the elderly workers tell me of an earlier age; and with the stories they remember from their fathers and grandfathers—the grim contrast between the First, and the Second Industrial Revolutions. Here are some details. . . .

Think back, a little: to a certain surgeon called Kinder Wood who declared that he thought that children *might* work in factories for *twelve hours a day at ten years of age.* To this astounding statement, actually given in evidence before a commission, it was, I think, a certain Dr. Baillie who added that he thought a child might be employed any time after seven years of age.

It was Spencer Walpole who remarked, bitterly, that it took twenty-five years of legislation to restrict a child of nine to a—*sixty hour* week; and this only in one industry as late as last century. We are not too proud of that first mad, bad scramble to wealth over shrinking human bodies of little children.

BUT the germ of humanity was there; and—of common sense; though it was left to industrial psychologists to discover, finally, that humane conditions of rest and labour go hand in hand with increased production. The germ of a new age may be found in such organisations as were the result of the tremendous force of the Cadbury conscience upon the industrial history of the Midlands and that gives us our "flash-back" to the first stirrings of the revolution which we see now, in spate.

Here is a close-up. Two business magnates, Richard and George Cadbury, joining their men in games of cricket and football. Their boy workers sent off for the afternoon to play, when business happened to be slack. Frosty weather and a half-day off—for skating! George Cadbury teaching the firm's boys how to ride a "bone-shaker" in their dinner hour . . . and all this at a time when, elsewhere, pay, conditions and hours simply beggar description.

THEN, "Morning Reading," a type of family prayers, adapted to the growing factory, that was only discontinued in 1912; and, in those early days, Mr. Richard and Mr. George breakfasting with their employees. Later, there came the nucleus of the even more famous "factory-in-a-garden" Bourneville that is now one of the show places of industrial England.

But we have a flash-back—here of George Cadbury himself shepherding the first batch of girls to the new factory; and of the surprise of the workers when they found that nearby to this new estate there was a field set apart for them to play cricket and football. The girls were also suitably surprised, one imagines, when they found a *garden* for them; and later, a real kitchen where they could eat their meals in comfort and where—still later—an equally real cook was imported to teach them to cook. To these unusual demonstrations the wives of the men workers were also allowed to come! This was in the eighteen-eighties and nineties.

There is another and even more picturesque picture of this age of the "Enlightened Despot" in industry. Perhaps it is still remembered by the very old who worked at Bourneville of the early days. Lanthorns showing flickering across the fields around the "new" factories and men, specially detailed for the purpose, are escorting the women workers home because there may be undesirable characters about at night time. . . .

AND, last and best of all, George Cadbury standing on an unsheltered train platform waiting for the first sight of the local train that should pick up his girl workers for their journey back—and armed with a whistle. Directly the train was signalled the "factory boss" of those days blew his whistle and his young ladies then had only to run direct from their dressing-rooms to the station. Admittedly this is an exceptional picture for the times, but it is one of the earliest indications of the stirring of the new age, and a fine close-up of one of the best firms that existed. For—*when it worked*—the Paternal System was good.

But the dawnings of the new age were rather ragged: it remained obstinately dark in places. The scene shifts to round about 1906 and the comparison of wages, then—and now. At that time in the dyeing industry men were making some 29s. a week and women 13s., as against 48s. and 24s. to-day.

In engineering we find an average of 33s. for men and 12s. 8d. for women, as against some 49s. and 27s. to-day.

Even having regard to the difference in purchasing power, it is the difference between the male and female wage that strikes one most forcibly.

Across all this comes the hurricane of the War, blasting aside all familiar landscapes: and, when during the aftermath we all "came to," we found every value changed; you have but to observe in the illustrations the difference in the women workers of the earlier days—and now, to realise that "things will never be the same again."

(*Continued on page 106*)

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Here, then, are things as they are to-day. We left Mr. George Cadbury "whistling in the rain" for his girl workers to run across the fields and catch their train home . . . we return relatively a few years later to the successor of just such "young ladies," one of the special corps of guides provided to take inquisitive persons around the estate that has grown over just those self-same fields. The small, pale wraiths of those children who, elsewhere, in the days of the good Mr. George, worked ten hours a day must surely gape with amazement at the sight of their great-grandchildren (if they lived to bear them) as they are assimilated into this model kingdom that, in other countries, it takes a revolution to produce!

Watch the small school-leavers of to-day. The 14-year-old who joins the firm goes first to the Initiation School where the plan of his work and the work of the firm is explained to him—or to her. After this, whether he like it or not, he must go on being educated; his Day Continuation School gives him a general cultural education for a whole day a week until he is eighteen. After that he can go on with a specialised course of study if he likes. But until he is eighteen his schooling is compulsory and in the firm's time.

He finds an amazing heritage; some 75 acres set aside for his enjoyment; a variety of schemes to safeguard his health, his wealth, his future in Pension, Provident and Benevolent Funds; and a network of services that ensure him a house, recreation and the maintenance of good health and a quiet mind. Mr. Cadbury's earliest young ladies of this era, as they played their discreet but extremely revolutionary tennis, would stand amazed at the gay mixture of the sexes in their variety of sports from aquatics to angling and rambling.

"Paternalism?" replied a member of their staff to my half-expressed doubts about a system which might be accused merely of spoon-feeding—"but it is the employees who take a large share in the actual administration, so that there is no element of this at all, at Bournville."

Come to the South of London, this time: visit a famous factory of modern product—radio. Miss C sits at her bench, steadily plugging small gadgets into a socket, and noting the dial reading: she is testing the inductance value of coils in an extremely modern radio workshop.

She stopped for a moment from the ceaseless rhythmic motion of hands and head to answer questions; alert, well groomed and especially chic as to hands and feet (always a good test of the type of the worker), she is the typical modern. How long had she been at this job? Six years, and doing precisely the same thing all of the time. She stepped into it the day she left school and she hopes to remain in it just as long as they will keep her.

A boy of sixteen stops to talk; he is earning about 27s. a week and forms a good comparison with the full-time woman worker of 1906—even allowing for the differences in relative values of money. He is healthy and alert; he has had other jobs before this but he likes this one. And he turns from gossip to his endless punching of slots in plywood boards.

Then we come to one of the typically modern workers of the modern factory—a key-woman, one of the nucleus of trainers whom every factory (subject to seasonal demands and variations in pressure of work) needs to train its new hands.

This work is infinitely flexible: some eight weeks must elapse between the booking of a large new order and the delivery of the first set. It is this woman, neat, deft-fingered and assured, who is one of the vital links between slack times and rush seasons. You will find her type in every up-to-date factory—the operative who will never be "stood-off," because of her, or of his, flair for work and for the teaching of the job. Six years, too, is the length of her service.

These new industries producing new commodities seem especially to go all-out towards modernism; within hailing distance of Birmingham, for instance, you will find one of the cleanest and newest factories—where they make English crisp ryebread, Ryvita. Here you will find clean overalls twice a week; low-heeled shoes and special exercises for the girl operatives to prevent their getting tired feet; girls' hands scrubbed every time they go in, or come out of, the factory; special respirators issued to men in the flour store; and tremendous vacuum cleans of the machinery itself.

Here the operatives in their modern canteen get, for their midday meal, their joint and two vegetables, bread and a cup of tea—for sevenpence!

MEANWHILE the swollen urban districts burst forth into brand-new boroughs, and the remaining raw sites on arterial roads are snapped up as the tide of prosperity creeps on. Authority keeps pace . . . and to see how this is done I visited, in their intimate stronghold, the "G.H.Q." of the only borough council to bear on its arms the symbol of aviation—Heston and Isleworth.

These civic-minded people have shown a most remarkable power to assimilate the large gulps of factories, housing estates, roads, an airport and so on, that have been fed to them by progress along the Great West Road. But—as is our habit in all upheavals in Britain—the existing machinery has been modified, stretched and adapted to accommodate the new revolutionary conditions. Less exciting, perhaps, than blowing the whole thing sky-high and starting again, but more intelligent.

It is the Deputy Clerk who tells me about the fine civic digestion of his borough; and he may be forgiven for being proud of his statistics. Factories, he says, are not so much a source of wealth, they are subject to de-rating provisions which relieve them of much taxation—although meanwhile the operatives and their growing families probably inhabit the district.

"If you take an average of two children per family," he explains, "two hundred workers mean four hundred children—*and four hundred children mean a new school.*"

During the past four years six new schools have been opened by the Council, and, when he spoke to me, another three were already on the stocks. The record in housing is amazing; the Council, among other things, has advanced three million pounds, acting as a building society to its citizens. . . .

Take the lid off any one of these little houses that you see as you drive past. Father, mother and grown-up daughter; growing-up son—possibly the first three "in work" and the boy studying for a scholarship. This family expects, *and gets*, from its employers, from its municipal officers, from life in general, all that a first-class red raw revolution, as staged elsewhere, could give it; increasingly it gets from life better things in terms of leisure, pleasure and health. It is just that difference between evolution and revolution—between Britain and the rest of the world.

END

If Holiday Good Looks Lasted

(Continued from page 55)

The fact that the Pond's Creams are manufactured and sold in such large quantities makes it possible to sell them at gratifyingly low prices.

Make-up is marvellously facilitated and enhanced if the complexion is in good condition. It should be adapted to circumstances and the colouring of the moment—as little conspicuous as possible, especially in the country.

A darker shade of powder is called for if one is tanned, gradually lightened to "match" as the insignia of summer fades.

Pond's powders naturally amalgamate admirably with the vanishing cream, and the five different shades make them appropriate to all circumstances and complexions.

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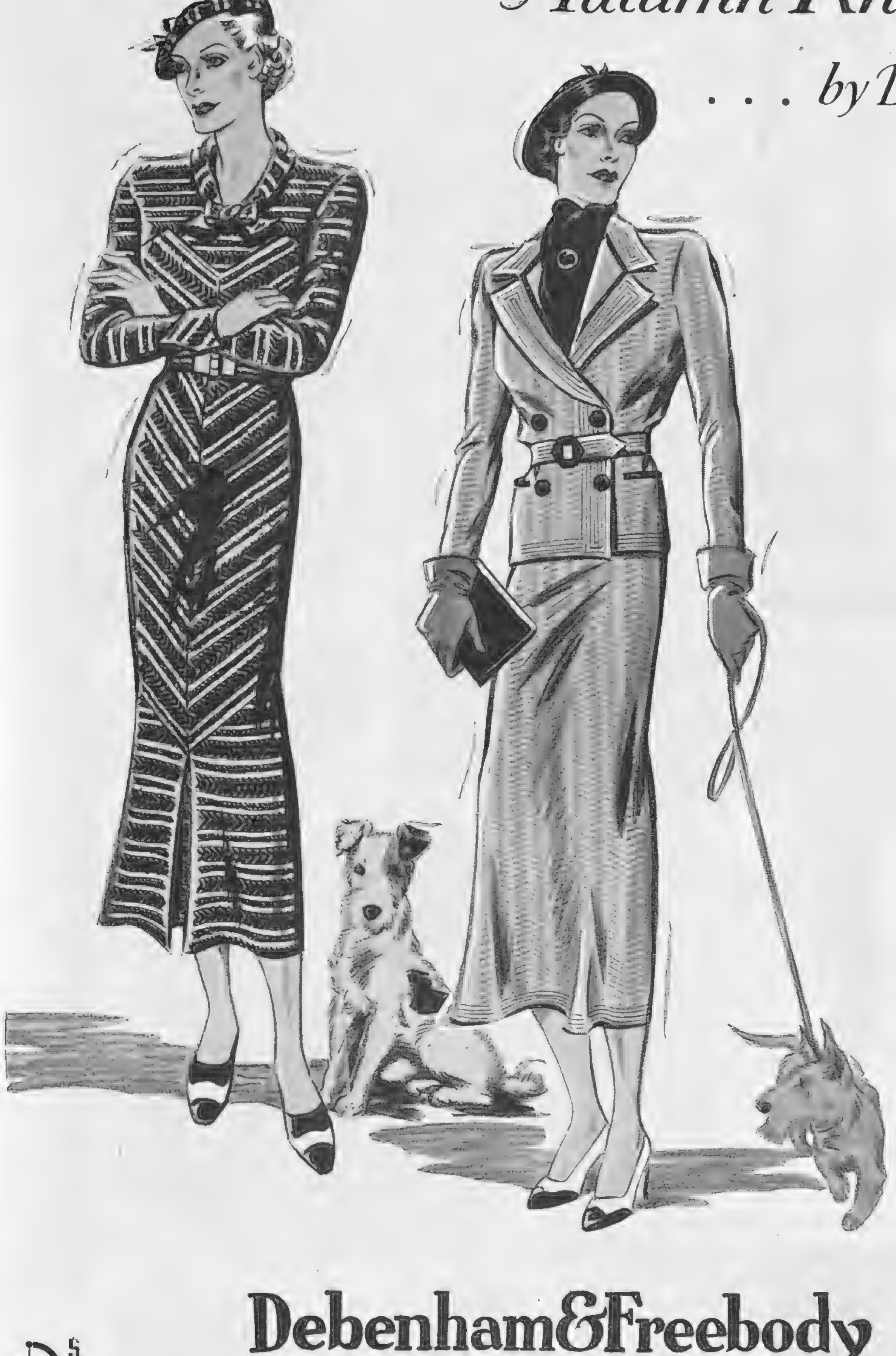

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The Illustrations

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In green, cherry, brown and navy all with stone, and in black with white.

Sizes 36, 38 and 40.

89/6

THE interesting feature of this Suit is the intriguing wavy stitch in which it is knitted. The trim little coat has contrasting braiding, but it can also be supplied with self braiding for those who prefer it.

The colours are good and we recommend blue bottle/light natural, navy/light grey, granite grey/navy or Delft/light natural. In three sizes S.W., W. and W.X.

98/6

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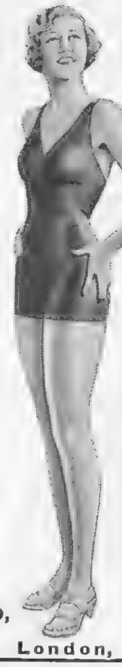

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One—Not Two

(Continued from page 13)

And her duty, her fate, a week later, robed in stiff brocade, her hair elaborately done, her cheeks painted stark red and white, to be awaiting the coming of her lord and master . . . her lord and master who, with his face still bandaged, was being escorted through Chinatown by his friends, congratulating him, strewing flowers, tossing fireworks.

Bang went the crackers. Swish went the rockets. Swizz went the squibs. The street rushed with lights, scarlet-hearted, blue-tipped, yellow-frayed.

"Ten thousand years!" yelled the crowd. "Ten thousand times ten thousand years!"

"May she find your lips in spite of the bandages!" cried Ying Long, the wholesale grocer.

"Listen!" Susie Wong's shamelessly practical advice. "Musk mixed with sandalwood to rouse the waning passions! A drop behind the ear, O elegant dragon!"

Laughter. More shouts:

"Ten thousand times ten thousand years!"

The procession filed around the corner, the fireworks blending into the purple dome of night, their sparks of red and gold and green softening to a running play of rainbow hues, then dying altogether with a single high-light still glistening, like the blood gleam in a black opal. "Ten thousand years — " very faintly from the distance—a mere memory of sound—while Han Mok, who had watched from the window of his room, went over to the table that held his opium lay-out. . . .

With shaking fingers he kneaded the brown cube. He roasted it; filled his pipe; emptied it at one deep inhalation.

The drug tasted sweet as summer rain. Again he smoked and again; seventeen pipes one after the other—and the poppy ghost drew swiftly about him with a wall of fragrant, gossamer clouds, suffusing his soul, hiding the world of facts.

These facts touched him no longer; hurt him no longer. They were untrue. They were not; had never existed.

He was happy. He stared at the rolling opium clouds. They seemed filled with a roaring sunset of colours, fox-brown and steel-blue and violet; like the colours of his past dreams blazing before him, changing into his future dreams. The poppy juice sizzled with a reedy song. There was no other sound. Even the hooting of the Elevated, around the corner on Chatham Square, had died. The street cries had guttered out like spent candles.

He smoked again. . . .

On the fourth morning he found that the opium jar was empty. He left the room to buy more. Crossing Pell Street, he met Bill Devoy, who put a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"Say!" he exclaimed. "I don't want to pinch yer. Ye're a decent lad. I'm only gonna talk t'yer like a Dutch uncle—see. . . ? Y'gotta cut out the hop—get me? Why—yer poor, heathen fish—" pushing Han Mok up against a well-polished shop window "—take a good squint at yerself! Yer look like hell hit with a brick! Yaller yer look—yaller even for a Chink! And all shaky and trembly! Y'gotta cut it out—or else. . . ."

With the threat unfinished, he went on his way, while Han Mok stared into the window and saw the reflection of himself. Yellow—oh, yes—and shaky. A sick man, sick with the opium fumes in his brain, the despair in his soul; and—he discovered in the course of the day—a ruined man.

For Lee Fong had called on lawyer Rosenblatt. Mongol knavery and Semite craftiness had mingled; had robbed Han Mok of all his savings invested in the Golden Phœnix. Too, the bills he owed to tradesmen had been bought up by Lee Fong, who began to apply pressure, steadily, mercilessly; dragging the other to court; obtaining judgments; satisfying them by selling every one of Han Mok's modest possessions.

He did more.

A week later there was a feast day—the *Chung Ho* or "Festival of Flowers"—and so Pell Street's financial and social cream had foregathered in the Place of Sweet Desire and Heavenly Entertainment where they exchanged seasonal wishes with the polished and curiously insincere phraseology of their race.

Lee Fong entered; shook hands right and left; said casually:

"I am a rich man. A very rich man."

A pause. He pointed at people here and there, addressing them with stark directness:

"You, Ho Ti, have not yet paid me for the last shipment of cloudy-mountain tea. Your note for three thousand dollars, Li Ping-Yeng, falls due next month. You," turning to the priest, "have asked me for a large contribution for your temple. . . ."

Name after name he mentioned; debt after debt; favour received or expected. He went on:

"The Buddha has granted me power. It is my hope that Han Mok be no longer permitted to come here and entertain us with his sword tricks; that, furthermore, his services be no longer required when we celebrate wedding or birth or religious festival."

No answer was needed or given. The silence was heavy. No sound except the sizzling of the pipes, a sucking of boiling-hot tea sipped by thin lips, a street organ gurgling through the window with the tail-end of some cloying gutter-ballad. The assembled company carefully avoided looking at each other. Their faces were carved masks. They knew that none would disobey. Lee Fong had the might.

So Han Mok's sources of income were cut off; and it was Yung Long who—for the sake of pity or, belike, of parsimony—gave Han Mok a job as a porter, at a wage hardly large enough to keep body and soul together.

Still, as the months passed, Lee Fong's hate grew. It became a pathological obsession. For there was Lin Hai—whom he, the rich man, had bought—had not been able to buy. . . .

HE was generous to her—as he understood it. He surrounded her with luxuries, Chinese as well as American. There was the fur coat which had cost him a thousand dollars, the expensive radio, the diamond ring. There were, in her room, Pekinese furnishings worthy of a coral-button mandarin: a dragon rug of taupe and tawny orange stretching underfoot; the door hidden by a great ebony-framed screen of pale lotus silk embroidered in silver and maroon; and, on table and taboret, priceless pieces of porcelain, Kang-he beakers in aubergine and ox-blood, peachblow celadon and Fong-hoang emblems in ash-gray and apple-green.

All this because of his love, his desire—which was never able to conquer her love and desire.

She thanked him, politely, since it was her duty. She kept house for him, immaculately, since it was her duty. She submitted to his embraces, supinely, since it was her duty. But that was all—and Chinatown knew it, as it knew everything. The gossip of it filtered through skulking backyards and furtive, reticent corner entrances into every last little rickety, red-brick building. It was being cackled over by the women as they stirred the savory stews of pork and water-chestnuts and bamboo sprouts against the return of their lords and masters and talked from window to window.

"Pah——" commented the wife of Ho Ti, the tea merchant—"the iron of passion has entered the buffalo's soul!"

"Indeed," agreed the wife of Kang Kee, the hatchetman, "he has placed his hand and his heart on the sill of the door of love. And she—ah—she spurns him."

"And what is she," exclaimed an elderly widow, "with all her airs and graces? What is she but a *shuey-kee*?"

"Aye!" The mother of Nag Hop Fat, the soothsayer, spat

(Continued on page 110)

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out her contempt through blackened teeth. "Nothing but a slave-girl!"

And that's what Lin Hai replied, on the same afternoon, when Lee Fong asked her for the twentieth time if she loved him.

"I am nothing but a slave girl. I belong to you as this rug belongs to you. The rug does not love you. Nor do I."

"You——" in a low voice——"you love Han Mok?"

"I do. I shall always love him."

Then he beat her—and the gossip of the beating, too, drifted through Chinatown. Han Mok heard of it; and, meeting the other near the joss temple, he attacked him, murder in his heart, though unable to carry out his bloody intent. For, these last months, he had spent almost all his miserable earnings on opium; had starved himself to pay for it. He was weak, was easily winded—and Lee Fong, while frail, was his match.

So they grappled. They rolled on the ground, got up again, each striving to batter down the other with feeble blows—and the Pell Street hoodlums, yellow and white, looking on and shouting coarse, ironic advice:

"Dat's de stuff, Chinkie!"

"Smack him on de kisser!"

"Hey! Bitin' ain't allowed, yer slit-eyed swine!"

For ten minutes they fought, out of breath, hysterical with pain and hate, until Policeman O'Malley ran up and mixed in the contest with democratic impartiality, kicking Lee Fong's feet from under him and bringing his night-stick down on Han Mok's head. And the latter arrested: charged with assault and battery; and Judge G. W. Lefkowitz saying:

"Thirty days! Next case . . ."

THERE was no opium in jail; opium which he craved, which he must have. Therefore, a month later, when he was released, he was weaker than ever, sunk into himself, the skin on his throat loose and flabby, his eyes red-rimmed.

Bill Devoy saw him and took pity.

"Here y'are—" giving him a ten-dollar bill—"buy yerself a square feed."

He should have known better. Should have known that Han Mok would go straight to Yung Long's shop and exchange the money for a jar of potent Benares poppy. Then, in the windowless back room where the grocer permitted him to sleep amongst the packing-cases, he smoked. He smoked continuously.

The drug fumes whirled up, wreathing everything in floating vapours. The walls disappeared; the room; the house. And it seemed to him that he saw another house—the Pavilion of Exquisite Love it was called—that rose slowly from a garden of great, black poppies, curved fantastically into an upper story framed by balconies, then raced away with spires and turrets and tinkling silver bells to a bright, pigeon-blue sky.

So he smoked again. The fragrant fumes, with the light of the tiny lamp playing upon them, laid a shining ribbon of gold from his heart to the pavilion. His feet stepped softly upon it. He reached the pavilion and entered.

Lin Hai was sitting erect on a chair of ebony and lacquer encrusted with rose-quartz. She rose when she saw him.

"Hayah! my bridegroom!" she said.

"Hayah! my bride!" he replied—and kowtowed three times.

Happy. So happy.

Then, on the sixth day, he awakened. He was cold. He shivered. The opium jar was empty. He tottered out into the street—and Bill Devoy saw him and cursed loudly and profanely.

"Wot a sucker I was—" he cried—"slippin' yer that ten-spot! Well—it's Bellevue for yer. Mebbe they'll cure yer—though I have my doubts."

And now, to-day, Han Mok had come out of Bellevue; and so there was Devoy, walking his beat, prey to pessimistic reflections; there was Miss Rutter, in the Mission Chapel, pouring out her soul to her Maker with optimistic and rather imbecile serenity, praying: "I thank Thee, dear Lord, because, in Thy mercy, Thou hast caused my beloved brother Lee Fong to see the error of his ways!" and—though this preceded Devoy's pessimism as well as Miss Rutter's optimism, being responsible for both—there was Lee Fong, staring down at Lin Hai who was cowering on her couch, her robe half torn from her body, her back criss-crossed by crimson welts.

For a long time he was silent. His rage rose in waves. Then, all at once, he smiled.

"I have reconsidered," he told her. "I have thought left and thought right. It is not Han Mok's fault that you are nothing but a *shuey-kee*, ungrateful, obstinate. I shall reach out a helping hand to him. For once—ah—we were one, not two."

That evening, in the Place of Sweet Desire and Heavenly Entertainment, he spoke similar words:

"For years Han Mok and I were friends. I had almost forgotten. Now I remember."

"You mean"—asked the priest—"you will forgive?"

"More than forgive. I shall atone. I—I promise—shall see to it that he suffers no want. I might give him a monthly sum. But he hates me. He would not accept. Therefore, let him, as before, amuse us each Saturday with his sword tricks. We shall pay him a hundred dollars a week."

"Too much!" objected Li Ping-Yeng.

"Not too much when you consider that—unbeknown to him—I myself shall contribute ninety of the hundred."

"You are a man of pure heart," exclaimed the priest.

"I am indeed," replied Lee Fong.

He left; and Yung Long gave a little laugh.

"All honour to Lee Fong," he said in the manner of one who is weaving truth close to the loom of lies. "His heart—doubtless—is as pure as the spring wind, his promise as tight as the skin of the unripened lime. Still—looking at it now from the point of view of Han Mok—would a wise man keep meat on trust with a jackal, though the jackal give seventy time seventy promises?"

"Han Mok," chuckled Ho Ti, "has no meat. And has it not been remarked that a hungry stomach has neither ears with which to listen to the sounds of danger nor pride to stiffen his pride?"

And here, in this home-spun coolie proverb, lay much of the secret of what was to follow . . . . . .

A hungry stomach. A hundred dollars a week. Food it bought. Raiment. But, chiefly, opium—and Lee Fong seeing to it that the other got it cheaply. Opium which raddled his brain and sucked the marrow from his bones so that, Saturday after Saturday, a jittery wreck faced the company at the Place of Sweet Desire and Heavenly Entertainment, his eyes bleary, his hands shaky; therefore no longer skilled at throwing swords, and no longer greeted by applause but by shrill laughter.

For the men of Pell Street were amused after their Mongol fashion—which meant Mongol humour, which meant Mongol cruelty. They would look at him standing on the platform at the farther wall of the room, trembling, perspiring, his face mottled and bluish, his fingers fumbling awkwardly. They would break into paroxysms of mirth when, occasionally, he dropped one of the blades and cut himself. Hayah—but it was fun!

Harrying him. Mocking him. Shouting sardonic encouragement. Slapping their thighs when, with his last remaining shred of pride, he tried again and again to master the ancient craft, to toss the eight swords in a gleaming arc; failed again and again; and Lee Fong laughing loudest of all—yelling:

"Ah—if Lin Hai could see you now, O straw man, O tiger!"

"Paper tiger!" cried Nag Hong Fah.

"Paper tiger with paper teeth!" chimed in Li Ping-Yeng.

Still, Saturday after Saturday, he played the mountebank, the tragic buffoon in cap and bells and motley

(*Continued on page 112*)

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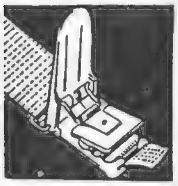

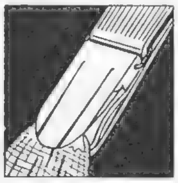

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—because of the money; the opium which it bought; and, at night in his shabby room, the ever-recurring poppy dreams of the Pavilion of Exquisite Love. And there Lin Hai awaiting him, her face like a small ivory flower beneath the great wedding-crown of paper-thin gold leaves, carved balls of moonstone swinging from the lobes of her ears, her finger-nails encased by pointed filigree of lapis lazuli studded with seed pearls.

Rising as he opened the door. Saying: "Hayah! my bridegroom!"

Happiness—and nothing separating them but the delicate threshold between fact and dream....

THE end came on a Saturday in November. A cold evening with rain driving the people to warmth and shelter, and the Place of Sweet Desire and Heavenly Entertainment crowded with paunchy merchants who laughed at Han Mok's performance. Laughed a little less loudly because they were beginning to get bored with it; then Lee Fong entering; and—"ah!" a tense breath of amazement sucked in almost simultaneously by fifty thin lips—hands stopping in mid-air with a feathery tinkle—tinkle of tea cups—and Yung Long exclaiming "By the Buddha's toe-nails!"

For Lee Fong was not alone. Lin Hai was by his side.

Earlier in the day, she had kowtowed to him; had said:

"My lord, I had word from Canton."

"Indeed?"

"My parents have died. They have leaped the dragon gate."

"May they," he had mumbled ceremoniously, hypocritically, "find bliss at the yellow springs!"

"And so," she had continued, "there is no more need for me to send the monthly allowances. Thus—if you will permit me to return my dower...."

"And set you free?"

"Yes, my lord."

"You still love Han Mok?"

"I shall always love him."

He had flushed with rage; had raised a fist to strike her. But, all at once, he had changed his mind, as, staring at her, the sudden knowledge had come to him that she was no longer young, or lovely or desirable. Wrinkled she was, her eyes lustreless, her face seamed with suffering. And he had smiled; had told her:

"Come!"

"Where?"

"To meet your lover."

So now, in the Place of Sweet Desire and Heavenly Entertainment, Lee Fong approached the platform where Han Mok was fumbling with his swords.

"Did I not tell you," he addressed him, "that, when I was through with Lin Hai, I would give her to you? Behold! I give her to you to-night. No,"—as the other was about to rush from the platform—"wait! I am a business man. There is the matter of the dower. You are poor. You cannot pay. Except..."

"Except...?" whispered Han Mok.

"By amusing us with an exhibition of your ancient craft. Ah!"—shrilly—"do your best to-night, O strong man, O tiger! Entertain us well—and entertain your bride!"

Came laughter, and, a moment later, fear.

For, as they watched, it seemed as if the drug-soaked wreck was regaining his power. His eyes seemed clear; his wrists supple; his accents steady as he exclaimed:

"So be it!"

He picked up his weapons; went on.

"Stand still, all of you! Stand very still! Here—if you move as little as an inch—is death!"

The next second, he launched the lengths of steel, left, right, with the utmost speed and precision. One swishing between Yung Long's left ear and his left hand held high in a gesture of terror. The second nailing one of Li Ping-Yeng's loose sleeves to the table. The third slicing off the button on Ho Ti's cap. The fourth tossed through the air; the fifth and sixth and seventh. And, finally, only one blade left; and, swinging it around his head in gleaming circles, he stepped from the platform and up to Lee Fong.

His features were a grinning, evil mask. He said mockingly:

"Now is the time for you to order shroud and coffin."

And then, as he was bringing down the sword, all at once, he let it drop. He stammered, in a thin whisper, heard only by Lee Fong:

"I—oh!—I cannot do this—this thing. For once we were one—not two..."

And his strength left him. He stumbled, fell, grovelled on the ground, again the drug-soaked wreck—and the merchants, their rage released as their fear ceased, were about to pounce on him, to make him pay for this fear to beat him to a pulp, when there was a sharp voice:

"Stop!"

It was Lee Fong who spoke. He stood there, shielding Han Mok with his body; and, as there were mutterings, threats, curses, he repeated:

"Stop!"

"But..."

"I am the rich man of Pell Street. I command."

Then, to Nag Hop Fat:

"Call a taxi!"

And to Lin Hai:

"What good are tears? Dry your eyes, O almost useless one, and lend a hand! Take your lover by the head—gently, gently—and I shall take him by the feet!"

And so, as years ago, there were evenings when Lee Fong sat by the side of Han Mok's couch, arguing, imploring—as Lin Hai would be arguing, imploring; when, at times, with the craving upon Han Mok, he attacked him with all his feeble strength and smashed the opium lay-out; when—as the other, maddened with desire, knocked him down brutally—even then, prone on the ground, hurt and bleeding, he continued to implore:

"Please! For my sake! Because we love each other! Because we are one—not two!"

And Lin Hai, smiling; saying softly:

"No, no! We are one—not three...."

Have a Sun Room this Winter

(*Continued from page 67*)

At the best of times little direct light reaches town-dwellers in a shut-in situation; but a little intelligent disguising may easily balance the adverse psychological effect.

I know of a real basement flat converted to brightness by clever lighting and painting. The area window, especially, was well camouflaged, with an ingenious arrangement for admitting ventilation.

In this case it is impossible to prescribe as one can for colour schemes, but, as you will see from the illustrations, the General Electric Company people have adapted lights behind an opaque window as a substitute for sunshine.

In this respect you may develop your ideas of lighting: good effects can be obtained cheaply by an intelligent use of the newer amber and rose lamps and indirect lighting effects.

From light—to heat. The cold and the damp, that most typical "rawness" of winter, must, and can, be eliminated. We have not in this country begun to explore the possibilities of sane central heating and sane air-conditioning.

Instead of wearing those little woollies indoors and creeping around looking blue-nosed, why not this winter definitely try to see which form of indoor heat is the most practical for your home?

Here we come instantly to the question of keeping out cold as well as keeping heat in. Nobody wants to generate heat to have this wasted because the rooms leak it out and admit the cold.

(*Continued on page 114*)

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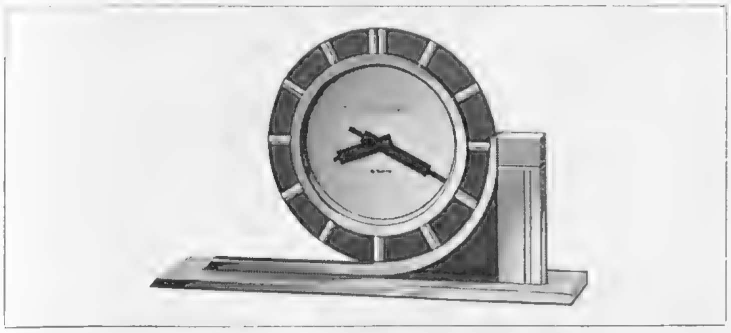
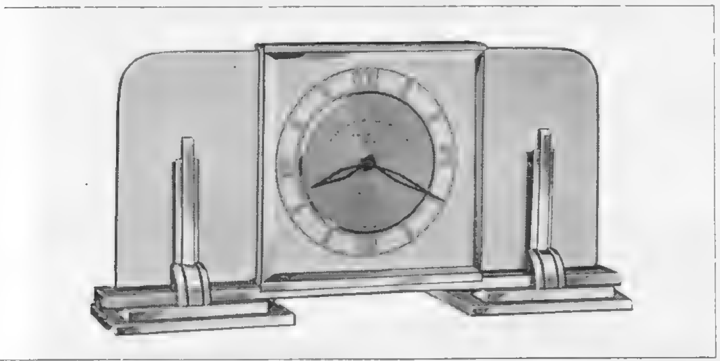
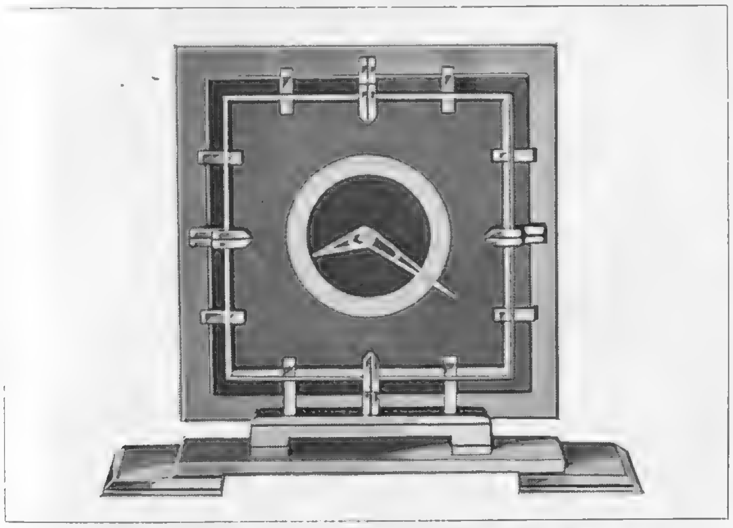


Height 4¼ inches - - - £5 . 0 . 0



Height 4¾ inches - - - £7 . 7 . 0



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DAGGETT *and* RAMSDELL'S

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If content with your present creams and lotions, don't change. But for that final touch of loveliness, change to D. & R.—and you'll never change again!

Skin Tonic 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6. Vanishing Cream—Tubes 6d., 1/-, Jars 1/3 and 2/6. Cold Cream—Tubes 6d., 1/- and 2/6, Jars 1/3, 2/6, 4/3, 7/-. Liquifying Cream and Tissue Cream in Jars, 1/3, 2/6, 4/3.

Fierce Family Feud....

BROTHERS EXCHANGE BLOWS

And it was all about a clean shirt! Was the shirt John's or was it Peter's? Really there's no need whatever for these little tiffs and troubles. All clothes and linens can be so easily and neatly marked with John Bond's Marking Ink.
Buy a bottle of John Bond's to-day. It never runs, it never fades, and it saves its own cost over and over again.

JOHN BOND'S MARKING INK

No heating required. No stitching. Cannot be picked off. Special pen with 6d. size. Also linen stretcher with 7½d. & 1/- sizes. Of all Stationers & Chemists.

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If Kidney Trouble makes you suffer from Nervousness, Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Backache, Irritating Acidity, Circles Under the Eyes, or Lost Vigour, get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-tex). Guaranteed to cure in 8 days or money back. Only 3/- at Boots and all chemists.

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Destroy unwanted hair by my simple, effective Home Treatment. Permanent, Painless and Perfectly safe. 13/- post free. Not a depilatory. Call for personal treatment, if preferred. 'Phone: Western 4518.
HELEN LAWRENCE, 81 Earl's Court Rd., London, W.8

Have a Sun Room this Winter

Proper insulation keeps the heat where you want it, outside in summer and inside in winter. If you are really troubled by a chilly house, or even a chilly room; if the attic, now reconditioned, is "too cold for the children," remember that an easily handled fibre board like Celotex (which really does "insulate" to an effective degree, both in temperature and noise) is a solution.

It is not expensive; it can line your room and still form a basis for your decoration, since it can be painted or stained.

Though neither damp floors nor damp roofs should occur in decent houses, they can—and do. Material like Pluvex, a roofing felt, not only keeps the damp out, but keeps the heat in and is easy to fix.

You can also use it as a remedy under lino in that country cottage with its damp floors. The cost here is some five shillings for 12 sq. yards.

Having made your room, your attic, or the whole house as nearly as possible damp and cold proof, you can then proceed to the general question of obtaining a reasonable steady standard of heat during the winter at minimum cost.

Of course, the intelligent thing is to establish, if you can, a central distributing office, as it were, of heat to your whole home.

One of the best known experts in central heating for the small home tells me that in a four-roomed bungalow installation and equipment of boiler, piping, radiators and a storage cylinder would be under fifty pounds. The cost of keeping the rooms warm, and of the supply of hot water in bathroom and scullery, would work out at about 6d. a a day on coke, that cheapest of all fuels.

Supposing, however, that you have a five-bedroomed home of a bigger type, with a hot-water apparatus already in existence, then the approximate cost of fitting some eleven radiators on the two floors would be under a hundred pounds, and the cost of running both heating and hot water about one and threepence a day.

These figures will give the housewife some rough idea of costs. There are many systems, and there are many fuels. There are also pipeless systems to be considered and electric heaters and gas radiators, as well as portable radiators fired by oil, gas or electricity. Here, again, it is up to the housewife to find her best and least expensive method.

Actually, by very little adjustment, with a relatively small expenditure, and by exploring any or all of the avenues I have opened up here, the average small family with the average small income may at least maintain some of the comfort, good health and good looks that summer has given them.

Something Tasty for Tea

(Continued from page 70)

must have served could be present on a modern tea-table.

Anyway, the point is, what shall you give your tea-time guests? You certainly don't want massive cakes and profusions of extravagant pastries, and it is still a little early for crumpets and muffins.

If you are clever at cakes there should be at least one example of your culinary talent, while thinly cut bread, generously buttered, hot buttered toast and some sandwiches complete the little collection which satisfies most modern appetites.

The sandwiches need special attention as they can be so good or, if carelessly prepared, so very bad. You might try to be a little original and serve, not only conventional sandwiches of bread and butter with something in between, but little *croûtons* and *canapés* made of toast, pastry or biscuits, or of some of the amusing varieties of Swedish bread which are now so popular.

For fillings there is an endless selection to draw from.

You have enjoyed many of the famous Heinz delicacies. But did you know they also made delectable pastes, which they call spreads? There are eight of these, including old friends (as far as flavour goes) like bloater, salmon and anchovy, ham and tongue, and a newer friend simply called Heinz sandwich spread. It's extraordinarily good.

Then there is the collection of Shippam's potted meats and pastes. There are no less than thirty-six of these, ranging from such old favourites as chicken and ham, and potted shrimp to a new and most exotic delicacy, Toheroa paste, made from a very rare mollusc which is only to be found in New Zealand.

Toheroa Chaussons.

For these little chaussons or tartlets prepare a short paste. Half a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter (or a mixture of butter and lard), the yolk of an egg, salt, a teaspoonful of baking powder, and about two-thirds of a tumbler of water.

Rub the butter into the flour lightly, add a pinch of salt and the baking powder, then the egg yolk, and mix in the water little by little till you have a stiff paste. Roll out to make a paste about a quarter of an inch thick, and cut this into squares of, say, four inches. Spread these with Shippam's Toheroa paste, fold over to form triangles moistening the edge with water to seal them. Brush them with well-beaten egg and bake in a quick oven for about a quarter of an hour.

Sandwiches.

A pretty way of serving tea-time sandwiches is to arrange a plate or dish full of two kinds, one made with brown bread and one with white. They should be very thin, well trimmed and cut into neat shapes, a triangular shape being more easily arranged on a dish which you can do in many ways, either in alternate layers of brown, white, brown, white, etc., or in wedges of each colour.

For the brown bread, salmon and cucumber is a good paste to use, especially when these things are otherwise out of season. Sardine and tomato is another unusual combination blended by Shippam's which makes a perfect sandwich spread.

Croûtons.

Here is an idea for those who like something well-flavoured and very appetising; a dish of fried bread well trimmed and cut into fancy shapes and spread with Shippam's smoked roe paste or Heinz salmon and anchovy spread.

Get the Best out of Your Kitchen

(Continued from page 71)

Keep a good supply. Bottled sauces, curry powder, spices, nutmeg. Sooner or later you will want to use some of these. Don't forget how useful it is to have a few tins of things always in hand in case of emergency.

Cleaning materials, too, should be replenished. Cloths and dusters renewed and a good stock of soaps, soda, powder and polish in readiness.

So you start housekeeping with renewed interest. The ship is in good trim, everything spick and span, and you can start planning and arranging your weekly menus.

Haphazard catering should be avoided at all costs. Make weekly schemes, choosing first the principal joints and big pieces, then fitting in other dishes until all your meals are arranged for.

Not only will you save time, but money as well. Nothing will be wanted, and you will avoid those moments of panic when you simply cannot think of anything for the next meal.

As a little guide to those seeking inspiration, here are two sample menus, one for luncheon and one

(Continued on page 116)

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HATS FOR SCOTLAND

53 B & E.—"The Lance." New Homburg shape in Woodrow's unspottable fur felt, **29/6**

This hat can be supplied in all sizes; in black, grey, brown, cedar, navy, cream, pale beige, or any shade to order.

Natural feather mounts, made by Ex-Service men, from **1/6**

Spotted crêpe de chine scarves, **8/6,** in a good range of colours.

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Any dog or animal can be supplied.

A large selection of this type of hat in Woodrow's unspottable fur felt always in stock.

Catalogue on Application. *'Phone*: Regent **0189.**

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Every drop spreads brilliance

Try 'Min' for your highly polished furniture and see how quickly you obtain a brilliant finish. You will also find this smooth, white cream excellent for cleaning and polishing your white enamel paint.

MIN CREAM
FOR THE PIANO & ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES
Tins 6d. and 1/-

MIN CREAM for all highly polished surfaces

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BEAUTY WISDOM
FOR AUTUMN

The sun's caress has one bad effect—it leaves the skin sadly under-nourished. Even if actual scorching has been avoided, an Autumn nourishing treatment is absolutely essential. A cool emollient cleansing lotion, such as INNOXA COMPLEXION MILK should be used night and morning. One which will tone and invigorate and which will gently but definitely remove all impurities and acids. Each night mould in INNOXA SKIN BALM and for day-time, allow MOUSSE DAY CREAM, the perfect foundation, to continue the softening process.

"SUN-WRINKLES," tiny crowsfeet, are another summer legacy. These simply must be banished at once lest they become permanent. INNOXA SKIN FOOD should be applied round the eyes and over the lids each night. Have a trace of MUSCLE OIL on your finger-tip as you gently massage.

SUN-TAN TO PEACH and from peach to lily-like loveliness. During this gradual return to your normal complexion your powder colours must be selected with great discrimination. INNOXA have planned to be of very real assistance to you in this matter. They have prepared samples of their twelve famous powder shades. If you will send for any of the preparations listed below these twelve exquisitely perfumed face powders will be sent to you free of charge, together with the Innoxa Beauty Guide "Grow Lovelier.".

Complexion Milk	3/6, 6/6, 11/6, 21/-	*Mousse Day Cream* ...	2/-, 3/6, 6/6
Skin Balm	2/-, 3/6	*Muscle Oil*	3/6
Skin Food	4/6, 7/6	*Face Powder*	2/-, 3/6, 6/6

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Rejuvenating Facial Treatment daily from 9.30 to 5.30. Consultation Free. Innoxa Preparations are obtainable in South Africa, India, Australasia, British Malaya and elsewhere in the British Empire.
(Prices and Sample offers refer only to the United Kingdom)

WE'VE ONLY BEEN MARRIED 3 YEARS YET THE FURNITURE'S GETTING A DULL MIDDLE-AGED LOOK
WHY DON'T YOU POLISH IT WITH STEPHENSON'S — IT WILL TAKE THAT 'BLUE BLOOM' OFF AND PREVENT FURTHER DAMAGE

HAS YOUR FURNITURE GOT "BLUE BLOOM"? It is a "trade" name for that misty blueness you see so often on polished woodwork. In reality it is a film of dampness!. . . and ruinous to a beautiful surface.

Polish your furniture regularly with Stephenson's Furniture Cream and you will give it the protection it needs to withstand "Blue Bloom." The special waxes in Stephenson's not only revive the beauty of polished woodwork, but provide it also with a damp-proof glass-like surface. *And Stephenson's does not fingermark!*

SPECIALLY MADE TO DEFY "*Blue Bloom*"

In glass or stone bottles, 4½*d*; 9*d*; 1/6; 3/-.

Stephenson's Furniture Cream

Have you tried Stephenson's Floor Polish? *The merest trace will prove it is Quality and not Quantity that makes light work of polishing floors.*

STEPHENSON BROS. LTD., BRADFORD

buy good goods

buy ADVERTISED goods

for dinner, which are quite easy to prepare and serve.

LUNCHEON	DINNER
Œufs à la Tripe	*Haddock Soufflé*
Sauté of Mutton	*Fillet Grillé aux Navets*
Mashed Potatoes	*Sauté Potatoes*
Cheese and Fruit	*Ile Flottante*

Œufs à la Tripe.

Hard boil some eggs, one for each person, shell them and cut them in slices. Meanwhile fry slowly some onions—two onions for four eggs—cut in small pieces. Cook in butter and do not allow to get too brown.

Add salt, pepper, a little nutmeg, and sprinkle with flour. Cook for a few minutes, stirring well, and then add hot milk, little by little until you have a smooth sauce the thickness of cream. Simmer for about fifteen minutes and if the sauce gets too thick add more hot milk. Put in the eggs and make them thoroughly hot with the rest.

Sauté of Mutton.

An easy and tasty way of using up the remains of a joint. Cut the meat into ordinary slices, removing all fat and gristle.

Peel and chop two onions and two or three tomatoes. Fry the onions in butter until cooked and nicely browned, add the tomatoes, salt, pepper, and a tablespoonful of Yorkshire Relish. Cook for five minutes, and then add enough stock or unthickened gravy to make enough sauce for the quantity of meat to be served. Put in the slices of meat and cook just long enough to make them hot.

Haddock Soufflé.

Cook the haddock in the ordinary way and flake it, having removed all shins and bones. Then pass it through a sieve. For a soufflé for four to six people one small haddock would be sufficient.

Melt in a saucepan a piece of butter the size of an egg, add a puddingspoonful of flour, stir well and cook for two or three minutes.

Add salt, pepper, grated nutmeg and, little by little, hot milk, whipping all the time. Cook for fifteen minutes slowly, whipping frequently and adding milk as the sauce gets thicker. When finished it should be a fairly stiff white sauce.

Taste to see that it is well seasoned and mix in the flaked haddock. Stir in the yolks of two eggs, mixing thoroughly, and let all this cool. Beat the whites of three eggs to a very stiff froth and fold them into the other preparation.

Pour the mixture into a buttered soufflé dish and bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes. Do not be afraid to look at it; in fact, you must. If it sticks anywhere release gently with a sharp knife. Regulo Mark 7.

Fillet Grillé aux Navets.

Have your little steaks, one for each person, cut from the fillet and serve them, grilled, with braised turnips prepared as follows: Peel the turnips, cut them into evenly sized rounds or ovals and cook in a mixture of butter and bacon fat.

When they are beginning to brown, sprinkle them with carton sugar. Add salt and pepper and let them get quite brown, turning them all over.

Now add a sprinkling of flour and cook for five minutes, having thrown away most of the fat before adding the flour. Pour in a teacupful of stock. Cover the pan and simmer for one hour.

Ile Flottante.

Melt two tablespoonfuls of castor sugar with the same quantity of cold water in a cake tin over the fire. Cook until you have a thick brown caramel and then swirl all this round to coat the tin.

Whip to a stiff froth the whites of two eggs, put them in the cake-tin and stand this in a baking-dish containing boiling water. Bake in the oven for twelve minutes or until the top is just browned. Regulo Mark 4.

Turn this out into a serving dish and pour round a custard made in the ordinary way. Can be served hot or cold.

Our Paper Pattern Service

A Dress that the Novice can make without any misgivings

NOW that for most of us summer holidays are past we must begin to take steps to recondition and supplement our winter wardrobes. Every year the big textile manufacturers tempt us with an increasingly lovely variety of fabrics, and the home dressmaker certainly scores over her less nimble-fingered sister by being able to turn out two or more dresses for the price of one.

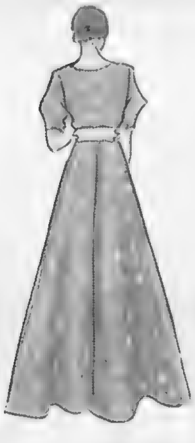
In trying to encourage the novice I make no excuse for resurrecting No. 477, a pattern that was originally published in our May issue. I have chosen it for various reasons. First of all, many of our readers may have overlooked it at the time when it first appeared; secondly, it is the type of picture frock that does not date; thirdly, it is the ideal frock for theatre or dinner wear; and, lastly, since I want to encourage beginners, it is just as easy to make as it is easy to look at. This pattern consists of only five pieces, front bodice, back bodice, front skirt, back skirt and sleeve; and when you have joined these together with the aid of the very clearly drawn diagram and simple instructions that are supplied with each of our patterns, your dress is finished and you will, I hope, be so pleased with yourself that you will rush out and buy more material and another pattern and go from strength to strength as a home dressmaker. Originally we suggested that this dress should be made in spotted taffeta with a white organdie sash; but for the coming season I suggest one of the lovely new uncrushable velvets that are going to enjoy such a vogue. Why not a lovely midnight blue with a sash of silver lamé?

Now, will you turn for a minute to p. 68. If you have a daughter in her teens, let her look too. I am sure she will fall for one, at least, of the patterns that we have designed for her. And you yourself may find just the dress you want on p. 69.

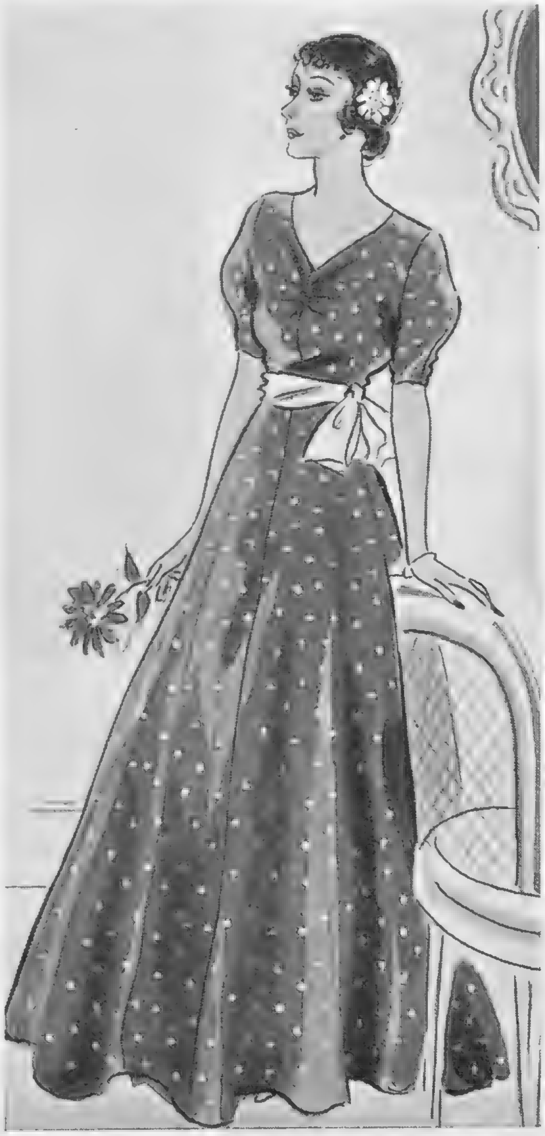
Since we cannot hope to please everybody, let us assume that you have *not* found the dress you want. This is where we remind you of our special cutting service. Send us a picture of the dress you *do* want, or the blouse, lingerie, coat, suit or skirt. Possibly you have seen it in some other magazine which has no pattern service; possibly you have a talent for design and have drawn it yourself; send it to us (with a back view if possible) and we will cut you a pattern of it. Our charges are as follows:—

Long Coats ..	3/6 and 4/6
Dresses	3/6 ,, 4/6
Blouses	2/6 ,, 3/-
Skirts (Plain tailored)	2/- ,, 2/6
Knickers	2/- ,, 2/6
Chemises	2/- ,, 2/6
Cami-knickers ..	2/6 ,, 3/-
Slips	2/6 ,, 3/-
Nightdresses	3/- ,, 4/-

The lower price is for special patterns cut in a stock size (*i.e.*, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in. bust—hip measurement in each case being 4 in. larger than bust) and the higher for those cut to individual measurements, which should be given in as much detail as possible. All orders should be addressed to BRITANNIA AND EVE'S Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.



477



No. 477. This simple and exceedingly easy-to-make picture frock would look lovely in uncrushable velvet (6 yds. of 36 in. width). Price 1/-

Kleenoff Regd. **cleans cookers**

. . WITHOUT RUBBING OR SCRUBBING

Kleenoff removes the hard baked-on grease from the oven of your cooker with ease.

10D. PER TIN

Recommended and sold by Gas Cos., Grocers, Electricity Cos., Ironmongers, & General Stores

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is the perfect concentration of vitalising Health Forces, and contains the maximum of nutrition for nerves and blood. It rapidly builds up vitality to re-establish the defensive powers of the system, and renews the blood elements which keep mind and body at their strongest and best, with all-the-year-round vigour and resistance.

LARGE 3/9 BOTTLE

A Most Delightful Beverage

Grateful and Comforting

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Beautiful CURLS

MADE AT HOME

QUICKLY *and* EASILY

Roll a damp lock of hair around finger and fix clip until dry. From HAIRDRESSERS, STORES, and BOOTS. 6d. per card of 2 large clips, or 3 small.

Jarrett, Rainsford & Laughton, Ltd., Birmingham

The Ladye Jayne **CURL-CLIP**

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND'S HUNTING AND RACING MEMOIRS

We are glad to be able to announce that His Grace the Duke of Portland has consented to the publication in "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" of a part of his memoirs of Hunting & Racing, which are to be published in book form in September by Messrs. Faber & Faber. The first instalment appeared in the issue of August 23rd.

No one on the English Turf or in the Hunting Field has a higher reputation. His historic successes with the great St. Simon, Donovan, Ayrshire, Memoir and William the Third, and his romantic purchase of Carbine make some of the most colourful pages of racing history ever written. His hunting memories at Melton and elsewhere give a complete and intensely valuable picture of an age gone by.

His memoirs of these two sports are an historic contribution to sporting literature. Filled also with whimsical and amusing anecdotes of now almost legendary figures, they will stand for all time as a permanent record of value, more particularly to the future student of bloodstock and breeding.

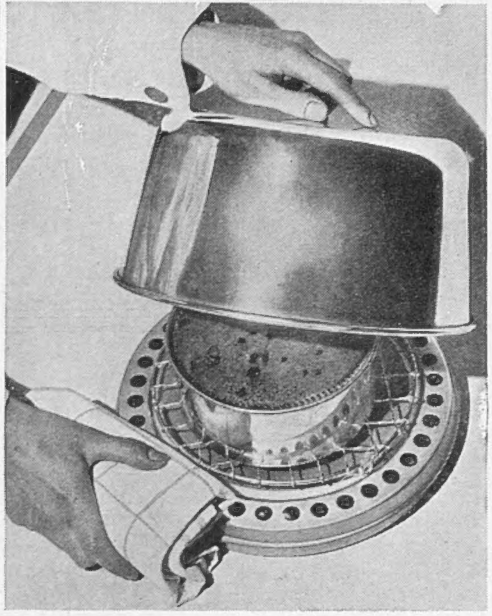
BE SURE YOU SEE THE

SPORTING & DRAMATIC

FROM NOW ONWARDS — ORDER IT FROM YOUR NEWSAGENT

The "Moulinette," a new and inexpensive mincer, grater and chopper, is here shown chopping parsley for garnishing purposes, a job which it performs with the greatest efficiency and despatch

This electric boiling-ring, which will plug into any power point, is supplied in all voltages



(*Left*)

A cake successfully baked over a gas-ring in the "Stanley Ovenette" using a minimum of gas

A Page of Kitchen News Especially *for* Housewives

A YOUNG friend of mine who lives in a very charming one-room service flat was lamenting to me the other day that she often longs to do a bit of cooking for herself, but that apart from frying, boiling and stewing she can't do anything very exciting on a single gas-ring.

I have been thinking a lot about her problem and determined to scour the shops until I could find some sort of apparatus which would enable her to roast and bake on her modest gas-ring.

At last I've discovered the very thing. It is called the "Stanley Ovenette," and not only can it be used over a gas-ring but it is equally successful used on an electric hot-plate or over a paraffin burner.

It consists of an aluminiumised steel base with heat deflector lined with heavy asbestos, tinned wire stand, asbestos mat and polished aluminium cover.

It will bake biscuits, cakes, custards, etc., and roast chicken and joints, while consuming only one-tenth of the gas or power required to heat an ordinary oven. The cost is only 10s. 6d. and for an extra 1s. a special trivet is supplied for gas-rings.

Not only is it useful for those who are obliged to cook on a solitary gas-ring but it is excellent and most economical for summertime use, when you only want to cook a small roast and do not wish to overheat your kitchen by having a large oven going.

A leaflet containing many useful recipes and giving time for cooking is supplied with each ovenette.

IF you have an electric power point for kettles and irons and have not got an electric cooker I can thoroughly recommend an excellent boiling-ring which I came across the other day. Even if you *have* got an electric cooker you will find it most useful, for two or three vegetables and sauces will soon use up all your hot-plates, and I'm sure you often find yourself wishing that you had an extra one.

This ring costs only 14s. 6d., which price includes two yards of flex. It is supplied in all voltages and is a single-heat ring, but if you want a three-heat one (low, medium and high) with controls just like those supplied on electric cookers, this is available at 31s. 6d.

FOR a long time I've been meaning to invest in an electric cleaner, and now I've achieved this ambition—when I say achieved it, I mean that in one year and eleven months, when I have paid off the last of the monthly payments of 10s., it will be all mine.

If you can buy it outright, so much the better, for it will cost you only £10 17s. 6d. Alternatively, you can pay for it in twelve monthly instalments of 19s. 6d. or in eighteen instalments of 13s. 6d.

This particular model has many advantages and embodies all the very newest features. It is light in weight and has a ball-bearing motor which needs no oiling.

The motor-driven soft bristle brush sweeps all thread, hair and surface litter off rugs and carpets, at the same time gently beating and vibrating them to assist the powerful suction of the motor to remove all embedded dust and grit.

There is a rubber bumper all round the nozzle to prevent damage to furniture and the hard rubber castors will not damage carpets. For an extra 30s. a floor-polishing attachment may be obtained.

I HAVE just seen a demonstration of a new labour-saving utensil called the "Moulinette." First of all I am going to tell you the price, then I know you will want to read on and learn all about it. Well, it is only 3s. 9d., and in appearance it is rather like a strainer with a handle and mincer in the middle of it.

It has two prongs, one on either side, which fit over your saucepan or basin and keep it steady. It is rustless and stainless and very easy to clean by simply unscrewing one nut and lifting out the handle.

It will mince raw meat without loss of natural juice, and in the process it separates the good flesh from the gristle and skin. It will also make breadcrumbs, grate suet and cheese, grind coffee beans and chocolate, pulp tomatoes, and it is excellent for mixing pastes—egg and anchovy, for instance—for sandwiches.

The thing that appealed to me most was the way it chopped parsley and mint. I do love new potatoes garnished with chopped parsley; it makes them look so much more appetising, and to see this rather tiresome operation performed in a few seconds, and with no fuss, heartened me considerably. M. F.

ENQUIRIES relating to anything mentioned on this page should be addressed to The Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, and a stamped envelope or postcard enclosed for a reply

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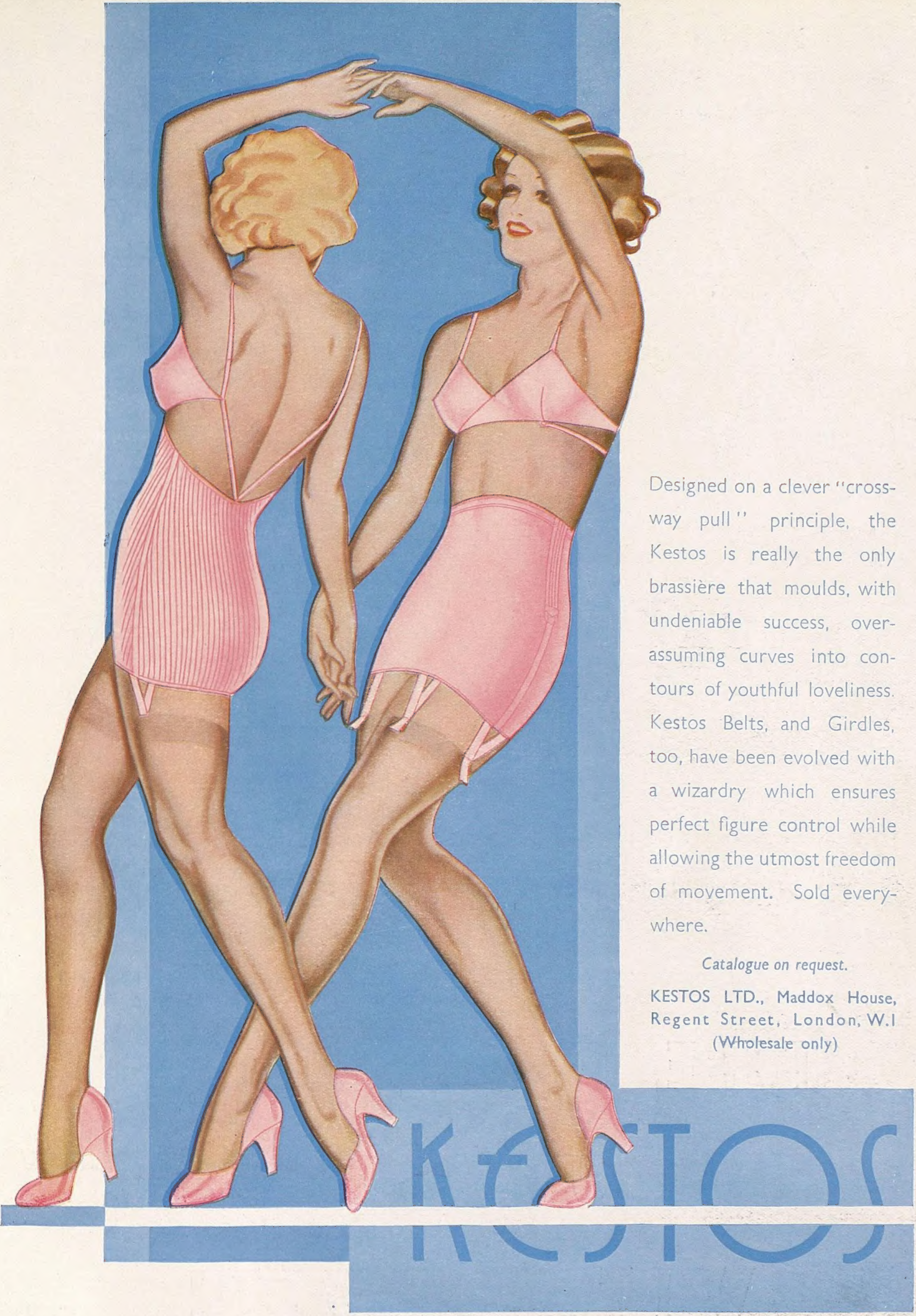

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